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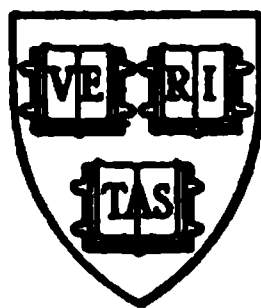
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THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE FROM 1836 TO 1886.

Fifty years ago science was still inchoate. Much had already been done by the early pioneers. The ground had been cleared; the building materials had been in part provided; the foundations had been duly and ably laid; but the superstructure as yet had hardly been raised a poor foot or two above the original level. The work of the last half century has been twofold. On one side it has been accumulative merely: new stocks of organizable material—the raw bricks of science—have been laid up, as before, ready to the call of the master mason, but in far greater profusion than by any previous age. On the other side it has been directive and architectonic: the endless stores of fact and inference, thus dug out and shaped to the hand by the brick-makers of knowledge in a thousand fields, have been assiduously built up by a compact body of higher and broader intelligences into a single grand harmonious whole. This last task forms indeed the great scientific triumph of our epoch. Ours has been an age of firm grasp and of wide vision. It has seen the downfall of the anthropocentric fallacy. Cosmos has taken the place of chaos. Isolated facts have been fitted and dovetailed into their proper niche in the vast mo-

saic. The particular has slowly merged into the general, the general into still higher and deeper cosmical concepts. We live in an epoch of unification, simplification, correlation, and universality. When after-ages look back upon our own, they will recognize that in science its key-note has been the idea of unity.

Fifty years ago, there were many separate and distinct sciences, but hardly any general conception of science at large as a single rounded and connected whole. Specialists rather insisted pertinaciously on the utter insularity of their own peculiar and chosen domain. Zoölogists protested with tears in their eyes that they had nothing to do with chemistry or with physics; geologists protested with a shrug of their shoulders that they had nothing to do with astronomy or with cosmical genesis. It was a point of honor with each particular department, indeed, not to encroach on the territory of departments that lay nearest to it. Trespassers from the beaten path of the restricted science were prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law. And within the realm of each separate study, in like manner, minor truths stood severely apart from one another: electricity refused to be at one with magnetism, and magnetism was hardly on speaking terms with the voltaic current. Organization

and subordination of part to whole had scarcely yet begun to be even aimed at. The sciences were each a huge congeries of heterogeneous facts or unassorted laws: they waited the advent of their unknown Newtons to fall into systematic and organic order.

In the pride of our hearts, we forget for the most part how very young science still is. We, who have seen that infant Hercules strangling serpents almost from its very cradle; we, who have beheld it grow rapidly under our own eyes to virile maturity and adult robustness of thew and muscle, we forget how new a power it is in the world, and how feeble and timid was its tender babyhood in the first few decades of the present century. Among the concrete sciences, astronomy, the eldest-born, had advanced furthest when our age was still young. It had reached the stage of wide general laws and evolutionary aspirations. But geology had only just begun to emerge from the earliest plane of puerile hypothesis into the period of collection and colligation of facts. Biology, hardly yet known by any better or truer name than natural history, consisted mainly of a jumble of half-classified details. Psychology still wandered disconsolate in the misty domain of the abstract metaphysician. The sciences of man, of language, of societies, of religion, had not even begun to exist. The antiquity of our race, the natural genesis of arts and knowledge, the origin of articulate speech, or of religious ideas, were scarcely so much as debatable questions. Among sciences of the abstract-concrete class, physics, unilluminated by the clear light of the principles of correlation and conser-

vation of energy, embraced a wide and ill-digested mass of separate and wholly unconnected departments. Light had little enough to do with heat, and nothing at all to do in any way with electricity or sound or motion or magnetism. Chemistry still remained very much in the condition of Mrs. Jellaby's cupboard. Everywhere science was tentative and invertebrate, feeling its way on earth with hesitating steps, trying its wings in air with tremulous fear, in preparation for the broader excursions and wider flights of the last three adventurous decades.

The great campaign of the unity and uniformity of nature was the first to be fought, and in that campaign the earliest decisive battle was waged over the bloody field of geology. In 1837—to accept a purely arbitrary date for the beginning of our epoch—Lyell had already published his sober and sensible *Principles*, and the old doctrine of recurrent catastrophes and periodical catclysms was tottering to its fall in both hemispheres. Wholesale destructions of faunas and floras, wholesale creations of new life-systems, were felt to be out of keeping with a humane age. Drastic cosmogonies were going out of fashion. But even the uniformitarianism for which Lyell bravely fought and conquered, was in itself but a scrappy and piecemeal conception side by side with the wider and far more general views which fifty years have slowly brought to us. One has only to open the *Text Book of Geology* by Lyell's far abler modern disciple, Archibald Geikie, in order to see the vast advance made in our ideas as to the world's history during the course of the last half century. The

science of the earth's crust no longer stands isolated as a study by itself: it falls into its proper place in the hierarchy of knowledge as the science of the secondary changes, induced under the influence of internal forces and incident energies, on the cooling and corrugated surface of a once incandescent and more extended planet. I know no better gauge of the widening which comes over the thoughts of men with the process of the suns than to turn from the *rudis indigestaque moles* of the *Principles* and the *Elements* (great as they both were in their own day) to the luminous, lucid, and comprehensive arrangement of Geikie's splendid and systematic *Text Book*. The one is an agreeable and able dissertation on a number of isolated and floating geological facts; the other is a masterly and cosmically-minded account of the phenomema observable on the outer shell of a cooling world, duly considered in all their relations, and fully co-ordinated with all the chief results of all elder and younger sister sciences.

The battle of uniformitarianism itself, however, was but a passing episode in the great evolutionary movement. That movement began along several distinct lines toward the close of the previous century, and only at last consciously recognized its own informing unity of purpose some thirty-five years ago. From another point of view—in connection with its influence upon thought at large—the evolutionary crisis has been treated elsewhere in this review by a philosophic thinker; but in its purely scientific aspect it must also be briefly considered here, forming, as it does, the acknowledged

mainspring of all living and active contemporary science.

Evolution is not synonymous with Darwinism. The whole immensely exceeds the part. Darwinism forms but a small chapter in the history of a far vaster and more comprehensive movement of the human mind. In its astronomical development Evolution had already formulated itself with perfect distinctness before the period with which we have here specially to deal. The nebular theory of Kant and Laplace was the first attempt to withdraw the genesis of the cosmos from the vicious circle of metaphysical reasoning, and to account for it by the continuous action of physical and natural principles alone. Our own age has done much to cast doubt upon the unessential details of Kant's rough conception, but, in return, it has made clearer than ever the fundamental truth of its central idea—the idea that stars, and suns, and solar systems consist of materials once more diffusely spread out through space and now aggregated around certain fixed and definite nuclei by the gravitative force inherent in their atoms and masses. As these masses or atoms drew closer together in union around the common center, their primitive potential energy of separation (frankly to employ the terminology of our own time) was changed, first into the kinetic energy of molar motion in the act of union and then into the kinetic energy of molecular motion or heat, as they clashed with one another in bodily impact around the central core. Each star, thus produced, forever gathers in materials from its own outlying mass, or from meteoric bodies, upon its solid-

ifying nucleus, and forever radiates off its store of associated energy to the hypothetical surrounding ether. The fullest expression of this profound cosmical conception has been given in our own time by Tait and Balfour Stewart, working in part upon the previous results of Kant, Laplace, and Herschels, Mayer, Joule, Clerk Maxwell, and Sir William Thomson. Deeply altered as the nebular hypothesis has been by the modern doctrine of correlation and conservation of energies, and by modern researches into the nature of comets, meteors, and the sun's envelopes, it still remains in its ultimate essence the original theory of Kant and Laplace.

Science has thus, within the period of our own half-century, exhibited to us the existing phase of the universe at large in the light of an episode in a single infinite and picturable drama, setting out long since from a definite beginning, and tending slowly to a definite end. Other phases, inconceivable to us, may or may not possibly have preceded it; yet others, equally inconceivable, may or may not possibly follow. But as realizable to ourselves, within our existing limitations, the physical universe now reveals itself as starting in a remote past from a diffuse and perhaps nebulous condition, in which all the matter, reduced to a state of extreme tenuity, occupied immeasurably wide areas of space, while all the energy existed only in the potential form as separation of atoms or molecules; and the evidence leads us to look forward to a remote future when all the matter shall be aggregated into its narrowest possible limits, while all the energy, having assumed the kinetic mode,

shall have been radiated off into the ethereal medium. Compared to the infinite cosmical vistas thus laid open before our dazzled eyes, all the other scientific expansions of our age shrink into relative narrowness and insignificance.

As in the cosmos so in the solar system itself, evolutionism has taught us to regard our sun, with its attendant planets and their ancillary satellites, all in their several orbits, as owing their shape, size, relations, and movements, not to external design and deliberate creation, but to the slow and regular working out of physical laws, in accordance with which each has assumed its existing weight, and bulk, and path, and position.

Geology here takes up the evolutionary parable, and, accepting on trust from astronomy the earth itself as a cooling spheroid of incandescent matter, it has traced out the various steps by which the crust assumed its present form, and the continents and oceans their present distribution. Lyell here set on foot the evolutionary impulse. The researches of Scrope, Judd, and others into volcanic and hypogene action, and the long observations of geologists everywhere on the effects of air, rain, ice, rivers, lakes, and oceans, have resulted in putting dynamical geology on a firm basis of ascertained fact. The heated interior has been shown almost with certainty to consist of a rigid and solid mass, incandescent, but reduced to solidity under the enormous pressure of superincumbent rocks and oceans. The age of the earth has been approximately measured, at least by plausible guess work; and the history of its component parts has been largely recon-

structed. Structural and stratigraphical geology have reached a high pitch of accuracy. It is beginning to be possible, by convergence of evidences, as the American geologists have shown, and as Geikie has exemplified to re-write in part the history of continents and oceans and to realize each great land-mass as an organic whole, gradually evolved in a definite direction and growing from age to age by regular accretions. Where the old school saw cataclysms and miracles, vast submergences and sudden elevations, the new schools see slow development and substantial continuity throughout enormous periods of similar activity.

It would be impossible to pass over in silence, in however brief a *résumé*, the special history of the glacial epoch theory—a theory referring indeed only to a single episode in the life of our planet, but fraught with such immense consequences to plants and animals, and to man in particular, that it rises into very high importance among the scientific discoveries of our own era. Demonstration of the fact that the recent period was preceded by a long reign of ice and snow, in the northern and southern hemispheres alike, we owe mainly to the fiery and agnetic genius of Agassiz; and the proof that this glacial period had many phases of hotter and colder minor spells has been worked up in marvelous detail by James Geikie and other able coadjutors. Its theoretic explanations, its probable causes, and its alternation in the northern and southern hemisphere by turns, have been adequately set forth by Croll in a profoundly learned and plausible hypothesis. Upon the glacial epoch depend so many peculiarities in the

distribution of plant and animal forms at the present day that it has come to assume a quite exceptional importance among late geological and biological theories. Standing at the very threshold of the recent period, the great ice age forms the fixed date from which everything in modern Europe and America begins—it is the real flood which stands to the true story of our continent and our race in the same relation as the Noachian deluge stood to the imagined or traditional world of our pre-scientific ancestors. Modern history begins with the glacial epoch.

The science of life has been even more profoundly affected by the evolutionary impulse than the concrete sciences of inorganic totals. In 1837 biology as such hardly existed; zoölogy and botany, its separate components, were still almost wholly concerned with minute questions of classification; “vital force” and other unimaginable metaphysical entities were the sole explanations currently offered of all the phenomena of plant and animal life. But Charles Darwin had then just returned from the cruise of the *Beagle*, and was revolving slowly in his own mind the observations and ideas which blossomed out at last into the *Origin of Species*. The germs of evolutionism were already in the air. Lamarck’s crude speculations had aroused the attention of all the best biological intellects of the era. Before long Chambers published the *Vestiges of Creation*, and Herbert Spencer was hard at work upon the groundwork of the *System of Synthetic Philosophy*. The palæontological work of Agassiz, Barraude, Owen, and others, and the general advance in knowledge of

comparative anatomy and embryology, paved the way for the triumph of the new ideas; while simultaneously the dry bones of botany were being kindled into life by a younger school of workers in many French and German gardens and laboratories. With the appearance of the *Origin of Species* in 1859, the new departure definitely began. In twenty years the whole world was converted *en bloc*. Evolution on the organic side has been chiefly expounded in England by Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and Wallace; and on the whole, though of world-wide acceptance, it has been a peculiarly English movement. Hitherto, indeed, we Britons have been remarkable as the propounders of the deepest and widest scientific generalizations: it is only of late years that our bookish educators of the new school have conceived the noble ambition of turning us all into imitation Germans.

Life thus falls into its proper place in the scheme of things as due essentially to the secondary action of radiated solar energy, intercepted on the moist outer crust of a cooling and evolving planet. Its various forms have been gradually produced, mainly by the action of natural selection or survival of the fittest on the immense number of separate individuals ejected from time to time by pre-existing organisms. How the first organisms came to exist at all we can as yet only conjecture; to feeble and unimaginative minds the difficulty of such a conjecture seems grotesquely exaggerated; but granting the existence of a prime organism or group of organisms plus the fact of reproduction with heredity and variations, and the tendency of

such reproduction to beget increase in a geometrical ratio, we can deduce from these simple elementary factors the necessary corollary of survival of the fittest, with all its far-reaching and marvelous implications. Our age has discovered for the first time the cumulative value of the infinitesimal. "Many a little makes a mickle;" that was Lyell's key in geology, that was Darwin's key in the science of life. Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Biology* most fully sum up this whole aspect of evolution as applied to the genesis of organic beings.

In 1837, the science of man, and the sciences that gather round the personality of man, had scarcely yet begun to be dreamt of. But evolutionism and geological investigation have revolutionized our conception of our own species and of the place which it holds in the hierarchy of the universe. At the very beginning of our fifty years, Boucher de Perthes was already enthusiastically engaged in grubbing among the drift of Abbeville for those rudely chipped masses of raw flint which we now know as palæolithic hatchets. Lyell and others meanwhile were gradually extending their ideas of the age of our race on earth; and accumulations of evidence, from bone-caves and loess, were forcing upon the minds of both antiquaries and geologists the fact that man, instead of dating back a mere trifle of six thousand years or so, was really contemporary with the mammoth, the cave-bear, and other extinct quaternary animals. The mass of proofs thus slowly gathered together in all parts of the world culminated at last in Lyell's epoch-making *Antiquity of Man*, published three years after

Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Colenso's once famous work on the Pentateuch had already dealt a serious blow from the critical side at the authenticity and literal truth of the Mosaic cosmogony. It was the task of Lyell and his coadjutors, like Evans, Keller, and Christy and Lartet, to throw back the origin of our race from the narrow limits once assigned it into a dim past of immeasurable antiquity. Boyd Dawkins, James Geikie, Huxley, Lubbock, De Mortillet, and Bourgeois have aided in elucidating, confirming, and extending this view, which now ranks as a proved truth of palæontological and historical science.

Darwin's *Descent of Man*, published some years later, was an equally epoch-making book. Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*, sent forth in 1865, and *Origin of Civilization* in 1870, had familiarized men's minds with the idea that man, instead of being "an archangel ruined" had really started from the savage condition, and had gradually raised himself to the higher levels of art and learning. Taylor's *Early History of Mankind*, followed a little latter by his still more important work on *Primitive Culture*, struck the first note of the new revolution as applied to the genesis of religious concepts. McLennan's *Primitive Marriage* directed attention to the early nature and relations of the tribe and family. Wallace's essay on the *Origin of Human Races* and Huxley's valuable work on *Man's Place in Nature* helped forward the tide of naturalistic explanation. And by the time that Darwin published his judicial summing up on the entire question of man's origin,

the jury of scientific opinion throughout the world had pretty well considered its verdict on all the chief questions at issue.

The impetus thus given to the sciences which specially deal with man, has been simply incalculable. Philology has been revolutionized. Language has told us a new story. Words, like fossils, have been made to yield up their implicit secrets. Prehistoric archæology has assumed a fresh and unexpected importance. The history of our race, ever since tertiary times, and throughout the long secular winters of the glacial epoch, has been reconstructed for us from drift and bone-cave, from barrow and picture-writing, with singular ingenuity. Anthropology and sociology have acquired the rank of distinct sciences. The study of institutions has reached a sudden development under the hands of Spencer, Tylor, McLennan, Maine, Freeman, Lang, and Bagehot. Comparative mythology and folklore have asserted their right to a full hearing. Evolutionism has penetrated all the studies which bear upon the divisions of human life. Language, ethnography, history, law, ethics, and politics, have all felt the widening wave of its influence. The idea of development and affiliation has been applied to speech, to writing, to arts, to literature, nay, even to such a detail as numismatics. Our entire view of man and his nature has been reversed, and a totally fresh meaning has been given to the study of savage manners, arts, and ideas, as well as to the results of antiquarian and archæological inquiry.

In psychology, the evolutionary impulse has mainly manifested itself

in Herbert Spencer, and to a less degree in Bain, Sully, Romanes, Croom Robertson, and others of their school. The development of mind in man, and animal has been traced *parri pasu* with the development of the material organism. Instinct has been clearly separated from reason: the working of intelligence and of moral feeling has been recognized in horse and dog, in elephant and parrot, in bee and ant, in snail and spider. The genesis and differentiation of nervous systems have been fully worked out. Here Maudsley has carried the practical implications of the new psychology into the domain of mental pathology, and Ferrier has thrown a first ray of light upon the specific functions of portions of the brain. Galton's *Hereditary Genius* and other works have also profoundly influenced the thought of the epoch: while Bastian, Clifford, Jevons, and others have carried the same impulse with marked success into allied lines of psychological research.

But the evolutionary movement as a whole sums itself up most fully of all in the person and writings of Herbert Spencer, whose active life almost exactly covers and coincides with our half-century. It is to him that we owe the word evolution itself, and the general concept of evolution as a single all-pervading natural process. He, too, has traced it out alone through all its modes, from sun and star, to plant and animal and human product. In his *First Principles*, he has developed the system in its widest and most abstract general aspects. In the *Principles of Biology* he has applied it to organic life; in the *Principles of Psychology* to mind and habit; in

the *Principles of Sociology* to societies, to politics, to religion, and to human activities and products generally. In Spencer, evolutionism finds its personal avatar: he has been at once its prophet, its priest, its architect, and its builder.

Second only in importance to the evolutionary movement among the scientific advances of our own day must be reckoned the establishment of that profound fundamental physical principle, the conservation of energy. Even before the beginning of our half century, Davy and Rumford (especially the latter) had caught faint glimpses of the coming truth in this direction. They recognized that heat was a mode of motion, and Rumford went so far as to observe that the energy generated by a given amount of hay burnt in an engine might be measured against the energy generated by the same amount of hay consumed by horses. But to Dr. Joule, of Manchester, in our own time is due the first great onward movement, in the discovery and determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat. Joule's numerous experiments on the exact relation between heat and mechanical energy resulted in the establishment of a formula of equivalence in terms of kilogrammeters necessary to raise by one degree centigrade the temperature of one kilogramme of water. More popularly put, he showed that the energy required to raise a weight of one hundred pounds through one foot was equivalent to the amount required to raise a certain fixed quantity of water through one degree in temperature.

Starting from this settled point, it soon became clear to physical thinkers that every species of energy was

more or less readily convertible into every other, and that an exact numerical equivalence existed between them. This principle, which first clearly emerged into the consciousness of physicists about the middle decades of the present century, was originally known under the name of *Persistence of Force* in which form Grove's well-known little treatise helped largely to popularize its acceptance. But as time went on the underlying distinction between force and energy came to be more definitely realized, and the phrase conservation of energy began to supersede the older and erroneous terminology. The realization of the varying nature of energy as potential and kinetic helped in the transformation of the prime concept. At last, under the hands of Clausius, Helmholtz, Mayer, Clerk Maxwell, Tait, and Balfour Stewart, the doctrine assumed its modern form—that all energies are mutually convertible, and that the sum-total of energy, potential and kinetic, is a constant quantity throughout the cosmos.

The practical applications of the doctrine of energy are as yet only in their infancy. The whole mass of theoretical science has to be rewritten in accordance with this new and fundamental law. The whole field of applied science has to be developed and enlarged by the light of this pregnant and universal principle. Its implications are all-pervading. In astronomy it has profoundly affected all our conceptions as to the sun's heat, the orbits of planets, the nature of meteors, the past, present, and future of the universe. In biology it has taught us to envisage the plant mainly as a machine in which kinetic energy is

being transformed into potential; the animal mainly as a machine in which potential energy is being transformed back again into kinetic. In mechanics and the mechanical arts it has produced and is producing immense changes. And in the future it is destined still more profoundly to alter our mechanical ideas and activities: the great revolution there is only just beginning; another half century is yet needed fully to develop it.

These two great principles—evolution and the conservation of energy—form the main bulk of our age's addition to the world's accumulated stock of knowledge. But among the separate sciences many wonderful advances have also been made which cannot be overlooked in the briefest retrospect of the half century's gains. To these a few words must next be devoted.

Among sciences of the abstract-concrete group electricity had hardly got beyond the stage of an elegant amusement at the opening of our epoch. Statical electricity was still the department about which most was known. Galvanism as yet stood apart as a distinct study. Its connection with magnetism had not long been proved by the discoveries of Oersted. In 1837 itself, however, Wheatstone constructed the first telegraph. From that moment, under the fostering care of Faraday, Daniell, Cooke, Morse, Arago, Tyndall, Edison, and Thomson, electric science became a power in the world. The whole theory of electricity as a mode of energy has since been fully explored and expounded. A vast field has been added to science. Units and modes of absolute measurement have been invented. The telephone and microphone have been

introduced; secondary batteries have been formed and improved; the dynamo has become a common object of the country; and the electric light has grown under our very eyes into a practical and extremely dazzling reality. Electricity, as we know it, with all its manifold useful applications, is almost entirely a creation of the last half century.

In physics the present epoch, though chiefly remarkable for the series of investigations which led up to the discovery of the law of conservation, has also illustrated many minor principles of the first importance. The true theory of heat and the laws of radiant energy have been definitely formulated. The undulatory theory of light—a discovery of the previous quarter century—has been universally adopted and justified. Thermo-dynamics have been elevated into a great and increasing branch of science. Sir William Thomson's law of dissipation of energy has completed and rounded off the theory of conservation. The causes and methods of glacier motion have been investigated and established. Photography has almost passed through its entire life-cycle. The polarization of light has been observed and studied. Spectrum analysis has come into the front rank as an instrument of research. In short, a greater number of new physical phenomena have been discovered or old ones interpreted than in the whole space of previous time put together.

In chemistry, the advance has been more in detail than elsewhere. Chemical science alone still remains a somewhat fragmentary mass of individual facts and observations, colligated by minor laws and anal-

ogies, but unilluminated as yet by the broad light of any great and all-embracing general principles. Since Dalton's atomic theory, indeed, no philosophic generalization of the very first magnitude has been introduced into chemistry. But generalizations of the second order—vastly interesting to chemists, and to chemists alone—have been made in such numbers as to defy enumeration; wider conceptions have in many ways sprung up; the science has assumed a new form; and some of the results of spectrum analysis and of the new chemistry lead to the hope that this science too is on the eve of arriving at that stage of far-reaching fundamental truths which it is the special function of our generation to bring about.

Mathematics have also undergone a new development, scarcely capable of being rendered comprehensible to the lay intelligence.

The applications of physical, electrical, and chemical science in the great mechanical and industrial inventions of our iron age belong elsewhere, and are already familiar in many respects to all of us. Railways slightly antedate the epoch; the telegraph is just coeval with it. The first submarine cable was in 1851, the first transatlantic in 1866. Electro-plating, the steam-hammer, the Armstrong gun, the Bessemer process, must not be forgotten. Other triumphs of applied science fall more fitly under another heading.

Among the concrete sciences, astronomy has made vast advances during the past half century. Lord Rosse's great telescope was set up at Parsonstown in 1844. Two years later, Leverrier and Adams made

their curious simultaneous discovery of the planet Neptune. But it is not so much in new lists of suns or satellites—though the name of these alone has, indeed, been legion—as in the fresh light cast upon the nature and constitution of older ones, that our age has been most singularly successful. The invention of the spectroscope, and the rapid development of spectrum analysis, have placed in the hands of astronomers a method and an instrument inferior in value only to the telescope itself. It is not so long since Comte dogmatically declared we could never know anything of the chemical composition of the fixed stars. Scarcely were the words well out of his mouth when the invention of the spectroscope and its application to the spectra of incandescent bodies brought the investigation of the elements in the sun and stars well within the reach of human possibility. The successive researches of Wheatstone, Foucault, Secchi, Bunsen, Kirchhoff, and Norman Lockyer, exactly covering our fifty years, have at last enabled us to prove almost with certainty the presence in the solar envelopes of several metals already known in the earth's crust, such as potassium, sodium, calcium, iron, nickel, and chromium. So delicate is the spectroscopic test that it renders possible the detection of so small a fraction as the two hundred millionth part of a grain of sodium. And by revealing bright lines in the spectrum not previously referable to any known body, it has been the means of discovering five new metals, cæsium and rubidium (detected by Bunsen), thallium (by Crookes), indium by Richter), and gallium (by Lecoq.)

Our knowledge of the sun's constitution, in particular, has advanced with extraordinary rapidity during the period here under review. Even thirty years ago we knew little of the central orb of our system save a few naked mathematical facts as to his diameter, his density, his attractive power, and the spots on his surface. Thirty years of constant investigation have now enabled us to picture to ourselves with tolerable accuracy the actual state of the sun's fiery exterior. The new era began with Schwabe's discovery of the periodicity of the sun's spots in 1851. The development of spectroscopic analysis between 1854 and 1870 followed hard on this first impulse. Since 1860 eclipses have yielded us valuable results. Observations on transits of Venus have largely corrected a serious error in our calculations of our primary's distance from the earth. Janssen and Lockyer have taught us how to observe at any time, by means of the spectroscope, phenomena which were previously observable only during moments of total eclipse. Huggins has shown us how to isolate those marvelous protuberances of incandescent gas which burst forth with explosive violence from time to time from the edge of the photosphere. Tacchini, Secchi, Young, and others, have carried out these interesting researches to a still higher pitch of certainty and accuracy; and the sun's geography, so to speak, is to-day no longer a closed book to mundane observers. We know our central luminary now as a mass of intensely heated gas, surrounded by a shell of luminous cloud, the photosphere, formed by the cooling of condensable vapors at the surface

where exposed to the cold of outer space; and floating in a chromosphere of incondensable gases (notably hydrogen) left behind by the formation of the photospheric clouds. The mysterious corona alone as yet evades our methods of research.

In the solar system at large, great advances have been made in the details of planetary astronomy. The differences in kind between the older group of interior planets, now in their cold and solid age, and the younger group of exterior planets, still in their boisterous and fiery youth, has been well ascertained. This truth—of so much interest from the evolutionary point of view—has been especially worked out by R. A. Proctor. Nasmyth's observations on our own dead satellite, the moon, have given us a graphic and appalling picture of a worn-out world in its last stage of lifeless, waterless, and airless decrepitude. New moons have been added to Mars, and several tedious additions have been made by minutely obstetrical astronomers to the already inconveniently large family of the minor planets. All our fresh knowledge of Jupiter and Saturn, those turbulent and volcanic orbs, has helped to impress the general soundness of the evolutionary hypothesis; while the increasingly important study of meteors and comets has brought us close to the very threshold of the great ultimate mystery of star-genesis and world-forming. The extreme tenuity of the mass of comets, the inconceivable rarity of the matter composing their gaseous tails, the curious phenomena of their instantaneous reversal on passing their perihelion, the proof that their light is partly reflected and partly direct, the spec-

troscopic determination of their composition, the discovery of the essentially planetary nature of meteor-streams, and the recognition of their vast numbers swarming through space, are among the most striking novelties of the last half century in this direction.

In sidereal astronomy, besides the mere mechanical increase of mapping, the chief advances have been made in observations upon double stars, spectroscopic analysis of fixed stars and of nebulae, and consequent proof of the fact that truly irresolvable nebulae do really exist, the gaseous raw material of future stars and solar systems. It must be added that within the half century the hypothetical ether has amply vindicated its novel claim to take its place as a mysterious entity side by side with matter and energy among the ultimate components of the objective universe.

In geology the chief theoretical advances have been made by the recognition of the cosmical aspects of the earth's history; its relations to nebula, sun, and meteor; the importance of eccentricity and precession of the equinoxes, and the possible results of ancient changes in its rates of motion, tides, and so forth. Dynamical geology has made vast strides, especially in the investigation of volcanic phenomena, mountain-building, and the birth and growth of islands and continents. The science of earth-sculpture has been developed from the very beginning. Stratigraphical geology has been largely improved. And in palæontology an immense number of the most striking and interesting of fossil forms have been brought to light. Among them may be specially

mentioned those which have proved of critical importance as evidences of the truth of organic evolution—the toothed birds of the Western American cretaceous deposits, the lizard-like bird or bird-like feathered lizard of the Solenhofen slates, Marsh's remarkable series of ancestral horses, Cope's beautiful reconstruction of the fossil progenitors of existing camels. Monkeys certainly, anthropoid apes clearly, man doubtfully, have been detected in the fossil state. India, Australia, Canada, the United States have been explored and surveyed, geologically and palæontologically; and the exploitation of the far West in particular has not only added immensely to our knowledge of life in past times, but has also revolutionized our conceptions as to the gradual growth and development of continental areas, and the occasional vast scale of volcanic phenomena. The permanence of all great continents and oceans is now a proved truth of geology. It has been reinforced and extended from a totally different point of view by Alfred Russel Wallace, whose masterly works on the *Geographical Distribution of Animals* and on *Island Life* have immense geological as well as biological implications.

In pure biology, besides the grand advance implied in the establishment of the doctrine of descent with modification, and its subsidiary principles of survival of the fittest and sexual selection, profoundly important minor results have also been attained in many directions. Embryology in the hands of Von Baer and his successors, notably Kowalevsky and Balfour, has acquired prime importance as an instrument of geological research. Comparative osteology in

the hands of Owen, Huxley, Gaudry, and Busk, has given us new views of the relationships between vertebrate animals. The pedigree of fishes, amphibians, reptiles, birds, and mammals, has been worked out with a considerable degree of fullness from the hints supplied us by the amphioxus, the ascidian larva, the facts of embryology, and the numerous recent discoveries of intermediate or arrested organisms, recent and extinct. Invertebrate zoölogy has been rescued from chaos and partially reduced to temporary and uncertain order. Botany, at once the dullest and the most alluring of all sciences, has been redeemed from the vicious circle of mere classificatory schemes, and vivified by the fresh and quickening breath of the evolutionary spirit. The new morphology has revolutionized our ideas of vegetal homologies; the new physiology has fastened all its attention on the adaptations of the plant to its natural environment. The fascinating study of the mutual relations between flower and insect in particular, set on foot before the dawn of our epoch by Christian Sprengel, but re-introduced to notice in recent times by Darwin's works on orchids and on cross fertilization, has been followed out with ardor to marvelous results by Hermann Müller, Axel, Delpino, Hildebrand, Lubbock, Ogle and others. Heer and Saporta have worked out in great detail the development of several fossil floras. Last of all, Herbert Spencer has cast the dry light of his great organizing and generalizing intelligence on the problems of heredity, genesis, variation, individuality, and the laws of multiplication. Fifty years ago biology

was a mighty maze wholly without a plan. To-day the clue has been found to all its main avenues, and even the keys of its minor recesses are for the most part well within reach of the enlightened observer.

Even the actual gains in the number of new organisms added to our lists during the last half century are in themselves astonishing; and, strange to say, the species that bear most closely upon the theory of organic evolution are almost all of them quite recent additions to our stock of knowledge. The gorilla appeared on the scene at the critical moment for the *Descent of Man*. Just on the stroke when they were, most needed, connecting links, both fossil and living, turned up in abundance between fish and amphibians, amphibians and reptiles, reptiles and birds, birds and mammals, and all of these together in a perfect network of curious cross-relationships. Lizards that were almost crows, marsupials that were almost ostriches, insectivores that were almost bats, rodents that were almost monkeys, have come at the very nick of time to prove the truth of descent with modification. Among the most interesting of these strange coincidences are such episodes as the discovery in the rivers of Queensland of that strange lung-bearing and gill-breathing fish, the barramunda, only known before in the fossil form as a long extinct species, but in whose anatomical structure Günther has discerned the missing link between the antique ganoid type of fishes on the one hand, and the mudfish and salamandroid amphibians on the other.

In the practical applications of biological and physiological science

to the wants and diseases of human life, two at least deserve mention here. Anæsthetics are almost entirely a growth of our half century: chloroform was first employed in operations by Simpson in 1847, and the use of other similar agents is still more recent. Again, the discovery that zymotic diseases in men and animals are due to the multiplication within the body of very minute organisms, known as microbes, bacteria, or bacilli, now promises to revolutionize medical science. Their connection with decomposition was still earlier detected. The names of Pasteur, Tyndall, and Koch are specially identified with researches into the nature of these tiny morbid organisms and the best means of preventing or neutralizing their attacks, either on living or dead matter.

In marvelous contrast to the fragmentary and disjunctive science of fifty years ago, modern science at the present day offers us the spectacle of a simple, unified, and comprehensible cosmos, consisting everywhere of the same prime elements, drawn together everywhere by the same great forces, animated everywhere by the same constant and indestructible energies, evolving everywhere along the same lines in accordance with the self-same underlying principles. It shows us the community of ultimate material in sun and star, in nebula and meteor, in earth and air and planet and comet. It shows us identical metals and gases in fiery photosphere and in electrically-heated matter in our own laboratories. It shows us atoms of hydrogen or of sodium pulsating rhythmically with like oscillations in star-cloud or sun-cloud, and in

London or Berlin. It exhibits to our eyes or to our scientific imagination a picture of the universe as a single whole, a picture of its evolution as a continuous process. One type of matter diffused throughout space; one gravitative attraction binding it together firmly in all its parts; one multiform energy quivering through its molecules or traversing its ether, in many disguises of light, and heat, and sound, and electricity. It unfolds for us in vague hints the past of the universe as a diffuse mass of homogeneous matter, rolling in upon its local centers by gravitative force, and yielding up its primitive energy of separation as light and heat to the ethereal medium. It suggests to us this primitive energy of separation as the probable source of such light and heat in suns and stars as we now know them. It posits for us our own planet as an orb gathered in from the original cloud-mass, with outer surface cooled and corrugated, and with two great envelopes, atmospheric and oceanic, gaseous and liquid, still floating or precipitated around its denser core. It teaches us how the hard crust of the hot central mass has been uplifted here into elevated table-land, or depressed there into hollow ocean-bed. By the aid of its newest instrument, meteorology, it lets us see how incident solar energy, raising clouds and causing rainfall, with its attendant phenomena of drainage and rivers, has carved and denuded the upheaved masses into infinite variety of hill and valley. It shows us how sediment, thus gathered by streams on the bed of the sea, is pushed up once more by volcanic power or lateral pressure into alpine chains and massive continents, and

how these in their turn have been worn down by the long-continued bombardment of aqueous or aerial action into mere stumps or relics of their primitive magnitude. It puts before us life as an ultimate result of solar energy falling on the watery and gaseous shell of such a solidified planet. It suggests to us how light, acting chemically on the leaves or fronds or cells of the green herb, stores up in them carbohydrates, rich in potential energy, which animals afterward use up as food, or man utilizes as coal in his grates and his locomotives. It exhibits to us the animal organism as essentially a food-engine in whose recesses solar energy, stored as potential by the plant, is once more let loose by slow combustion in the kinetic form as heat and motion. It enables us to regard the body as a machine in which stomach and lungs stand for furnace and boiler, the muscles for cylinder, piston, and wheels, and the nervous system for an automatic valve-gear. It traces for us from small beginnings the gradual growth of limb and organ, of flower, fruit, and seed, of sense and intellect. With the simple key of survival of the fittest it unlocks for us the secret of organic diversity and universal adaptation. It reconstructs for us from obscure half-hints the origin of man; the earliest stages of human history; the rise of speech, of arts, of societies, of religion. It unifies and organizes all our concepts of the whole consistent system of nature, and sets before our eyes the comprehensive and glorious idea of a cosmos which is one and the same throughout in sun and star and world and atom, in light and heat and life and mechanism, in herb and tree and

man and animal, in body, soul, and spirit, mind and matter. Almost all that is most vital and essential in this conception of our illimitable

dwelling-place, the last half century has built up for us unaided.—GRANT ALLEN, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE WHITE WINTER.

*"Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ
Grandinis misit Pater."*

MAN, but it's vexin'! There's the law
For five months noo been white wi' snaw,
And, when we lookit for a thaw
An' lowser weather,
It's gatherin' for anither fa'
As black as ever!

It's no' alane that fodder's dear,
Yowes stervin', an' the lambin' near,
An' winter owre the Ochils drear
Drivin' unstintit—
But gudesake! what's come owre the year?
An' what's ahint it?

Wha kens but what oor axle-tree
'S been slew'd aboot, or dung ajee,
An' aff thro' space awa' we flee
In a new orbit?
Whilk maks the seasons, as we see,
Be sair disturbit.

Wha kens but what we've seen the heel
O' simmer in a last fareweel?
Nae mair green gow'ny braes to speel
Wi' joyfu' crook,
Or dip in Devon where a wiel
Invites to dook.

What ance has been may be ance mair.
And ance, as learned clerks declare,
This planet's fortune was to fare,
In ages auld,
Thro' regions o' the frigid air
Past kennin' cauld.

—HUGH HALIBURTON (*Shepherd of the Ochils*), in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

The snaw a' owre lies sax feet deep:
Ae half oor time we're howkin' sheep:
We havena had a blanket sleep
Sin' the new year;
And here we're at oor hin'most neep,
An' term-time near.

It's just as bad wi' ither folk.
A shepherd's missin' wi' his flock:
An eagle's ravagin' the Knock;
An' nearer-hame
A dearth o' whisky's at the Crock,
An' aumries tame!

The roads are blockit up a' roun' 's:
Silent are a' the seas an' soun's;
And at the very trons in touns
It's hock-deep lyin'.
In fac', the winter's broken boun's,
There's nae denyin'.

Come back, come back, oor ain auld sun,
Thy auld-appointit path to run!
And a' the freits that were begun
To shore us ill,
Shall in the crackin' of a gun
Flee owre the hill!

Then, as of auld, when skies are clear,
An' springin' corn begins to breer,
Those joys the shepherd's heart shall cheer
That charm'd of yore,
And life on Devon be as dear
As heretofore!

[GLOSSARY.—*Aumries tame*, cupboards empty.—*Breer*, braid.—*Crock, the*, Crook-of-Devon, a village at the foot of the Ochils.—*Dung ajee*, knocked about.—*Freits*, superstitions fears.—*Hock-deep*, knee deep.—*Howkin*, digging out.—*Knock*, hill.—*Neep*, turnip.—*Shore*, threaten.—*Speel*, climb.—*Trons*, market-places.—*Wiel*, pool.]

HOME ADORNMENT.*

It is unsafe to follow fashion in ornamenting a home. Fashion may be tolerated in dress or in manners, where a change can be made to suit the whim, but in the permanent exterior adornment of a home we should beware of vagaries. Fashion has cut amusing frolics of late in the colors of residences. The old fashion or custom of painting houses a glaring white has given way to the squaw-like fashion of tricking out in incongruous red, pea-green and squash-pie colors. We look for a speedy change of sentiment in this direction, and hope to see the neutral and less expensive drabs and browns, which are never incongruous with themselves or their surroundings, come into general favor. But these are less permanent, and therefore less serious, fashions than those which have to do with the selection of trees and the laying out of grounds. Fashion which pleases to-day may disgust to-morrow. The worst part of the freeze is the thaw.

Let us discuss a few fundamental principles of artistic but inexpensive adornment. We must get our pleasantest prospects from our commonest places, from the windows of the sitting-room and the dining-room. A little thoughtfulness in the placing of our residence will often add a constant blessing. I visited a friend on the pleasant slopes of the Green Mountains. There was not a pleas-

ant prospect from any of the windows of the residence, yet from the barn-yard a noble mountain whose indistinct summit was wreathed with fitful garlands of cloud stood boldly before the observer. That farm would have been worth ten per cent. more if that mountain had been framed in a window. Appropriate to yourself trees of nature's planting, build your residence near them. They are to-day what your own planting will be twenty or fifty years hence. We are too apt to think that a sandy knoll and a "good well o' water" are the only requisites to a desirable site for a residence. Our residences are often too near the highway. A remove of four or five rods is none too much for convenience and pleasure.

We must have lawn. All attempts at ornament are well nigh folly without one. We might as well try to paint a picture without a canvas, or to build a house of paint and shingles, as to construct an attractive residence without a lawn. The requisites for a good lawn are the requisites for good corn, a fertile and thoroughly subdued soil. You cannot make a lawn by tickling the ground with a stick. Prepare the ground thoroughly, even if it requires two years to accomplish it, sow the seed very thick, mow the grass as often as it reaches three or four inches in height, top-dress it in the fall, and enjoy it as long as you live. Do not grade every thing to a dead level or to a continuous slope. Simply correct the little irregularities of the surface. Do not build terraces. Grading is expensive. The natural undulations of a verdant surface are more expressive than trees or flowers. The undulating sweep of the prairies is

*A portion of a paper on "Style in Farming," read by L. H. Bailey, Jr., Professor of Horticulture and Landscape Gardening in the Michigan State Agricultural College; and published in the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Michigan State Board of Agriculture.

grand beyond expression. A flat surface is rarely beautiful. By a singular optical illusion it usually appears to be concave. If our grounds appear to the best advantage they must look larger than they really are. We must aim to increase an appearance of extent. A verdant and unbroken lawn must again be our first requisite. The objects which appear to be farthest away are those which possess the least number of colors. Distant hills are enveloped in a continuous haze of blue. The remotest objects in a picture possess the fewest colors. A tree upon a continuous lawn appears to be a little farther off than one at the same distance which stands among flower beds, and drooping trees whose trunks are hidden commonly appear to be a little more distant than those with exposed trunks. These illusions are of course more apparent to a stranger who has not learned the actual distance to the objects.

We should plant our trees in such a manner as to form long views toward certain objects from our windows or porch. The narrower the views the longer they will look. I stand on the railroad and see the rails converge and converge until they meet away in the distance which appears like miles when it may be less than one. These slender views are vistas. If there is a good landscape in your neighborhood, make it a part of your premises. Bring in the clump of trees on your neighbor's hill. Bring in the spire from the village church. Bring in the ravine and the thicket by the roadside. Here is a case of legitimate theft. Make every attractive object visible from your windows. Cut out the

trees that hide them; or if they stand out bare and unadorned, plant trees which partially conceal them. In other words frame them and hang them as pictures in your garden. The green sward will form the bottom of the frame, the sky the top, the trees the sides. Never lay open the whole of a scene or it will look bare. Moreover, we always enjoy an object the most when we have but little of it. We always deceive ourselves with the fancy that a half hidden object is larger and finer than it really is. This whole matter is a simple one: it consists simply in the selection of our objects and then in planting or cutting out trees. To be sure our trees must correspond to the objects beyond them. If the object is a low and round-topped hill, plant round-headed trees; if it is a spire mix in a few—a very few—Lombardy poplars. A weeping willow is in taste by a brook or pond, but it is out of place near an ordinary building. Lombardy poplars, the most ill-used of all trees, are to be recommended for a distant hill, or in very small numbers near a high and long building or about a church with a spire, but they are out of place in most yards, especially when planted in abundance. If our premises are not large enough to allow the planting of trees, we can use shrubs in a similar manner.

It is certainly a common fault with country homes, where any attempt is made toward ornament, that too many trees and bushes are allowed to grow. It is perfectly proper, indeed highly necessary, that in the first days and years of ornamenting a barren home, one should plant thickly of a variety of trees and shrubs. There should be small

groups of spruces and deciduous trees of the rapid growing sorts, which will soon afford shelter and privacy. But it is none the less important that those clumps should be thinned just as fast as the individual trees begin to crowd each other. To be sure, one loves the trees which he has planted and nourished, but it must be borne in mind that sentiment should never stand in the way of beauty and utility. I do not like the hackneyed advice which urges us to plant ornamental trees at such distances as will be proper for them to occupy twenty years hence. Such advice is discouraging; we must live in large part for the pressing present. Moreover, twenty years hence is but a point of time, and it does not pay to forego the pleasure of nineteen years in order to enjoy the perfection of the twentieth.

What I always recommend to owners of unadorned places, is to plant thickly; get an immediate effect. And immediately thereupon I urge the injunction, *Do not neglect to thin out as soon as the trees begin to crowd.* One symmetrical and vigorous tree is worth three one-sided, stunted ones. Clumps of trees soon grow into tangled thickets, the delight of mosquitoes, moulds, and vermin. They shut out sun and health, and shut one in from enchanting glimpses of distant views. The attractive clump has become an unsightly tangle, and soon all the trees will have become so lop-sided that one cannot be removed without laying bare an unsightly side of its neighbor. The most difficult matter to press home to most people, in the way of ornament, is the fact that there should be constant and systematic thinning. It is a mistake to

suppose that the surroundings of a home should be fixed. The universal law of change applies to the private grounds, as well as to the orchard or garden.

The landscape gardener is often upbraided for his so-called impractical notions, his "fine theories of beauty," but woe to the gardener if he ever entertains notions so much at variance with laws of happiness and health, as does he who hibernates in a prison of tangled trees. No, rather have an open field with the fresh verdure of the green sward and the crisp play of winds, and an over-abundance of sunlight, than a house hidden in gloomy foliage. But let us have the golden mean. Keep the front of the house open to the world, and never allow a tree to hide a desirable view. Last spring I moved into a new house. From the front porch I could see nothing but an ordinary grove, although but a few rods beyond it were fine college buildings with their constant play of life and frolic. I cut many trees from that grove, none to its detriment, either, and now as I sit at my dinner-table I can see through the grove to an attractive view beyond. This vista may be "impractical" as the common expression goes, but I am confident that I can relish my meal better than I could if I were shut up to my own dining-room and the bit of gravel path which lies in front of my window.

Trees and bushes never appear to better advantage than when seen in natural clumps. But to interpret an attractive natural clump is one of the most difficult problems in ornamental gardening. It is almost impossible for an inexperienced person to plant trees in nature's regular

irregularity. He will get them in rows, in squares, in a long and irregular belt, or in an even-bordered clump. The finest natural groups are those which possess bold curves of large trees and recesses or bays of smaller ones. In such groups the large trees heighten the boldness and the small ones heighten the retirement. Then, to construct a group, draw an irregular outline, with deep bays and large, rounded projections, and plant the largest and most rapid growing plants near the borders of the projections and the smallest ones near the borders of the recesses. The interior of the clump should be made up of the largest plants also. Upon the immediate borders of the group it is customary to plant low bushes to give a desirable taper from the green sward to the body of the group. The most difficult part of this whole operation will be to plant the trees in such a manner that they will appear not to have been planted. "Throw up a handful of peas and plant a tree wherever a pea falls," is a gardener's rule. Some years since a clump was set at the College by an intoxicated man, and he set the trees in exact rows in two directions.

Our grounds should be cut up as little as possible by walks and drives. The more continuous the lawn the larger it will look, and the more easily it can be cared for. There is a prevalent notion that walks must be crooked, and we occasionally see extravagant forms of such vagaries. In a certain eastern city is a fine residence with a cork-screw walk leading from the front gate to the residence, but if the person is not intoxicated by the appearance, he can walk in a bee-line through the center

of the cork-screw! Landscape gardening never demands extravagant forms. A walk should never appear to go where it does not go. A direct and gently curved path from one side or both sides of the premises is the most desirable. The carriage drive should enter at one side and approach the side of the residence, reach the kitchen door, and veer off toward the barn. Directly in front of the house there should be a well kept lawn of small extent, with enough shrubbery to intercept the gaze of passers-by, but not enough to conceal desirable views. It is pleasanter to secure side views of the highway than direct front views, and especially so if the residence is close to the highway. The flower-beds should be at one side of the residence, nearest the common windows, and in but partial view from the highway. A front yard full of flowers possesses the same fault as a person with an over-gaudy dress.

For ordinary ornamental purposes, common flowers and native shrubs are the best. We know them. The craze for exotics, simply because they are exotics, is drawing to a close. The craze has been of great benefit, because it has taught us the value of native plants by instituting a means of comparison. A friend valued his visit to Italy because it taught him to appreciate the sunsets of Michigan. Many exotics are beautiful and vigorous everywhere, but many more are not so. They demand of the farmer too great an expenditure of time and money. Our woods and fence-rows are nurseries. All our shrubs are worthy of cultivation. We do not know how to propagate them all to advantage, but we can transplant them. They should be

taken up early in the fall with a liberal amount of earth, and stored for a couple of months in a warm cellar or cool greenhouse. The plants will then make roots. They should be placed in a colder place, as out of doors on the south side of a building with a protection of mulch. In the spring plant them, and they should all live. Give them some culture. Always plant the smallest leaved and prettiest plants near the residence. Pines are too coarse for the immediate vicinity of the house. Their proper place is in a windbreak, or rather distant screen.

Much of our territory is wasted between highway fences. We are over generous with our roads. Their sides are bare, weedy, unsightly, useless. In most places highways two rods wide are preferable to those which are four; we could then have better and pleasanter roads. We need to concentrate our efforts. Still we pride ourselves on our highways. We have mistaken land for roads. We have sacrificed comfort to boast of generosity. "In thy rags we see thy vanity," they said to Diogenes. But we possess the means of making our extremity a blessing. The judicious planting of trees and shrubs would render our highways attractive. Trees in rows along the sides of straight and level highways are not out of taste, teaching to the contrary notwithstanding. But we need variety. With a change of surface we should have a change of verdure. Bushes in irregular and natural clumps are pre-eminently in keeping in low places, and especially along water courses. Our native bushes should not be lost to common knowledge. Here is an opportunity to rescue nature along our roadsides.

Clumps of tall trees appear to best advantage on eminences. They exaggerate the unevenness of the surface. Here is a subject which demands a lecture, provided the lecture would arouse energy.

The whole subject of rural ornamentation is one which demands study and attention, rather than lavish expenditures. It is not beyond the farmer's grasp. Successful farming must combine with itself enough style to render it attractive. Like all style it may fall into errors of gaudiness, impropriety, or even ridiculousness; nevertheless, to ignore all ornament is to strip our agriculture of every pleasing garment. Agriculture cannot make much advancement so long as it is characterized by bareness. The boys and girls will leave us for more attractive pursuits. We must grapple with the problem. The first requisite is to screw our courage up to the sticking point.—LIBERTY H. BAILEY, JR.

ENGLISH LAKE DWELLINGS.

The consideration of phenomena which have a tendency to illumine the history or habits of the earlier inhabitants of this country must at all times be looked upon with a large amount of interest. From this point of view the discovery of the remains of a number of ancient lake dwellings in Holderness, the low-lying district between Hull and Bridlington, affords a glimpse of the habits of a people who lived during ages of which there is no written history, and of whose existence there is no record but such as can be

gathered from the remains of rude platforms built on the edge of a lake or mere, on which to erect dwellings affording a scanty shelter from the inclemency of the weather, some protection from the wild animals of the neighborhood, or the attacks of their human but more dangerous foes. Living over the water, they naturally found that the readiest method of disposing of the refuse was to throw it into the lake below; and so it happens that, in digging beneath the platform, there are found, mixed with the natural accumulation of peat, large numbers of the bones of animals which had been used as food, charred wood from their fires, implements of stone used as adzes in shaping and pointing the piles, rounded stones for pounding and grinding corn, arrow and spear heads, rudely fashioned objects of bone used for fastening skins round the loins or for personal adornment of the primeval inhabitants of our island, as well as other objects of less definite purposes.

Holderness occupies an area circumscribed by the chalk-hills which extend from Flamborough Head to the Humber on the one side, and the sea on the other. It is a low-lying district, the almost uniform flatness of which is but slightly relieved by little rounded hills of gravel. The central part, extending north and south, is in some instances below the level of the sea, whilst along the coast the ground rises, so that the drainage, instead of seeking an outlet toward the sea, runs inland, and is emptied into the Humber. Formerly the lower levels of Holderness formed a series of plant-laden meres, connected by streams one with another, and ramifying in every

direction. These once characteristic semi-stagnant expanses of water have all been drained, and, with the exception of Hornsea Mere, which is below the sea level, the sites they occupied are only indicated by the names which these places still retain. It is with difficulty that the richly cultivated and fertile plains of the Holderness of to-day can be conceived as a country full of swamps, bogs, and lakes, almost impenetrable either on foot or by other means.

The slightly higher ground was for the most part densely wooded, and rank vegetation covered the whole of the country. It extended far out over the area now occupied by the North Sea. The rapidity with which the land has been washed away may be inferred from the fact that during some years as much as fifty feet have gone during one winter; and since the days of the Stuarts the sites of villages and churches which were considerably within the coast line are now far out at sea. The woods and higher ground were infested with wolves; and the wild boar groveled in the slimy margins of the pools, rooting up succulent morsels from the luxuriant vegetation thriving in the damp and vapor-laden atmosphere. The red deer and the horse roamed in herds over the district, making incursions from the higher ground to the westward; and numerous small animals lurked in the recesses of the forest. It is probable that at this time the beaver had formed its wonderful habitations in the more rapid streams of the district, and unconsciously competed with its human neighbors in the stability and comfort of its water-protected home. Birds were common, the wild goose being so

abundant that even to this day the higher ground in the vicinity of one of the lake dwellings retains the name of Goose Island, though it is long since it was an island, and wild geese are *rare aves* now.

It was on the edge of one of these semi-stagnant, reed-grown meres at Ulrome that Mr. Thomas Boynton discovered the remains of an ancient lake dwelling. The edge of the lake was toward the east, and at no great distance was an island, the surface of which at the present time is twenty-five feet above the sea-level. It was between the shore of the lake and this island, still named Goose Island, that the pile structure was placed. It consists at the base of a number of trunks of trees placed horizontally on the bottom of the lake, and held in position by rudely pointed stakes. The largest timbers, twenty feet in length and eighteen inches in diameter, extend from east to west across the course of the stream, which appears to have run in a northerly direction. The direction of the flow of the water is indicated by the addition of diagonal piles placed to lean against the larger trunks in order to prevent their being disturbed by floods or other circumstances causing more than the ordinary pressure. Between the larger timbers, which were laid parallel to each other with as great regularity as their rough unhewn surfaces allowed, shorter trunks were placed transversely, resulting in a rude but solid and compact framework. The whole, fastened in position by stakes four to six feet in length, driven into the bottom of the lake, forms a rectangular platform thirty yards in length from east to west, and eighteen in breadth

from north to south. At the south-east corner a pair of large timbers extend parallel with each other, about five feet apart, from the platform to the shore of the lake. They have been prepared with greater care than those used for the platform itself; the upper surface is hewn flat, and they have been carefully fixed in position, evidently to form a means of communication between the habitations and the adjoining land. The trunks and branches of trees are mostly oak, ash, birch, willow, and hazel. The interstices between the timbers of the platform were filled up to the top with broken wood and twigs, until a level surface was obtained; this was covered with bark and sand. On the foundation thus securely formed, probably reaching a little above the surface of the water, were erected the dwellings of the builders.

The structure exposed during the excavations proved that the original platform, after the lapse of a considerable period of time, either subsided beneath the water, or for some other reason became untenable, and a second one was added. The newer or upper platform is arranged much in the same way as the lower one. The horizontal timbers of the superstructure are held in position by piles, which may be distinguished from the earlier ones by the long and sharp point, evidently cut by a sharp metal instrument. The points of the later piles are not unfrequently found piercing the timbers of the earlier stage, which may be taken as an indication that the latter were more or less decayed, and consequently had become depressed beneath the water; hence the reason for the erection of the second struct-

ure. The two platforms together are between four and five feet in thickness. The top of the upper one is four feet beneath the surface of the ground, the intervening strata consisting of three feet of peat immediately overlying the wooden platform, and a foot of warp and soil. Beneath the base of the lower platform the thickness varies with the position; near the edge it rests on a bed of sand and gravel, which forms the bottom of the old lake; further out it is separated from the sand by an increasing thickness of peat. The gravel forming the bottom of the old lake is about ten feet beneath the present surface of the ground.

Amongst the sticks and bark filling up the interstices between the timbers of the lower dwelling a number of implements and some fragments of pottery have been found. The latter is dark-colored, and possesses all the characters of pottery made by the Celtic inhabitants of the country of the earliest period. The implements are made either of stone or bone, and consist of pointed or sharpened stones, pierced in the middle for the introduction of a wooden handle, and used as hammers; picks and hammers are also made from the antlers of the red deer. The large leg-bones of oxen, broken diagonally midway between the two extremities, and pierced near the joint with a circular hole for the insertion of a stick, appear to have been used as hoes; the diagonal fracture is more or less smoothed by use, and an implement of this sort would serve very well to break up the light soil on the higher ground adjacent to the mere. Flint flakes, used as knives and for other purposes, such as cleaning the skins

of animals, have been found. A large stone of oval form and coarse granitoid texture, with a flat smooth surface, exceeding a foot in largest diameter, may have been used for grinding food; and other smaller rounded stones were apparently used for pounding grain. Hazel-nuts were numerous. In addition to the bones of animals already mentioned, there have been found the jaws of wolves, tusks of wild boars, portions of the head of red-deer and horse, and the bones of sheep, dogs, and smaller animals, as well as the bones of birds. They were mostly at a depth of about 6 feet below the surface and 4 feet from the bottom of the lake.

Between the first and second platform a fine bronze spear-head was discovered. The occurrence of bronze, together with the form of the pointed piles, evidently cut by a metal instrument, naturally leads to the inference that the later platform was erected during the period usually termed the Bronze Age. An approximate idea may be formed of its age, if it be remembered that the knowledge of bronze was succeeded by that of iron; of the latter metal there is no evidence in the lake dwelling, but it was known to the people whom Julius Cæsar found occupying the country, and was probably in use for two or three centuries previously. It will be safe, therefore, to fix the date of the more recent portion of the pile-structure not later than the second or third century B.C. The objects found beneath the lower platform indicate a much earlier period, when the use of bronze had not been discovered, and the articles and implements were made from either flint or bone;

the older structure is probably of the earlier portion of the later Stone Age. Its great antiquity is shown by the depth at which the objects already mentioned were found, and by the circumstance that the parts of the lake surrounding the pile-dwellings became filled up to a depth of four or five feet with peat before the second platform was constructed.

The Barmston and Skipsea Drain follows the course of what was undoubtedly in prehistoric times a chain of lakes extending from Skipsea to its present termination on the sea-shore. Along this line five or six other pile-structures have been found, in some instances considerably larger than the one explored at Ulrome. There is every probability that careful examination of the surrounding districts will disclose the fact that numerous other erections exist over a considerable area, and as each of the platforms afforded space for several dwellings, it is reasonable to suppose that the pile-dwellers were a somewhat numerous people. The great preponderance of implements useful for tilling the soil over those of a warlike character seems to indicate that they were peaceably disposed and inclined to agricultural pursuits; they were acquainted with the use of pottery, which they shaped into rude vessels without the use of the potter's wheel, and decorated by making incisions either with the finger-nail or a pointed flint on the surface. The nodules of flint which occur abundantly in the neighboring chalk, chipped into the form of arrow-head, spear-head, and such other objects as they had skill to make or comprehension to use, served them for offensive and defensive purposes. The antlers of the red-deer and the

humerus of the ox, broken diagonally; probably assisted in breaking up and tilling the soil. The harder bones of animals were scraped and carved into the form of pins and other implements for personal use and adornment. Tolerably safe from the attacks of wild animals, which prowled in the neighboring woods, when in their habitations over the water, this hardy people protected themselves from the chill east winds which swept over the North Sea, as best they could, with the skins of animals caught in the chase or killed for food.

It may be desirable to consider the relationship of the pile-dwellers to the population existing in the adjacent parts of the country at the time the dwellings were erected. The objects found in the exploration of the pile structures indicate that they were used as the ordinary home of the people, and not merely as an occasional retreat for defensive purposes; and we may conclude that they formed only a comparatively small proportion of the entire population. Whilst in this particular district the circumstances were especially favorable to the construction of this species of dwelling, the adjoining district was occupied by branches of the same people who erected a quite different kind of habitation. The country surrounding the low-lying lake-covered area of Holderness is constituted of rounded chalk-hills, intersected by deep riverless valleys. There is abundant evidence still existing on these hills that they were inhabited by a numerous and energetic people. Their summits are intrenched in every direction, culminating on Flamborough Head with the so-called Danes

Dyke. These intrenchments were probably erected for purposes of defence; and as a last resort, should they be driven from the wold intrenchments, the inhabitants could retreat to the more strongly fortified area on Flamborough Head, inaccessible from the sea, and rendering a prolonged resistance on the land comparatively easy. Over the whole wold district there are large numbers of mounds or tumuli, which were erected as memorials of the dead, and the investigation of which has thrown much light on the habits and character of the people. The mounds are stated by Canon Greenwell (*British Barrows*, 1877) to contain the bodies of two distinct races of men; the older one characterized by a long head, much longer from back to front than broad; whilst more recent mounds contain bodies with round heads, in which the breadth equals or exceeds the length; with the latter, implements of bronze, ornaments of bone and jet, and pottery of varied forms have been discovered; whilst in the earlier graves only implements of flint and stone have been found, together with pottery of a rude character, and quite distinct from that associated with the implements of bronze. Rounded stones for pounding grain are frequently found. The relationship between the long-headed stone-using people, and the broad-headed people acquainted with the use of bronze, who lived on the wolds, and the similar races who occupied the lake dwellings, is sufficiently remarkable, and indicates more than a probability that the race who built the intrenchments and erected mounds over their dead, occupied their strongholds at the same time that

their neighbors, the lake-dwellers, erected their island platforms. The implements found beneath the lower structure are similar to those got from diggings in the older tumuli, and there is simultaneous evidence of the introduction of bronze in the later pile dwellings and the most recent of the mounds.

Other examples of pile dwellings have been recorded, principally from the eastern counties, where in by-gone centuries morasses and meres abounded. One at Barton Mere, near Bury St. Edmunds, was explored by the Rev. H. Jones in 1867; another, at Wretham Mere, in Norfolk, by Sir Charles Bunbury in 1856; and Dr. Palmer has reported that in 1869, oaken piles and planks had been dug out of boggy ground on Cold Ash Common, Berks. In each instance piles were found driven into the ground—at Barton, supported by large stones; associated with them were vast quantities of broken bones of animals used for food, and occasionally bronze spear-heads and other implements have been found. It is probable that these instances belonged to the Bronze Age, and the objects discovered in them point rather to the later than the earlier part of it; to that portion which immediately precedes the historic period. Compared with the lake dwellings of Holderness, they would be coeval with the more recent structures in which the bronze implements are found. A single example of a crannoge or pile-dwelling has been recorded as occurring in Llangorse Lake, near Brecon, in South Wales. It consists of an island of piles supported by stones; it is ninety yards in circumference, and situated in two or three feet of water,

a short distance from the northern shore of the lake. The piles are oak, and show evidence of having been hewn with a metal adze. Outside the island are groups of piles of softer wood, and it is inferred that the island formed a central platform, from the circumference of which the dwellings extended to the adjacent groups of pile. Large quantities of bones were found in the shallow water between the island and the margin of the lake. The bones were submitted to the late Professor Rolleston, who found them to be entirely those of the pig, sheep, cow, and horse; they were all representative of small animals. The bones of the horse, which was used as an article of food, were of two kinds: one small—probably the progenitor of the Welsh pony—and the other of a larger breed. To the above list Prof. Boyd Dawkins afterward added the red deer and wild boar. Some fragments of pottery were found interspersed with the bones.

In Ireland and Scotland numerous island lake dwellings or crannoges have been discovered. The Irish crannoges have been inhabited from a period hidden in remote antiquity until comparatively recent times. In many instances they may have been deserted for long periods, and afterward repaired and re-inhabited. The remains of implements of war, those used in agricultural pursuits, and others for personal adornment, range through all the varieties of stone and flint, bone, bronze, and iron, and consist of daggers, spears, knives and swords, shears, axes, querns, beads, pins, combs, brooches, chains, pots, etc. The amount of broken bones left by the occupiers is enormous, and instances are re-

corded where a hundred and fifty cart-loads have been removed and used as manure from a single platform. The ordinary form of the Irish crannoge is a circular or oblong structure, forming an island, surrounded by one or more rows of piles, pointed and driven into the bed of the lake. Inside the circle of piles the space is filled with stones, branches of trees, and peaty *débris*. On these artificially built islands wooden dwellings were erected. The latter consisted of a combination of poles and wickerwork, with boarded floors. In districts where wood was scarce they are sometimes built up entirely of stone. Generally the dwellings were erected in a circle round the outer extremity of the structure, similarly to that already spoken of in Wales; in other and rare instances the houses were built on wooden platforms supported by piles and brushwood, held in position by stones. They were erected without connection with the shore, communication being made by means of a canoe, hewn from the bole of a single tree; it is a common occurrence to find the canoe in immediate proximity to the pile structure, buried in the peat or bog. Sir W. R. Wilde, describing a crannoge exposed at Lagore, County Meath, which was 173 feet in diameter, says:

“The circumference of the circle was formed by upright posts of black oak, measuring from 6 to 8 feet in height; these were mortised into beams of a similar material, laid flat upon the marl and sand beneath the bog, and nearly 16 feet below the present surface. The upright posts were held together by connecting cross-beams, and fastened by large iron nails; parts of a second upper tier of posts were likewise found resting on the lower ones.

The space thus inclosed was divided into separate compartments by septa or divisions that intersected each other in different directions; these also were formed of oaken beams in a good state of preservation, joined together with greater accuracy than the former, and in some cases having their sides grooved or rabbeted to admit large panels driven down between them. The interiors of the chambers so formed were filled with bones and black moory earth, and the heap of bones was raised up in some places within a foot of the surface."

The animals whose remains were thus preserved were principally oxen, horses, asses, pigs, sheep, goats, deer, dogs, and foxes. Some human bones were also found.

Nearly one hundred lake dwellings have been discovered in Ireland, and about the same number is recorded as having received more or less attention in Scotland. Of the latter, fifty are entirely built of wood, and the remainder of wood and stone combined, or other materials. The Scotch crannoges in all essential particulars are similar to those of Ireland, and were probably erected by the branch of the Celtic people who migrated northward; whilst those of Ireland and Wales were the result of the influx of the Celtic element in its extension westward. "The ordinary construction of the crannoge proper," says Dr. Stuart, "was by logs of wood in the bed of the lake supporting a structure of earth and stones, or of a mixture of both; the mass being surrounded by piles of young oak trees in the bed of the lake, the inner row of which kept the island in shape, and the external rows acted as defences and breakwaters." Dr. Monro, after prolonged investigation and experience, was able to supplement the description given above as follows:

"For defence and protection—which I presume no one will doubt were the primary objects of these islands—a small mossy lake, with its margin overgrown with reeds and grasses, and situated in a secluded locality amidst the thick meshes of the primeval forests of those days, would present the most desirable topographical conditions. Having fixed on such a locality, the next consideration would be the selection of materials for building the island. In a lake containing the soft and yielding sediment due to decomposed vegetable matter, it is manifest that any heavy substances, as stones and earth, would be totally inadmissible, owing to their weight, so that solid logs of wood, provided there was an abundant supply at hand, would be the best and cheapest material that could be used. To construct in ten or twelve feet of water, virtually floating over a quagmire, a solid, compact island, with a circular area of 100 feet or more, and capable of enduring for centuries as a retreat for men and animals, was a work requiring no small amount of engineering and mechanical skill on the part of these early crannoge builders."

The method of procedure suggested by Dr. Monro is that immediately over the chosen site a circular raft of trunks of trees, laid above branches and brushwood, was formed, and above it additional layers of logs, together with stones, gravel, etc., were heaped up till the whole mass grounded. As this process went on, upright piles, made of oak and of the required length, were inserted into prepared holes in the structure, and probably also a few were inserted into the bed of the lake. When a sufficient height above the water-line was attained, a prepared pavement of oak-beam was constructed, and mortised beams were laid over the tops of the encircling piles, which bound them firmly together. When the skeleton of the island was thus finished, a superficial barrier of hurdles, or some such fence, was erected

close to the water. Frequently a wooden gangway, probably submerged, stretched to the shore, by means of which secret access to the crannoge could be obtained without the use of a canoe.

The remains of pile structures were exposed near London Wall in 1866, when excavations were made for the foundations of a wool warehouse. Associated with the piles there was a large number of various implements of a comparatively modern date, together with Roman coins and other objects used by the inhabitants.

The lake dwellings of Holderness bear the impress of greater age than any other in the British Islands, and they are of sufficiently characteristic structure to distinguish them from the island-like "crannagoes" of Ireland and Scotland. The ancient people who built them, having found a suitable situation, proceeded to cut down large trees by means of their rude flint axes; these cleared of branches, were dragged to the lakeside, and in five or six feet of water were laid horizontally along the bottom, and held there by stakes driven into the sandy or peaty shore. The height of the platform was raised by means of smaller trunks and branches to the level of the water, and an even surface obtained by twigs, gravel, and sand. On this there was probably erected a number of huts. As to the character of the huts there is no information. The several operations in connection with so large an undertaking, conducted by a people possessing no mechanical appliances and only the rudest tools, implies a large amount of intelligent co-operation, and consequently a comparatively advanced stage of civilization.

The men appear for the most part to have been peaceable and industrious, dividing their time between the chase and the cultivation of the soil; whilst the women attended to household duties, cooked the flesh of animals caught in the chase, or pounded the corn with rounded stones, to make bread. Probably they spun the wool of sheep, as indicated by the presence of whorl-stones, and made a coarse cloth. But the skin of the sheep with the wool attached was the most likely to be the ordinary covering for the body. They appear to have had all the essential elements of happiness, and, unfettered by the trammels of the intensely complicated civilization of their successors of subsequent centuries, to have pursued a tranquil and easy existence. This picture has its shadows, and no doubt occasional disagreements arose, and neighboring tribes would quarrel and fight, or perhaps combine against some more distant foe. After such engagements there is the probability that, like nearly all existing peoples in a similar stage of development from rudest barbarism, the captives were killed and eaten. The presence of the skull and bones of a human being amongst the *débris* found in the excavations of the lake dwelling at Ulrome, as well as other evidences in the neighboring wolds, goes a long way to show that the people were cannibals.

Mention has been made of the principal lake dwellings found in the British Islands. It would be interesting, did space permit, to trace their relationship with others found on the continent of Europe, and more especially with those the remains of which exist on the shores

of the lakes of Switzerland, so admirably investigated and described by Dr. Ferdinand Keller, and which have afforded so good an opportunity for investigation during the past two months by the low level of the waters of Lake Constance. The Swiss lake dwellings are, with few exceptions, of an older type than those found in Great Britain, and extend throughout the Stone Age, the succeeding period characterized by the use of bronze, and to the earlier stages of iron. Dr. Keller considers that the Swiss lake-dwellers were a branch of the great Celtic family which occupied Central Europe prior to the incursions of the Romans, and it is also the opinion of Dr. Monro and others that all the pile dwellings in this country were erected by the Celts, or Brit-Welsh, as they have been styled, who occupied the country in prehistoric times.

If such be the fact, the relative age of the structures in Holderness, as compared with those of Scotland and Ireland, would be the natural result of the migration of that people westward. Their first access to the country was gained on the east coast, and the pile dwellings found in the eastern counties and in Yorkshire were probably first erected. As the Celts were driven westward and northward by the incursions of succeeding nationalities, they crossed over to Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, and erected pile dwellings or crannoges in those countries. It is probable that the Holderness dwellings were in a state of desuetude before the historic period; they contain no traces of any objects of Roman or other civilized manufacture: on the other hand, those of Ireland and Scotland are known to have been

used as places of habitation and for defensible retreats as recently as the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. The pile dwelling found near the old walls of London is comparatively modern as compared with those of Holderness, and is replete with objects bearing the impress of the Roman occupation. It indicates a period when that part of the City was neither more nor less than a great bog extending from the banks of the Thames.

It appears that the people in those old days adapted themselves to the circumstances of their environment very much as the savage nations of the present day do in New Guinea, in parts of Africa, and in other places. Where the country is full of lakes and of a wet and boggy character, the inhabitants have found it necessary to provide a dwelling-place raised above the water, and this has been done by driving piles into the soft ground, and building on the top of them. At the same time, their neighbors of the same tribe, under more favorable circumstances, have erected their huts on the adjacent dry land.—*Westminster Review*.

NEWNHAM FEMALE COLLEGE,

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

Colleges for women have for some time held a recognized and quietly prosperous position of their own; they have passed the stage of doubtful experiment, nor can those who go to them any longer be set down as strong-minded individuals who have struck out for themselves a

line which could not safely be adopted by ordinary people.

The number of women students is large, and it is increasing; I am not sure that it will not soon be larger than that at which most people would be prepared to estimate the number of women possessed of remarkable individuality in the whole of England, and when once any course has come to be adopted by a sufficient number of ordinary people, its character, as possible, expedient, and orthodox, may be looked upon as pretty well established. Although, however, this is the case to a very great extent among certain classes in England, and although there are numbers of girls—good, dutiful, home-loving girls, who have grown up with the idea that after school will come college, and have looked upon the going to college as an event as natural as is to others their “coming out” and presentation—it is just as true that in another class the very term “women’s college” often carries with it a suggestion of something unwomanly, while at the same time the most curious ignorance exists as to the nature of the institution which is thus condemned unheard.

“Are your rooms at college next to your brother’s?”

“What time do they put your bedroom candles out at Newnham?”

“Are the students bound by any kind of vow?”

These are three questions, arising from misconception of three distinct kinds, which have been put to me more than once in perfect seriousness by very different people.

The first inquirer labored under the delusion that going to Newnham was identical with going to King’s

or Trinity, and that women’s colleges and men’s colleges were one and the same thing. Number two, on the other hand, could not rise to the conception of anything but a large boarding-school for grown-up girls; while to number three a number of women residing together could suggest nothing but the idea of a convent or sisterhood. In view of these different and erroneous impressions, perhaps some account of Newnham work and life as it actually is may not be out of place, for it is surely worth while, even for those who, disapproving of the system, would never entertain the idea of college for themselves or those for whom they are responsible, to learn something about a life which, as a matter of fact, is adopted by, and does largely influence, a very considerable number of young English women.

I said “Newnham work and life,” making a distinction between them; but of course the one is a necessary part of the other, and in fact its *raison d’être*, for the growth of Newnham was gradual and corresponded to the growth of a desire on the part of women for University education. It was thus a case of demand and hence supply.

It is seventeen years ago since the first lectures for women resident in Cambridge were delivered by University men, prominent among whom were Professor Henry Sidgwick and the late Frederick Denison Maurice. These were eagerly attended, and presently came an application from another part of England for leave to come to Cambridge for the purpose of attending them. The request was considered by those who managed the lectures; it was granted, and a

lodging found for the applicant, whose example was followed by so many others, that in 1871 a house was opened for students, under the charge of Miss Clough, the present Principal of Newnham College. Four years later, after more than one migration to larger quarters, it was found necessary and possible to build a hall for the accommodation of the increasing number of students, and this was the origin of the red-brick Queen Anne building, designed by Mr. Champneys, and known now as the South Hall of Newnham College, but then designated Newnham Hall.

The South Hall stands in good-sized grounds of its own; these include three tennis-courts, a gymnasium, and a laboratory, and are separated by a road only from the North Hall, a building in the same style, which was opened in 1879, and placed under the charge of a Vice-Principal, Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, succeeded in 1882 by Miss Helen Gladstone, the present Vice-Principal of the College.

Nor is the process of growth yet completed. About twenty students, for whom there is not room in either of the old halls at present, occupy a house near to Newnham College, known as the Red House, and presided over by one of the resident college lecturers; while, adjoining the North Hall, are already to be seen the foundations of what will probably in future be known as the West Hall.

In the early days of Newnham the students worked for the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations, and these are still taken by the majority as preliminaries to, and by the minority instead of, a Tripos.

It was in 1874 that the first women students were admitted, informally, to a Tripos Examination, and during the next six years thirty-three more were examined in the same informal way and obtained honors. Their success, and that of the Girton students, resulted in 1881 in the passing by the University of certain "Graces" which gave to women the right of admission to the Tripos Examinations after keeping the same number of terms at Newnham or Girton as is required of men at their colleges, and after passing either the Previous Examination or certain groups in the Higher Local Examination. Cambridge has not yet followed the example of the London University in conferring degrees upon the women students, to whom there is awarded instead a certificate stating the place obtained in the Tripos.

The subjects in which they have obtained honors are: mathematics, classics, natural science, moral science, history, and mediæval and modern languages. Of course the choice of a subject lies with the individual student, and depends upon her tastes, talents, and previous training. In classics and mathematics a girl's education has seldom been such as to enable her to take a high place, although first classes have been obtained in both. In the other subjects she starts with advantages about equal to those of the men, especially as regards history and modern languages, of which indeed at eighteen she will probably know more than her contemporary from a boy's public school. A proof of this is to be seen in the class lists of 1886—the only names in the first class of the Modern Languages

Tripes being those of two Newnham students, while another was bracketed first in the History Tripes.

A Tripos is aimed at by most of the students; indeed four-fifths of those now in residence are preparing for one; but it is in no way pressed upon them, and they may, if they prefer it, take different groups of the Higher Local each year; or even, if their work is good and sufficiently advanced, study without taking any examination at all. Thus there should be no fear of over-pressure; nor has steady regular work been found otherwise than conducive to health. That it really is conducive, and in more instances than is commonly supposed essential, to health, is perhaps a discovery that in the case of many women yet remains to be made. Another such discovery is the fact that a course of study at Cambridge is less exhausting than a course of gayety in London, and that the dangers of overwork are small compared with those of over-dancing, late hours, draughty ball-rooms, etc., though it is the fashion to dilate severely on the former, in the case of girls, and ignore the latter, or, at all events, look upon them as natural and inevitable. With regard to the advisability of examinations for either men or women, there will always be two opinions. But I believe that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages, and that it is good—once in a lifetime at least—to make a definite effort to achieve a definite end of this description. Besides this, the specializing involved in the preparation for a Tripos is particularly valuable to women, with their tendency toward desultoriness, and the attainment of

a little of everything, and nothing well.

As to the instruction at Newnham, it is given by means of lectures, partly within, and partly without the college. There are five resident women lecturers: one classical, two mathematical, one for modern languages, and one historical, all of whom were formerly students of the college. Also three natural science demonstrators who reside in the town. Lectures are delivered by these, and by University men, some of whose lectures in their own colleges are also attended by the students. A great deal is also done by private coaching, which, indeed, wholly supersedes the lectures during the long vacation term, *i.e.*, from the beginning of July to the end of August, when one hall is open for the reception of all students who wish to gain the extra few weeks of work. The number of hours' work in the day varies of course with the nature of the work and of the student. Roughly speaking, however, eight hours is the greatest, and six the least amount which it is generally found well to give to regular work.

The day at Newnham is divided in the way which has by experience been proved to be the best adapted to work. At eight o'clock the South Hall bell and the North Hall gong are sounded, and the students come down to prayers in their respective dining-halls, that is to say, the majority do so, but attendance is not compulsory. A short lesson and some collects are read by the Principal, and then comes breakfast, at a number of small tables, each of which affords accommodation for eight. Every one sits where she

likes, excepting that there is rather a strong prejudice among the students in favor of none but those in their third or fourth year going, as a general rule at least, to the "high table" at the top of the room, where sit the Principal and resident lecturers. There is no ceremony about breakfast; it is a very cheery meal, with plenty of chat and laughter going on, students coming in and out almost constantly, late comers arriving, and those who have finished leaving when they choose.

By nine o'clock the latest breakfast is over, and the majority have settled down to work, or gone off to their lectures. Each student having one room only, as bedroom and sitting-room combined, during the greater part of the morning, work goes on in the library, or in the sitting-rooms, of which there is one on each floor. At half-past twelve the bell rings again for luncheon, a meal of the same informal description as breakfast. After luncheon people play tennis or fives, or go to the gymnasium, or for walks. Some read the papers in the library—there is a "newspaper meeting" at the beginning of each October term, when the organs of every party alike are voted for with the strictest impartiality. Tea is in Hall at the somewhat unusual hour of three, and after this comes a time very favorable to steady reading, and unbroken by lectures, which seldom take place in the afternoon.

At half-past six is dinner, the only formal meal in the day. The Principal asks a certain number of students to her table every night, no one going there at dinner without an invitation. There are two courses, and the meal is generally over in

about half an hour, the housekeeper carving at the side table with extraordinary rapidity. "Roll" is kept by the entering of the students' names in a book by the Principal's private secretary during dinner. The students of one hall can always ask their friends from the other to dine; and also invite acquaintances in the town (ladies). Occasionally too they can have a friend or sister to stay with them, at a small fixed charge.

The time after dinner is spent variously, according to the time of year. In the May term (*i.e.*, from April to June) half-past eight is the hour for being in, and most are glad to stay out of doors till then; but during the Michaelmas and Lent terms there is no going out, except in the case of concerts, etc., after half-past six, and then is the time for the meeting of the various societies, great and small, which I shall presently describe. At eight there is tea in Hall for those who like it, and after that most people work for two hours, or an hour and a half; ten o'clock—which is announced by the well-known sound of the bells at the neighboring colleges of Selwyn and Ridley—being pretty generally regarded as the signal for leaving off. There is, however, of course, no rule as to the times and amount of work, and I am simply describing the habits of the average student. The hour that follows is a favorite time for visiting and receiving visits from friends, and also for one of the great institutions of Newnham student life, namely, that form of entertainment known as a "cocoa party." The entertainment is of the simplest kind, but the guests enjoy themselves. They know each other, or

want to know each other, and this is an opportunity; besides, they have been working most of the day and are ready to be amused.

The Newnham rooms are not very large, the smallest being about fourteen by twelve, but it is wonderful how much can be made of them, and what variety exists. Each is provided with a bed that makes into a sofa by day—so remarkably life-like a sofa, indeed, that “Very nice, but where do the students sleep?” is a question frequently put by visitors to the college. There is also a bureau, table, book-case, chintz-covered box, and arm-chair, beyond which any adornments that are to be seen must be attributed to the occupant herself.

The æsthetic tastes of some are manifested by the sage-green, peacock blue, or terra-cotta-colored papers and chintzes of their rooms; others prefer something brighter, though none, I believe, have followed the advice of an American girl who once went over the college and declared that if she had a room there, she should “fix it up with red and gold.” Perhaps the rooms never present a more pleasant appearance than in the evening, when a cocoa party is in full swing. At one time games are played, at another stories told; one hostess will insist upon the recitation of something in prose or verse by every guest; while another provides chestnuts for their amusement; or, on St. Clement’s Eve, apples, suspended from the mantelpiece by a string, and dropping, when roasted through, into the basin below. These are the larger, noisier kind of parties; plenty of smaller, quieter ones, there are, at which a few friends will meet for talk or

discussion. None, however, last much later than eleven, by which time there is a certain tacit understanding that the house shall be quiet, and after which any one who is disturbed by noise has a right to appeal to the “J.P.” (Justice of the Peace), an officer elected every term by the students on each floor, and charged with the maintenance of order and quiet. The J.P., however, is an exclusively North Hall institution, I believe.

Of the societies above referred to, the most important is the Debating Society, to which all the students and college officials belong. It is managed by a president, vice-president, and committee, elected at the beginning of every year, and charged with the duty of fixing the days for the debate, and of selecting one of the motions put up on a board, kept for the purpose, in each hall, so soon as the date has been announced. It is open to any one to put up a motion, or to sign her name as opposing one that is already up. Much excitement prevails when the committee meet to consider the motions, and make their choice, between which day and that of the debate a week is allowed to elapse, so that both proposer and opposer may have time to prepare their speeches. Debates always take place on a Saturday, and visitors, both Girton students and ladies from Cambridge, are invited for seven. The dining-hall of the North Hall is on such occasions as full as it can be, an organized detachment of students undertaking to bring down chairs from the lecture rooms and to decorate the hall with plants.

The president sits in state on a raised seat at one end of the room,

the vice-president and secretary below her, and the Principal, Vice-Principal, and other college dignitaries occupying arm-chairs at the same end. The proceedings begin with the reading of the minutes of the last debate by the secretary, after which, and when business motions, if there are any, have been discussed, the proposer and opposer make their formal speeches, and the debate is opened. Any one may speak, though visitors are not allowed to vote, and there is generally a very lively discussion. No speech may be read, or last longer than ten minutes, excepting those of the proposer and opposer. The motions discussed are of all kinds and classes, the following being, perhaps, a fairly representative selection of those of the last few years:—

“Life without leisure is life misspent:” carried by a small majority.—“That Socialism is the only remedy for existing evils:” lost by 71 against 14 votes.—“War between civilized nations is never justifiable:” lost.—“That we are better than our grand-mothers:” carried.—“That in the present day plainer living would conduce to higher thinking:” carried.—“That the training of teachers as such is undesirable:” lost.

In each of the two last Lent terms an inter-collegiate debate has been held at Girton with great success. The motions discussed were:—

“That hero-worship is injurious to both the worshiper and the worshiped;” and “That college life tends to develop the selfish at the expense of the unselfish side of the character:” both of which were lost.

On ordinary debate nights at Newnham the debate is closed by the president, who calls upon the proposer to make her rely, after which the votes are taken, and the result

declared. The evening generally ends with dancing among the students, and many a cocoa party, at which nothing but re-discussions of the motion are to be heard.

Another no less flourishing institution is the Political Club, which meets every Monday night at seven o'clock in the South Hall for the discussion of political questions exclusively. The sittings of this “Honorable House,” as it is scrupulously termed by its members, only last for an hour, but are extremely animated. There is an orthodox speaker, government, and opposition. The prime-minister is elected by ballot at the beginning of the year, or whenever a dissolution occurs, and she and her cabinet are responsible for the introduction of Bills—a weighty undertaking, especially when a division of opinion exists, on which occasion a “cabinet council” has been known to occupy the time between dinner and tea for three consecutive evenings. However, every third Monday is set apart for private members.

A very large proportion of the House is Liberal, which is perhaps strange, considering the extremely opposite tendencies of undergraduates taken as a body; but there has hitherto been a determined minority of Conservatives, who have on occasion been known to combine with the Radicals below the gangway, and overturn the government! The said Radicals, by the bye, introduced a comprehensive measure of Home Rule some time before the appearance of Mr. Gladstone’s Bill. It was, however, opposed and defeated by the Liberal Government of that day. Great interest is felt in the Political Club, which at one time

had an agent in London—the sister of a student—to telegraph news that could thus be learned sooner than if the papers were waited for. This was at the time of the fall of Khar-toum, and great was the excitement and applause when, in the midst of one of the sittings of the House, a telegram arrived with the news that it was thought Gordon might still be holding out in the citadel.

Nearly all the students belong to the Political Club, next in importance to which is the Musical Society, the weekly practice of which is conducted by the organist of King's College. The number of musical students naturally varies from year to year, but there is always a fair number. Some attend the University lectures on the theory of music, though only one, I believe, has studied music exclusively. A few belong to the University as well as the Newnham Musical Society, and attend the practices of both.

Other clubs are, the "Modern Languages," "Historical," "Classical," "Natural Sciences," "Moral Sciences," etc., which meet at varying intervals for the reading of papers and discussions. There is a "Sunday Society," at which, on Sunday evenings, a paper on some subject, either religious or moral, is read and discussed; and an "Educational Society," where the like is done with subjects connected with education.

Smaller societies for the reading of poetry in general, of Browning in particular, of German plays, of English novels, etc., are of course perpetually being formed and dropped. The longest lived, perhaps, of these is a "Sharp Practice" society for the debates, known as the "In-

capables," and possessing rather curious rules. The members meet after dinner in the president's room, each bringing with her a motion, to which no name is signed. One of these motions the president draws at random, and reads out, announcing that "the motion before the House this evening is so and so." Two minutes of solemn silence follow, after which the president draws the name of one of the members, also at random, and calls upon her to speak in favor of the motion, three minutes being the shortest, five the longest allowed for any speech. The next person whose name is drawn has to speak against the motion, and so on alternately until the close of the debate, when those whose fate it has been to speak against their convictions may satisfy their consciences by voting in accordance with them. All kinds of ludicrous motions are discussed with perfect gravity by this society; one spirited debate, for instance, having taken place on the proposition "that, in the opinion of this House, it is desirable to hire Conservatives at a small but regular salary for use at the Political Club."

An unfailing source of amusement is found in the members, of whom there are usually more than one, who dutifully stand up during the allotted time without ever getting beyond the prefatory address to the president, "Madam!" ejaculated at intervals with diminishing emphasis; the president's grave "I must remind the honorable member that she has already spoken for three minutes," being hailed with the unsympathetic laughter of the House. One well-tried expedient is for a speaker to think of all the arguments

on the side with which she really sympathizes, and duly produce them, whatever be the side for which she has to speak—only, should it chance to be the wrong one, concluding with the remark, "Such, Madam, are the arguments which will, I foresee, be brought forward by my opponents. I should proceed to refute them, did the time permit; but I see the president's eye upon her watch," etc., until the five minutes have really elapsed.

During the winter months dancing takes place every Thursday evening, after dinner, in the North Hall, and occasionally the students get up a fancy ball among themselves. This entertainment is only announced the day before it takes place, so that the expenditure of time upon the dresses is by no means considerable, though the very reverse is true of the ingenuity displayed.

I must not omit to mention the Fire-brigade, which is carefully organized in each Hall, and holds regular practices, both with the hose and buckets. An alarm practice is also occasionally held, the summons being given by the blowing of a terrifically loud horn by the captain. I remember the stampede that took place all over the house on one occasion, when an unfortunate lieutenant of the brigade blew the said horn by mistake, having "only meant to see whether she could make it sound."

The principal out-door amusements are lawn-tennis and fives, although comparatively few are found to patronize the latter. There is a college tennis club, which plays Girton every year for a silver cup, and in the long vacation sends a champion to play with one from Girton, against Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls,

the Oxford colleges. The two halls also play each other every term, and the friendly competition thus induced is one of the advantages of the existence of two separate buildings; there is no distinction between the students resident in each, who are on the most friendly terms, and constantly meet at lectures, debates, and on dancing nights; although the same possibilities of intimacy do not of course exist as between those who live under the same roof. That a student should feel especial affection for the hall in which her lot happens to be cast is but natural, and each has its own advantages—the South Hall possessing the library, the gymnasium, and the chemical laboratory; the North, the lecture-rooms, the largest dining-hall, and the greatest number of tennis courts. The number of students in the South Hall is at present forty, in the North Hall fifty-three, the Red House twenty. There will be accommodation for fifty in the new Hall, which is to be connected with the North Hall by a covered passage. There are also a certain number of "out students," i.e., women living with their parents or guardians in Cambridge; or else, being over thirty years of age, in lodgings approved by the Principal of the college. Among the students are often to be found women from America and the colonies, who are always most welcome; the daughters of the poet Longfellow were in residence for several terms.

Apart from the apparatus of lectures and examinations which I have described, and which might, in part at all events, be obtained elsewhere, it seems impossible to overrate, from an educational point of view, the

advantages of Cambridge itself as a place of residence for the women students.

It is a truism to say that education does not consist in lectures and examinations, but the fact would appear to be overlooked by those who, though not denying their usefulness and admissibility for women, would have them provided at what they consider a safe distance from a university town. Such persons do not reflect, for one thing, on the additional interest that is imparted by the mere fact of living in, and becoming connected with, a place full of the ancient traditions of learning, and of the memories of great men—a place, in short, with a history of its own. It was Arnold's great regret for Rugby that it had no historic past like that of Eton and Winchester. Let the women students then share the advantages conferred by the historic past and historic beauties of Cambridge. They are indeed in this century for the first time college students; foundresses they have often been. The colleges of St. John's, Christ's, Sidney, Clare, Pembroke, and Queens' were all founded by women, and it is not more than just that they should participate in the benefits conferred by their predecessors of centuries ago.

Many mothers, however, dislike the idea of their daughters resorting to the same place of education as their sons, and the question is often asked whether "difficulties" are not sometimes caused by the proximity of the men's colleges. To this the answer is emphatically in the negative: such difficulties do not practically arise.

There are no regulations as to

where, and where not, the students may walk: they attend the services at King's Chapel, at town churches, or the Nonconformist chapels, just as do other ladies resident in the town, and they go, as I have already said, to many of the college lectures as naturally as they would to a public lecture or concert in London, where the audience is not composed exclusively of one sex. As to paying visits in college rooms, this they do on the same terms as would the daughters of residents in, or visitors to, Cambridge—namely, with a chaperon, either the Principal or one of the lecturers, who are always most ready to facilitate the acceptance of invitations to tea, etc. This same rule applies in the case of a brother, who, however, may take his sister for a walk whenever he pleases, or visit her at Newnham, of course on the understanding that no other students are present at the time.

Besides the interest of the place itself, another obvious advantage is the possibility of intercourse with cultured men and women, of hearing, at least occasionally, the best lecturers, the best preachers, the best musicians. And apart from all this, and the interest and attachment to Cambridge which it awakens, there exists among the students a very strong and, as I think, ennobling loyalty and gratitude to the college itself, and to those to whose patient, unselfish labors it owes its existence; the character of its founders and of those who have hitherto carried on their work, together with the fact that wealth has been the very smallest factor in its growth, ought to be, and will be, a precious heritage and undying source of pride and satisfaction to future generations

of students. The latent enthusiasm that exists breaks forth especially each year on the 24th of February, which is kept as the anniversary of the day on which were passed the Graces giving to women a recognized position in the University. Then windows are illuminated, speeches made, names cheered, and full expression is given to that corporate feeling, that loyalty and love for something besides individuals, which women often miss, but which is perhaps as good for them as it is for men.

It is a pity that more of what is sometimes called the "leisured class" do not avail themselves of this corporate life than is at present the case. Perhaps, as regards its male section, no class in England wholly deserves such a title; but the same cannot be said of the women. It is easy to talk of home duties and work among the poor, but the supply is not equal to the demand. Granted that these come first, it is not every home or every parish that affords scope sufficient for the energies of, for instance, a large family of grown-up girls, most of whom, if in a slightly different class of life, would take to work of some kind as a matter of course.

The greater part of the students at Newnham have been educated at high schools, and intend to become teachers in them when the college course is over.* Some have already

* Of the 355 former students whose names are on the college books from October 1871 to June 1886, about 170 are engaged in teaching, 30 being head mistresses, 101 assistant-mistresses in high schools either in England or the colonies; 13, including the Vice-Principal, are on the staff of the college; 1 is Principal of the Cambridge Training College for women

taught, and thus saved up money for the refreshment of three years' learning. Why do not women of quite the upper ranks oftener study with the same object? The education of girls of any but the lowest classes, whom they have taught in Sunday schools, has never been considered by them as an honorable and enviable occupation, for which every bit of refinement and good breeding they may have makes them the more fit; but surely, for the sake of all, this is a pity, and a day should come when the position of mistress in a public school will be considered just as possible and creditable to a woman, however high her social status, as is that of master to a man.

Apart, however, from the idea of preparation for teaching in the future, the two or three years of college life are of great value in themselves. Besides the advantage of real definite study under the most favorable circumstances, there is, I think, infinitely much to be gained of experience, of self-knowledge, of tolerance and sympathy, and at the same time definiteness of opinion, from the being thrown into the society of a number of women of widely differing class and thought, yet united together by the bond of a common life and pursuit. Nowhere else perhaps are people valued so entirely for what they are. At home a woman is the squire's daughter, or the clergyman's, or the doctor's, and treated accordingly by her acquaintance; at college her position is of no consequence; her disposition, as manifested to others, of the greatest. This is very wholesome, nor does it

teachers; 5 are professors and lecturers in American colleges, and 1 is Directress of the Victoria Lyceum at Berlin.

mean that there is antagonism to rank or station and so on in themselves, simply that they are factors which are ignored as having no influence upon the college life. This is more the case at Newnham than in the men's colleges, where there is an aristocracy of school if of nothing else, and public school men are often apt to think it not worth their while to make acquaintance with those who have been educated elsewhere. In this respect the advantage is, I think, with Newnham, as also in the greater simplicity of the college arrangements and life led, and in the fact that, at present at least, study is in all cases the real, as well as the professed object of the students.

Conceit is what many fear as the result of a higher education, but experience proves the truth of the saying that it is a "little knowledge" which is the "dangerous thing." It is the clever member of a home-bred family who is the readiest victim to this failing, the girl who has never left her own circle whose story has been accepted by a magazine, or who has passed one Local examination—not a student who knows what real work is, and has, moreover, constantly before her eyes, not only those who have merely done better than herself, but also some of the greatest authorities in the particular branch of study she has chosen to adopt. Nor is success a gauge of popularity; good work is always revered, and this is, I think, one of the best fruits of the life; but kindly qualities of heart and mind are of such infinitely greater importance to the happiness of the place (as of every other place) than brilliancy, that there is no fear

of the possessor of this last alone being unduly elevated by the respect she receives.

The tone of the college is unquestionably good; there is a healthy, hearty interest in the work, a genuine satisfaction in the success of others, great readiness to afford help to those who need it. An intelligent interest exists too in subjects unconnected with the work; there is a general feeling against much discussion of "shop," and plenty of sensible talk may be heard in Hall and at gatherings of the students—sensible nonsense too, with a remarkable absence of gossip. The age of the students is, of course, not that of school girls, none being admitted younger than eighteen, while there is no limit on the other side. In the October term of 1883, the average age was twenty-two in the North Hall, and twenty-four in the South, while there are generally in residence some students a good deal older than this.

It is on the question of religion that anxiety is perhaps most often felt when the desirability of college life for women is considered. There is among Church people the objection to unsectarianism; and among others as well, an impression that all sorts of loose speculations must be rife in such a place, and that it is hardly possible for a girl to spend three years there without the risk of having her opinions, to say the least of it, unsettled.

It is of course true that Newnham is unsectarian, and necessarily so, as is obvious when the circumstances of its foundation are considered. The same, however, is also true nowadays of the old foundations, so that the objection, if it be one,

applies equally to both. An objection, no doubt, it would be, in the eyes of earnest-minded Churchmen and Nonconformists alike, if it caused laxity and indifference to religion. But experience proves that the reverse of this is true. Principles become clearer, more definite, are more highly valued when brought into contact with their opposites. The contact must come later on in life; persons of different denominations must work more or less side by side. It is better that the tolerance which alone can insure harmony should be learned in college days, when all are bound together by the tie of a common life and interest. Especially true would this seem to be in the case of women.

I may mention that the Council of the college are anxious that the fact of its being unsectarian should not afford a pretext, which would otherwise not exist, for neglect of religious observances. Hence a house rule to the effect that "students are expected to inform the Principal what place of worship they choose for regular attendance." And as indifference to religion is far from being a characteristic of the place, so is any antagonism to it among those whose views are Agnostic. That there are such it is true, but their presence is no more marked than in any other large society; and far from gratuitously obtruding their opinions, they treat the beliefs of others with the fullest regard and reverence. There is no disposition to rush lightly into the discussion of serious matters of this class; they are by common consent avoided at all public debates, and no doubt this public reserve is not without its effect upon private discussion.

A girl with no bent toward speculative inquiry might, I believe, pass through her three years without ever coming in contact with any; while for a thoughtful mind that will somehow or other think out things for itself, it is surely more wholesome to mix freely with others of the same stamp. There will be a better chance thus of its finding the standing ground which it will at all events never take for granted on the word of others. A girl of this inquiring turn of mind will find at college that she is no *rara avis*, and this is a useful discovery. At home she is possibly the only one who has been led to question the doctrines in which all alike have been brought up. At college she will see these doctrines earnestly believed in, earnestly acted up to, by persons who have passed through the same phase as herself—persons of whose intellectual superiority she can feel no doubt.

I have tried in this account to give my own impressions of Newnham as it presents itself to me after a residence of three years, hoping that it may help to interest some in a college that does good work, and is much loved by all connected with it.—EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

COLERIDGE'S "ODE TO WORDSWORTH."

There are few lines in the loftier walks of English poetry better known than these following:—

"O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her
shroud!"

But, as is the case with many another familiar quotation, they are better known than is the splendid poem in which they are to be found. They occur in Coleridge's ode *Dejection*—not, as usually cited, "Ode to Dejection," which by no means describes it. Dejection is indeed the topic of the poem, but not the personified object of it.

The history of this poem is interesting. It was written, as the poet's daughter tells us in her edition of the *Biographia Literaria*, on April 4, 1802. Coleridge had then been living since the summer of 1800 at Greta Hall, near Keswick, the house to be afterward honorably distinguished as the long residence of Southey. The house, when Coleridge took it, was partitioned off into two dwelling-places, one of which was occupied by the owner and landlord. Coleridge was attracted to the Lake country, we may be sure, by the circumstance that Wordsworth was only twelve miles off at Grasmere.

Coleridge had been writing more or less regularly for the *Morning Post* before he went to reside at Greta Hall, and he continued to do so for several years. The poem on Dejection, written in April of the year 1802, remained unprinted for just six months, when it appeared in the *Morning Post* of October 4, 1802, and then remained uncollected and unacknowledged by its author until the publication of the *Sibylline Leaves* in 1815. The lines just cited are certainly the best known in the whole poem, though it abounds in passages of rare eloquence and beauty. Hence the "Lady" there addressed is closely associated in our minds with the

poem and its author. And it is therefore the more interesting to note that in the version of the ode as first printed the Lady does not appear, her place being filled throughout by a certain "Edmund," to whom the poem is virtually addressed. Those who will refer to the four-volumed edition of Coleridge's poem* will find a record of the fact, and in the notes certain other variations between the first text of the poem and that afterward given in the *Sibylline Leaves*. The principal variations may be supplied without reference if the reader remembers to substitute "Edmund" for "Lady" where the latter word occurs, and to alter the personal and other pronouns—"he" for "she," and so forth—in due accord.

Thus, in the second stanza or strophe of the ode we shall read thus:—

"O Edmund! in this woe and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky
And its peculiar tint of yellow green."

And the fifth section of the ode will run as follows:—

"O pure of heart! thou needst not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Edmund! joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,

* Published by Pickering in 1877.

Joy, Edmund! is the spirit and the power
Which wedding Nature to us gives in
dower—

A new Earth and new Heaven
Undreamt of by the sensual and the
proud."

But it is when we arrive at the concluding lines of the ode that we find the most significant divergence between the two versions. In the latter text five lines have disappeared from the earlier; and by restoring these we find the ode originally ending thus:—

" 'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have
I of sleep:
Full seldom may my friend such vigils
keep!
Visit him, gentle Sleep! with wings of
healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-
birth,
May all the stars hang bright above his
dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleep-
ing Earth.
With light heart may he rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
And sing his lofty song, and teach me to
rejoice!
O Edmund, friend of my devoutest
choice,
O raised from anxious dread and busy
care
By the immenseness of the good and fair
Which thou seest everywhere,
Joy lifts thy spirit. joy attunes thy voice:
To him may all things live from pole to
pole,
Their life the eddying of his living soul.
O simple spirit, guided from above!
Dear Edmund! friend devoutest of my
choice,
Thus mayst thou ever, evermore re-
joice "

Now the question at once presents itself—who was the "Edmund" of the poem as originally conceived? The passages afterward omitted seem to mark him out as a more real person than the shadowy "Lady" substituted for him. The mere

name of Edmund tells nothing, suggests nothing. Coleridge was fond of the name, using it elsewhere for imaginary personages in his song. But there is something in the almost impassioned earnestness of the language here employed, and in the definiteness of the qualities attributed to him, that prevent our regarding him as a mere poetical device, a lay figure about whom the verses might be draped. He is spoken of as Coleridge's dearest friend, as a poet of noblest aims, and as one to whom especially the "pure heart" and the deep communion with Nature have brought a joy "undreamt of by the sensual and the proud." Was there any one of whom all this might be told with pre-eminent truth? Certainly there was, and the man was Wordsworth. Since the two poets first met five years before, the influence of no other personal friend over Coleridge could be described in the terms used in this poem. Wordsworth was beyond question his dearest friend and his poetic master. It was the association with the mind and spirit of Wordsworth that had caused the younger poet to rise above the plaintive melodiousness of Bowles into altogether different regions of thought and feeling.

Reading over again the first version of the ode (which is really an Ode to Edmund, though its subject is the poet's own state of mind), we discover, I think, a fresh interest in it, as well as some other internal evidence as to the identity of "Edmund." We cannot be wrong, for instance, in recognizing a distinct allusion to Wordsworth's Lucy Gray, the "solitary child," in the seventh section of the ode. The raving of

the wind recalls the poet from thoughts of his own afflictions to listen to this new voice. He hears at first in the storm-blasts the "rushing of a host in rout, with groans of trampled men," and then the tempest modulates into a gentler key of sadness:—

"But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence,
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans and tremulous shudderings
—all is over.
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud—
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay.
'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:
And now moans loud in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear."

Here the graceful indirect compliment to his friend "as Otway's self had framed the tender lay:" the words "lonesome wild," borrowed from the last stanza but one of "Lucy Gray:" the reference to the "bridge of wood, a furlong from their door," which the child had reached unconsciously after her long wanderings, in the line,

"Not far from home, but she hath lost her way,"

all point beyond doubt to the poem written by Wordsworth when in Germany, and published in the second volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, in 1800.

There is yet one other piece of circumstantial evidence as to the identity of "Edmund" that has never to my knowledge been introduced. It occurs in a letter of

Charles Lamb to Coleridge, bearing date October 9, 1802, five days (that is to say) after the appearance of the Ode in the *Morning Post*. The letter is in Latin, a freak in which Lamb occasionally indulged with Coleridge, Proctor, Cary, and others of his more intimate correspondents. Thackeray once described those Latin letters of Sterne's, in which he delivered himself with such cynical frankness on his conjugal difficulties, as written in very "sad-dog" Latin. Lamb's corresponding use of that tongue is rather "jolly-dog" Latin, and its meaning in consequence not always easy to disentangle. But the following sentence is not obscure, though the Latinity may be doubtful:—

"Istas Wordsworthianas nuptias (vel potius cujusdam *Edmundi* tui) te retulisse mirificum gaudeo."

which may be freely rendered, "I am awfully glad to receive your account of the marriage of Wordsworth (or perhaps I should rather say, of a certain *Edmund* of yours.") Wordsworth had been married to Mary Hutchinson on October 4, the very day, it may be observed, on which Coleridge's poem appeared in the *Morning Post*. Here, therefore, five days after Wordsworth's wedding, and the simultaneous appearance of Coleridge's poem addressed to his friend Edmund, we find Lamb making an allusion to the identity of the two, which cannot be mistaken. Finally, we are told by Professor Knight that among the manuscripts at Coleorton is a copy of *Dejection*, sent by Coleridge to Sir George Beaumont in April, 1802, in which (presumably) first

draft of all, the name used is not Edmund, but Wordsworth's own, the famous couplet appearing thus:—

"O William! we receive but what we give;
And in our life alone does nature live"—

the other variations being all in due accord.

The reasons which led Coleridge to substitute "Edmund" for "William," when six months' later he sent the poem to his friend Stuart for the *Morning Post*, can only be matter for conjecture. Poetically, we may be well satisfied that the change was made. The name of "William" has seen many vicissitudes and received many humorous side-lights in the last half century, and one of the most beautiful poems in the language would have suffered grievous wrong if it had been left to descend to us in its precise original form. Its author was as wise in changing the "William," as that William himself was in dropping "dear brother Jim" out of his pathetic *We are Seven*. But no like injury would have been wrought by preserving the name "Edmund" as final. Moreover, in changing "William" for "Edmund" no change was made in the motive and purport of the poem. As Lamb, and doubtless all other friends of Coleridge and Wordsworth were aware, the ode was still addressed to Wordsworth. But the situation is altogether altered when, at some period within the next twelve years, Coleridge decided to remove as far as possible all traces of its original dedication, not only by substituting for "Edmund" the intangible and quite unrecognizable impersonation "Lady," but by omitting those lines which had served most clearly to

point out Wordsworth as the poet addressed. Why Coleridge took this course, and whether any friend at all was addressed as "Lady," there is no evidence to show. But the fact remains that, by the change of name and the omission of those passages, the historical interest of the ode, as bearing on the lives of Coleridge and Wordsworth, entirely disappears. For there is a history in the poem, as first framed, and one of the most pathetic in English literature.

When Coleridge wrote *Dejection* he was still short of completing his thirtieth year. He had lived at Keswick nearly two years, himself and family supported by the pension of 150*l.* a year from the brothers Wedgewood, and by the payment for occasional essays and poems in the daily papers. His poetic prime was already past. "He had four poetical epochs," writes his son in the supplementary memoir of the *Biographia Literaria*, "which represented in some sort boyhood, youthful manhood, middle age, and the decline of life." The first of these extends to the year 1796. The second is comprised within some three years only, but in it the noblest fruits of Coleridge's genius were produced—the *Ancient Mariner*, the *Dark Ladie*, the first part of *Christabel*, *Fears in Solitude*, *Kubla Khan*, the *Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni*, and others of less note. The poems which succeed open the third period of Coleridge's poetic life. "They are distinguished from those of my father's Stowey life," continues H. N. Coleridge, "by a less buoyant spirit. Poetic fire they have, but not the clear, bright, mounting flame of his earlier poetry."

Their meditative vein is graver, and they seem tinged with the somber hues of middle age; though some of them were written before the author was thirty-five years old. A characteristic poem of this period is *Dejection*, an ode composed at Keswick, April, 4, 1802."

The near relatives of the poet here content themselves, as was natural, with this simple record of facts. It was enough for them to note that, for whatever reason, the "clear mounting flame" of his earlier poetry had ceased to rise. But later biographers, untrammelled by the family tie, have had to inquire into and account for this change, without fear or favor. Mr. Traill, in the best memoir of Coleridge that has yet appeared, says no more than the truth when he speaks of the period between 1800 and 1804, as—

"The turning-point, moral and physical, of Coleridge's career. The next few years determined not only his destiny as a writer, but his life as a man. Between his arrival at Keswick in the summer of 1800 and his departure for Malta in the Spring of 1804, that fatal change of constitution, temperament, and habits which governed the whole of his subsequent history had fully established itself. Between these two dates he was transformed from the Coleridge of whom his young fellow-students in Germany have left us so pleasing a picture, into the Coleridge whom distressed kinsmen, alienated friends, and a disappointed public were to have before them for the remainder of his days. Here then at Keswick, and in these first two or three years of the century—here or nowhere is the key to the melancholy mystery to be found."

And this key, as every one now knows, is to be found in the habit of opium-eating which was begun during these first years (1800-1802) at Greta Hall. The exact date at which

Coleridge found among the magazines in his neighbor's library an advertisement of the virtues of the "Kendal Black Drop," and thought of trying it as a possible cure for his rheumatic and gastric troubles, is not known. But Coleridge himself refers to the beginning of the year 1803 as being "soon after his eyes had been opened to the true nature of the habit into which he had been ignorantly deluded." It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, that the consumption of the Kendal opiate had been going on for many months, when Coleridge at last discovered that he could not live without it, and that it had attained a fatal dominion over his mind and will. And if this were so, the mischief was at work, even though Coleridge little guessed its extent or cause, when the growing melancholy of his poetic outlook found expression in these saddest of sad verses.

And the poem acquires, I think, a yet deeper pathos when we remember (what is effectually concealed in the version as afterward modified) that it was to Wordsworth that Coleridge's thoughts turned, not only as the confidant of his griefs, but as supplying the most poignant contrast to his own condition and state of mind. When read with the name "Edmund" retained in it, and the few but deeply significant passages afterward omitted, the ode becomes as interesting in its bearing upon Wordsworth as upon Coleridge. For the writer discerns in his friend just those qualities in which himself is wanting. Wordsworth was the elder man by some two years. He too was a poet, and devoted to poetry; and looking to support by its means himself and the wife he was so soon

going to bring home, his old friend and playfellow, Mary Hutchinson. He was poor, but contented to be poor. He had not yet reached his poetic prime—his powers were maturing daily. The *Excursion* and the *Prelude*, the *Solitary Reaper* and the *Highland Girl*, the *Ode on Immortality* and the *Ode to Duty* were yet to be. In all these respects, in character, temperament, in “the reason firm, the temperate will,” as well as in the career which lay before him, life and health permitting, Coleridge could not but recognize that his neighbor and dearest friend presented the strangest saddest contrast to himself. The ode *Dejection* has been always recognized as a wonderfully true piece of self-presentment; but it is hardly less valuable as a tribute to the real secret of the strength which Coleridge saw maturing in another.

“I may not hope from outward forms to
win
The passion and the life, whose foun-
tains are within.”

This is the key-note of the poem—“We receive but what we give.” “From the soul itself must issue forth” the fair luminous cloud that envelopes the earth. The writer had lost that “fair luminous cloud,” never to regain it. But there was one friend, at least, to whom these hidden fountains of joy were no mystery,

“O pure of heart! *thou* need'st not ask of
me
What this strong music in the soul may
be.”

I have italicised the “*thou*,” for so it clearly should be emphasised; and the “*thou*,” it should never be forgotten, was William Wordsworth.

The first version of the ode is assuredly worthy of perservation if only for the exquisite lines in the last stanza, afterward necessarily omitted when the Lady (whoever she may have been) was substituted for the person originally addressed:—

“O Edmund, friend of my devoutest
choice;
O raised from anxious dread and busy
care
By the immenseness of the good and
fair
Which thou see'st everywhere.”

No lines, as telling the secret of Wordsworth's unique power, are better worth rescuing from oblivion. And here, too, the contrast between Coleridge and his friend which pervades the poem, is indicated beyond question. The “anxious dread” and the “busy care” were already beginning to work their ravages upon Coleridge's own heart and spirit, and the “immenseness of the good and fair” no longer prevailed against them.

Wordsworth, “friend of his devoutest choice,” must have read these lines in their earliest shape, when he was addressed in them by his actual name. He did not then know about the opium. None of Coleridge's nearest and dearest seem to have known till years afterward of the subtle enemy that he was “putting into his mouth” to steal away; if not his brains, assuredly his self-control and his peace of mind. But Wordsworth must have seen that things were going wrong with his friend, and that this poem was only too literal a transcript of the writer's own mood. How it affected Wordsworth directly, how far it influenced the current of his own thoughts, is only a matter of conjecture. There was

no declared or obvious poetic response to it on his part. There is indeed one memorable portrait drawn by Wordsworth of his friend, and it belongs to this year, though the exact date is not fixed. The "Lines written in my own copy of the *Castle of Indolence*," supply the well-known portrait of "the noticeable man with large grey eyes"—the pale face that seemed "as if a blooming face it ought to be"—and the lowhung lip "deprest by weight of musing Phantasy." The picture was drawn out of doors, and from the life, as Wordsworth informed Miss Fenwick: "Composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere, Coleridge living much with us at this time." But though there is an atmosphere of melancholy thrown over the picture, it is made also to envelop Wordsworth himself, who is described in the opening stanzas of the poem. The somber coloring is primarily intended to harmonize with that of Thomson's poem which suggested it, and with that series of cabinet portraits which those of Wordsworth and Coleridge are designed to supplement. The orchard at Town-end was their "Castle of Indolence." But there is yet another poem of Wordsworth's written just one month after Coleridge's Ode, supplying so startling a commentary upon it that I cannot think it a mere coincidence. On May 7, 1802, Wordsworth wrote his *Leech-gatherer, or, Resolution and Independence*. This poem, like so many of the rest, was suggested by an actual incident. "The Leech-gatherer," so Wordsworth himself tells us, "I met a few hundred yards from my cottage, and the account of him is taken from his own mouth."

But this was not a then recent incident. It was eighteen months before, in October, 1800, according to Dorothy Wordsworth, that she and her brother had met the old Leech-gatherer. "He was of Scotch parents, but had been born in the army. He had had a wife 'and a good woman, and it pleased God to bless him with ten children.' All these were dead but one, of whom he had not heard for many years, a sailor. His trade was to gather leeches; but now leeches were scarce, and he had not strength for it." Why was it that just eighteen months after, Wordsworth was moved to repeat the old man's story and all he had learned from it?

We cannot say, and it is never well to be dogmatic. But the deeply touching appropriateness of this poem as a comment upon Coleridge's "Ode to Wordsworth," then fresh in that friend's memory, need not be ignored merely because nothing can be proved. Here, as in the ode, the contrast between Joy and Despondency is the pervading thought. The poet describes himself as traveling upon the moor "as happy as a boy," drawing happiness from all the joyful creatures within sight and sound:

"But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the
might

Of joy in minds that can no further go,

As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;

To me that morning did it happen so:
And fears and fancies thick, upon me
came;

Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I
knew not, nor could name."

Happiness may not endure: it may
be succeeded by a very different day:

"Solitude, pain of heart, distress and poverty."

And then follows the strange confession, so little true of Wordsworth, but so curiously and almost pointedly true of the author of *Dejection*, the ode then just before sent to him:—

“My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all.”

The noble stanza that follows, recalling Chatterton and Burns, there is no need to quote (for who does not know it?)—but the line,

“By our own spirits are we deified,”
may be cited as summing up, in the magical terseness that belongs to Wordsworth's diction at its best, the moral of Coleridge's Ode. It is the echo of,

“O Edmund! we receive but what we give.”

But there the parallel between the two poems begins and ends. The moral of the one, even as its title, is “Resolution and Independence:” the meaning of the other, as poor Coleridge was just awaking to discover, was “Irresolution and Dependence.” Coleridge was losing not only the “shaping spirit of Imagination,” never more to be recovered, but something of far greater importance to his life. And the two things he felt thus slipping hopelessly away were his power of moral resolve, and the necessary

instinct of not leaving wife and children a burden upon others.

“O well for him whose will is strong! . . .
But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.”

It may, or may not have been, simple coincidence that the address to this “friend of his devoutest choice” was first printed on the very day, October 4, 1802, of that friend's marriage; but it certainly gives an additional piognancy to the confessions therein contained. It may never be ascertained, as I have said, why Coleridge when he first admitted the ode into the collection of his acknowledged poems. the *Sibylline Leaves* in 1815, deposed the name of his old friend, omitted the lines that most significantly described him, and substituted the vague and unrecognizable name of “Lady.” Should there be letters of Coleridge still existing which would throw light on the matter, Mr. Dykes Campbell, or other devout students of the poet, may yet discover something of interest on the subject. We know that an estrangement grew up between the two friends after these early days. Even had Wordsworth been without his defects (and he was “no such perfect thing”), this was inevitable; and this may account for the revised version of the poem which still retained its original name of *Dejection*. But more probably, I

think, Coleridge desired to conceal from the general reader some of the more painful personal allusions and contrasts discoverable in the original version. Poetically, the ode has not suffered by the change. But as a contribution to the autobiography of one great poet, and a tribute of genuine admiration to another, the poem as first conceived will always have a peculiar interest to the student of Coleridge and Wordsworth.—ALFRED AINGER., in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

STRANGE MEDICINES.

Quickly—by far too quickly for the sake of the student and the archæologist—is the wave of foreign influence oversweeping Japan, ruthlessly effacing all the most marked characteristics of native manners and customs, and substituting the commonplaces of everyday European life. Already this tendency to exalt and to adopt novelties meets the traveler at every turn, and only he who turns aside from the tracks most subject to foreign influence can hope now and then to find some staunch Conservative, who in that nation of ultra-Radicals (albeit most loyal Imperialists) has the courage to adhere to his own old-fashioned ways.

I had the good fortune to meet with such a one in the very interesting old city of Osaka—a compounder of just such strange medicines as were administered to our British ancestors in the Middle Ages. So rapidly has the scientific study of medicines been taken up by the Japanese medical practitioners, that

the survival of such a chemist of the pure and unadulterated old school is quite remarkable, and I was greatly struck by the evident annoyance of a Japanese gentleman to whom I expressed my interest in this mediæval chemist, and who evidently felt it humiliating that a foreigner should have seen such a relic of the days of ignorance.

The quaint old man whose loyal adherence to the customs of his ancestors afforded me such an interesting illustration both of old Japan and old Britain was a seller of *curoyakie*, i.e., carbonized animals, in other words, animals reduced to charcoal, and potted in small covered jars of earthenware, to be sold as medicine for the sick and suffering. Formerly all these animals were kept alive in the back premises, and customers selected the creature for themselves, and stood by to see it killed and burnt on the spot, so that there could be no deception, and no doubt as to the freshness of their charred medicine. Doubtless some insensible foreign influence may account for the disappearance of the menagerie of waiting victims and their cremation ground; now the zoological backyard has vanished, and only the strange chemist's shop remains, like a well stored museum, wherein are ranged portions of the dried carcasses of dogs and deer, foxes and badgers, rats and mice, toads and frogs, tigers and elephants.

The rarer the animal, and the further it has traveled, the more precious are its virtues. From the roof hung festoons of gigantic snake-skins, which were foreign importations from some land where pythons flourish, Japan being happily exempt from the presence of such beautiful

monsters. I saw one very fine piece of a skin, which, though badly dried and much shrunken, measured twenty-six inches across, but it was only a fragment ten feet in length, and was being gradually consumed inch by inch, to lend mystic virtue to compounds of many strange ingredients. I was told that the perfect skin must have measured very nearly fifty feet in length. I saw another fragment twenty-two feet long and twelve inches wide; this also had evidently shrunk considerably in drying, and must, when in life, have been a very fine specimen.

There were also some very fine deer's horns (hartshorn in its pure and simple form), a highly valued rhinoceros horn, and ivory of various animals. My companion was much tempted by a beautiful piece of ivory about ten feet in length. I think it was the horn of a narwhal, but the druggist would only sell it for its price as medicine, namely ten cents for fifty-eight grains, whence we inferred that the druggists of old Japan, like some nearer home, fully understand the art of making a handsome profit on their sales. Some tigers' claws and teeth are also esteemed very precious, and some strips of tigers' skin and fragments of other skins and furs proved that these also held a place in the pharmacopœia of Old Japan, as they continue to do in China (the source whence Japan derived many branches of learning, besides the use of letters).

Unfortunately for the little lizards which dart about so joyously in the sunlight, they too are classed among the popular remedies, being considered an efficacious vermifuge; so

strings of their ghastly little corpses are hung in festoons in many village shops, where I have often looked wonderingly at them, marveling in what broth of abominable things they might reappear. So lizards and dried scorpions (imported as medicine) also found a place in this strange druggist's shop—so wholly unlike anything I have ever seen elsewhere, that the recollection of it remains vividly stamped on my memory—the multitude of earthenware jars containing the calcined animals all neatly ranged on shelves. the general litter of oddities of various sorts strongly resembling an old curiosity shop, and, in the midst of all, the eccentric old man, who might have passed for a Japanese wizard rather than a grave physician. It was a strangely vivid illustration of what must have been the general appearance of the laboratory of the learned leeches of Britain in the days of our forefathers.

Before glancing at these, however, it may be interesting to note a few details of kindred medicine-lore in China, on which subject a member of the French Catholic Mission writing from Mongolia says: "May Heaven preserve us from falling ill here! It is impossible to conceive who can have devised remedies so horrible as those in use in the Chinese pharmacopœia; such as drugs compounded of toads' paws, wolves' eyes, vultures' claws, human skin and fat, and other medicaments still more horrible, of which I spare you the recital. Never did witch's den contain a collection of similar horrors."

Mr. Mitford has told us how, also at Peking, he saw a Chinese physician prescribe a decoction of three

scorpions for a child struck down with fever; and Mr. Gill in his *River of Golden Sand* mentions having met a number of coolies laden with red deer's horns, some of them very fine twelve-tine antlers. They are only hunted when in velvet, and from the horns in this state a medicine is made, which is one of the most highly prized in the Chinese pharmacopœia.

With regard to the singular virtues supposed to attach to the medicinal use of tiger, General Robert Warden tells me that on one occasion when, in India, he was exhibiting some trophies of the chase, some Chinamen who were present became much excited at the sight of an unusually fine tiger skin. They eagerly inquired whether it would be possible to find the place where the carcass had been buried, because from the bones of tigers dug up three months after burial, a decoction may be prepared which gives immense muscular power to the fortunate man who swallows it!

Miss Bird, too, has recorded some very remarkable details on the *materia medica* of China and Japan. When in a remote district of Japan, she became so unwell as to deem it necessary to consult a native doctor, of whom she says:—

"He has great faith in *ginseng* and in rhinoceros horn, and in the powdered liver of some animal, which, from the description, I understood to be a tiger—all specifics of the Chinese school of medicines. Dr. Nosoki showed me a small box of unicorn's horn, which he said was worth more than its weight in gold. Afterward, in China, I heard much more of the miraculous virtues of these drugs, and in Salangor, in the Malay peninsula, I saw a most amusing scene after the death of a tiger. A number of Chinese flew upon the body, cut out the liver, eyes, and spleen, and

carefully drained every drop of the blood, fighting for the possession of things so precious, while those who were not so fortunate as to secure any of these cut out the cartilage from the joints. The center of a tiger's eyeball is supposed to possess nearly miraculous virtues; the blood, dried at a temperature of 110°, is the strongest of all tonics, and gives strength and courage, and the powdered liver and spleen are good for many diseases, . . . and were sold at high prices to Chinese doctors. A little later, in Perak, I saw rhinoceros horns sold at a high price for the Chinese drug market, and was told that a single horn with a particular mark on it was worth fifty dollars for sale to the Chinese doctors."

One of the said rhinoceros horns was, as we have seen, among the most valued treasures of the old druggist of Osaka. This horn and that of the unicorn (which seems generally to mean the narwhal *Monodon monoceros*), have ever been held in high repute throughout the East as an antidote to poison, and cups carved from these horns were used as a safeguard because they possessed the property of neutralizing poison, or at least of revealing its presence. And indeed the same virtue was attributed to it by the learned leeches of Europe. At the close of the sixteenth century the doctors of medicine in Augsburg met in solemn conclave to examine a specimen of unicorn's horn, which they found to be true *Monoceros*, and not a forgery; the proof thereof being that they administered some of it to a dog which had been poisoned with arsenic, and which recovered after swallowing the antidote. They further administered *nuxvomica* to two dogs, and to one they gave twelve grains of unicorn horn, which effectually counteracted the poison; but the other poor dog got none, so he died. Similar statements

concerning this antidote, and also concerning the value of elks' and deers' horns powdered as a cure for epilepsy, appear in various old English medical works of the highest authority.

Very remarkable also is the efficacy supposed to attach to antediluvian ivory, more especially the tusks of the mammoths, which have been so well preserved in Siberian ice that their very flesh is still sometimes found untainted. There they have lain hermetically sealed for many a long century, and now, when the rivers from time to time wash away fragments of the great ice-cliffs, they reveal the strange treasures of that wondrous storehouse—sometimes a huge unwieldy hippopotamus, or a rhinoceros, or it may be a great woolly elephant with a mane like a lion and curly tusks; and the hungry Siberian bears and wolves fight and snarl over these dainty morsels, which are still as fresh as though they had fallen but an hour ago. Here, in these marvelous ice-fields, lie inexhaustible stores of finest ivory, and this it is which the learned professors of the Celestial medical hall value so highly. So these precious tusks are dragged forth after thousands of years to be ground down and boiled to a jelly for the cure of vulgar Chinese diseases of the nineteenth century! Alas, poor mammoth!

Another medical authority, *The Chinese Repository*, published in Canton, A.D. 1832, states that the bones of dragons are found on banks of rivers and in caves of the earth, places where the dragon died. Those of the back and brain are highly prized, being variegated with different streaks on a white ground. The

best are known by slipping the tongue lightly over them. The teeth are of little firmness. The horns are hard and strong; but if these are taken from damp places, or by women, they are worthless.

Of the firm belief of the Chinese in the efficacy of medicines compounded of the eyes and vitals of the human body we have had too terrible proof; for it is well known that one cause which led to the appalling Tientsin massacre in 1870 was the widespread rumor that the foreign doctors (whose skill all were forced to admit) obtained their medicines by kidnapping and murdering Chinese children and tearing out their hearts and eyes. As this nice prescription is actually described in their own books as a potent medicine the story obtained ready credence, and we all remember the result. Moreover, the same accusation has repeatedly been spread on other occasions of popular excitement against foreign teachers. I am not certain whether the Lamas of Peking have there introduced the fashion of administering medicine from a drinking-cup fashioned from the upper part of a wise man's skull; but such medicine-cups are greatly esteemed in Thibet, where they are mounted in gold, silver, or copper.

Such details as all these are apt to sound to us strangely unreal as we read them somewhat in the light of travelers' tales, with reference to far-away lands; but it certainly is startling when, for the first time, we realize how exactly descriptive they are of the medicine-lore of our own ancestors—in truth, to this day we may find among ourselves some survivals of the old superstitions still lingering in out-of-the-way corners.

Thus it is only a few years since the skull of a suicide was used in Caithness as a drinking-cup for the cure of epilepsy. Dr. Arthur Mitchell knows of a case in which the body of such a one was disinterred in order to obtain her skull for this purpose. It was, however, accounted a more sure specific for epilepsy to reduce part of the skull to powder and swallow it. Even the moss which grew on such skulls was deemed a certain cure for various diseases. Nor was this simply a popular superstition. In the official Pharmacopœia of the College of Physicians of London, A.D. 1678, the skull of a man who has died a violent death, and the horn of a unicorn, appear as highly approved medicines. Again, in 1724, the same Pharmacopœia mentions unicorn's horn, human fat, and human skulls, dog's dung, toads, vipers, and worms, among the really valuable medical stores. The Pharmacopœia was revised in 1742, and various ingredients were rejected, but centipedes, vipers, and lizards were retained.

Of ordinary skulls, multitudes are known to have been exported from Ireland to Germany for the manufacture of a famous ointment. But as regards the more precious skull of the sinner who has died by his own hand, some faith in its efficacy seems still to linger in various parts of Britain. The Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer quotes an instance of it in England in 1858; and some years later, a collier's wife applied to the sexton at Ruabon in Wales for a fragment of a human skull, which she purposed grating to a fine powder, to be mixed with other ingredients as a medicine for her daughter, who

suffered from fits. Scotland likewise furnishes a recent instance of the same strange faith, which about thirty years ago happened to come under the notice of Sir James Simpson, in the parish of Nigg in Ross-shire, where, a lad having been attacked with epilepsy, which his friends vainly sought to cure by the charm of mole's blood (the blood of a live mole being allowed to drip on his head), they actually sent a messenger nearly a hundred miles to procure a bit of the skull of a suicide. This treasure was scraped to dust and mixed with a cup of water, which the boy, ignorant of its contents, was made to drink! An equally odd cure for consumption was, not long ago, fully believed in in the adjoining county of Sutherland, where the patient was made to drink warm blood drawn from his own arm. An instance of this was related to Sir James Simpson by one of the parties concerned. Dr. Mitchell has seen several epileptic idiots who had been subjected to the same treatment. Equally precious to the leech of the last century were the ashes of a burnt witch collected from her funeral pyre. Such were deemed a certain cure for gout or for fever, and eagerly were they gathered up and treasured.

We find that just as the Chinese doctor sets most store by the animals imported from foreign lands, so did our ancestors chiefly prize a preparation of long-deceased Egyptians. Among the standard medicines quoted in the medical books of Nuremberg of two hundred years ago are "portions of the embalmed bodies of man's flesh, brought from the neighborhood of Memphis, where there are many bodies that have

been buried for more than a thousand years, called *Mumia*, which have been embalmed with costly salves and balsams, and smell strongly of myrrh, aloes, and other fragrant things." The writer further tells how, "when the sailors do reach the place where the *Mumia* are, they fetch them out secretly by night, then carry them to the ship and conceal them, that they may not be seized, because certainly the Egyptians would not suffer their removal." Nevertheless the sailors had no great liking for their cargo, believing it to be connected with unholy magic, and that ships having mummies on board would assuredly meet with terrible storms, and very likely be compelled to throw them as an offering to the angry waves.

The learned doctors of France, Germany, and Italy all made great use of this eccentric drug, and in the seventeenth century grievous complaints arose of its adulteration. Monsieur Pomet, chief apothecary to the French king, records that the king's physician went to Alexandria to judge for himself on this matter, and, having made friends with a Jewish dealer in mummies, was admitted to his storehouse, where he saw piles of bodies. He asked what kind of bodies were used, and how they were prepared. The Jew informed him that "he took such bodies as he could get, whether they died of some disease or of some contagion; he embalmed them with the sweepings of various old drugs, myrrh, aloes, pitch, and gums, wound them about with a cere-cloth, and then dried them in an oven, after which he sent them to Europe, and marveled to see the Christians were lovers of such filthiness." But

even this revelation did not suffice to put mummy physic out of fashion, and we know that Francis the First of France always carried with him a well-filled medicine chest, of which this was the principal ingredient.

The mummy trade was supported by various classes of the community, for artists declared that mummy powder beaten up with oil gave richer tones of brown than any other substance, and modern perfumers found means of preparing the perfumes and spices found inside the bodies, so as to make them exceedingly attractive to the ladies. Paper manufacturers found that the wrappings of the mummies could be converted into coarse paper for the use of grocers, and the cloth and rags were sometimes used as clothing—at least so we are told by Abdalatif, a traveler of the twelfth century, who also records how one of his friends found in the tombs at Ghizeh a jar carefully sealed, which he opened and found it to contain such excellent honey that he could not resist eating a good deal of it, and was only checked in his feast by drawing out a hair, whereupon he investigated further, and found the body of an ancient Egyptian baby in good condition, and adorned with jewels. He does not record how he enjoyed that meal in retrospect. Imagine dining off the honeyed essence of a baby Pharaoh.

Our Saxon ancestors appear to have devoted considerable attention to the subject of their hair. Though ignorant of macassar oil, they discovered that dead bees burnt to ashes and seethed in oil with leaves of willow would stop hair from falling off; but should the hair be too thick, then must a swallow be burnt

to ashes under a tile, and the ashes be sprinkled on the head. But in order altogether to prevent the growth of hair, emmet's eggs rubbed on the place are found an effectual depilatory; "never will any hair come there."

Excellent also as a cure for deafness is the juice of emmet's eggs crushed, or else the gall of a goat, or, in extreme cases, boar's gall, bull's gall, and buck's gall mixed in equal parts with honey and dripped into the ear, sometimes with the addition of very nasty ingredients. But if earwigs had entered in, then the sufferer is bidden to "take the mickle great windlestraw with two edges, which waxeth in highways, chew it into the ear; he, the earwig, will soon be off." Even this poor insect was turned to account. One prescription desires that "the bowels of an earwig be pounded with the smede of wheaten meal and the netherward part (*i.e.* root) of marche, and mingled with honey."

For a hard tumor or swelling, goat's flesh burnt to ashes and smudged on with water is found to be efficacious, as are also shavings off the horn of a hart to disperse ill humors and gatherings. Wood ashes seethed in resin, or goat's horn burnt and mingled with water, or its dung dried and grated and mingled with lard, were all good remedies for swellings. For erysipelas the prescriptions are numerous. A plaster of earthworms, or of bullock's dung still warm, is recommended; but better still, "For that ilk, take a swallow's nest, break it away altogether, and burn it, with its dung and all; rub it to dust, mingle with vinegar, and smear therewith. For pain of jowl, burn

a swallow to dust, and mingle him with field bee's honey. Give the man that to eat frequently."

To the value of every portion of a fox not even the fairy lore of Japan can bear higher testimony. The man who has disease of the joints is advised to take a living fox, and seethe him till the bones alone be left, and then bathe repeatedly in this foxy essence. "And every year he shall prepare himself this support, and let him add oil thereto, when he seetheth him. Wonderfully it healeth!" For sore of ears and dimness of eyes a fox's gall mingled with oil or with honey is recommended, and "the fat of the fox's loin melted and dropped in the ear also bringeth health. For oppressive, hard-drawn breathing, a fox's lung sodden and put into sweetened wine and administered, wonderfully healeth." A salve of fox's grease mingled with tar would heal all manner of sores while his liver worked cures quite as notable as those recorded in Japan. Shoes lined with vixen hide were recommended to those who suffered from foot addle, *i.e.*, gout.

Next in value to the fox ranks the hare, whose brain drunk in wine "wonderfully amendeth" an indolent tendency to over-sleep. Its lung, bound on the sore, healeth both eyes and feet. The hare's gall mingled with honey brighteneth the eyes. The lung and liver mingled with myrrh and boiled in vinegar cures giddiness. The sinews swallowed raw are an antidote against bite of spiders; and the rennet administered in wine, against that of serpents. The heart mingled with dust of frankincense heals various forms of disease, while baldness is averted by smearing the head with

oil in which have been seethed portions of this poor little animal. "Then the hair holdeth on, and the salve compels that it shall grow." If the gums of a child be frequently rubbed with a hare's brain sodden, then shall its teeth wax without sore. The milk of a she-wolf was held equally efficacious, but more difficult to obtain.

Next in order of merit comes the he-goat, whose liver pounded with vinegar is found valuable as a styp-tic, as is also his blood dried and reduced to dust, goat's gall is a cosmetic which will remove all unsightly spots and specks from off the face; mingled with apple-juice it heals diseases of the ear, or with oil is a remedy for toothache. If a child be epileptic, "draw the brain of a mountain goat through a golden ring; give it to the child to swallow before it tastes milk; it will be healed." "To get sleep, a goat's horn laid under the head turneth waking into sleep." A goat's horn roasted and pounded with acid reduces the inflammation of erysipelas. Goat's grease and blood mingled with barley meal forms a soothing poultice, while pills of goat's grease and a draught of its blood are recommended for dropsy. The brain, lung, and liver of the boar are largely prescribed, while for nausea "boar's suet boiled down, and with boar's foam added thereto, is so sure a remedy that the patient will wonder, and will ween that it be some other leechdom that he drank." A pleasant cure for sleeplessness is to lay a wolf's head under the pillow! while wolf's flesh well seasoned counteracts devil-sickness and an ill sight. A draught of wolf's milk mingled with wine and honey

was a potent remedy for women in dire suffering; while an ointment made from the right eye of a wolf was the best prescription the Saxon oculist could command. The head-bone or skull of a wolf, when burnt thoroughly and finely pounded, would heal racking pain in the joints, and the ashes of a swine's jaw are to be laid on the bite of a mad dog.

Truly valuable was lion's suet, of which it is stated "it relieveth every sore." Elephant bone or ivory, pounded with honey, is an infallible cosmetic, removing all blemishes from the face. "For the kingly disease, jaundice, the head of a mad dog, pounded and mingled for a drink with wine, healeth. For cancer, the head of a mad dog, burnt to ashes and spread on the sore; healeth the cancer wounds; while for laceration by a mad dog, a hound's head burnt to ashes and thereon applied, casteth out all the venom and the foulness, and healeth the maddening bites." "For pain of teeth, burn to ashes the tusks of a hound; sprinkle the dust in wine, and let the man drink. The teeth shall be whole." Another effectual remedy for cancer is to burn a fresh hound's head to ashes, and apply to the wound. Failing relief, human excrement, dried and reduced to dust, may be tried. "If with this thou art not able to cure him, thou mayest never do it by any means!"

The foregoing "leechdoms" are fair samples of the voluminous pharmacopœia of Britain in the tenth century. But to us, who pride ourselves on the medical skill of the present day, it is truly marvelous to find that the early part of the eighteenth century should show so

little, if any, advance on the ignorance which prevailed at the date of the Norman Conquest. Here is a rare old volume which was printed in the Cowgate of Edinburgh in 1712. It is "A Collection of useful Remedies for most Distempers. . . . Collected by John Moncrief, the laird of Tippermulluch, a person of extraordinary skill and knowledge in the art of physick, and who performed many stupendous cures by these simple remedies." His volume contains innumerable directions for the preparation of divers herbs, and also a multitude of prescriptions of animal substances so inexpressibly loathsome as to make it a matter of marvel how any one could be found either to prepare them, or to submit to their application. Salts of ammonia in the crudest form were a favorite remedy for external or internal use. By far the least objectionable compounds were those prepared from carbonized animals in the Japanese or early Saxon manner. Thus "for a dangerous squinancy or quinsy" Tippermulluch bids his disciples—

"Take old Swallows, and burn them in a pot, take the powder thereof and mix it with Honey and anoint the Throat therewith. A plaister of a Swallow's Nest dissolves humours of the Gorge and Chouks. Ashes of worms applyed with honey draws out little broken bones. For falling of the hair—Make a Lee of the Ashes of Cow's Dung, wherewith wash the Head. The burnt Ashes of little Froggs applyed cures the falling of the hair, called Alopecia. The burnt Ashes of Goat's Dung mixt with Oyl, anointed, multiplies the Hair. The Ashes of a Goat's Hoof mixed with Pitch healeth the Alopecia. The Ashes of Bees mixt with Oyl, or the ashes of Southernwood mixt with old Oyl, causeth hair to grow. A Lee of the Ashes of Ivie-tree-Bark causeth hair grow yellow. The Blood of a shell Crab anointed, breeds much hair. But the Blood of a Bat, or a little Frog,

the powder of a Swan's Bones, or the Milk of a Bitch hinders the growing of the hair. The bark of the Sallow Tree dissolved in Oyl maketh the hair black. The decoction of the flowers of broom dye it yellow. To make Curl'd hair—Ashphodele roots rubbed on the head, the same being first raz'd, i.e., shaven.

"For the cure of the disease called Lethargie burn the whole skin of a Hare, with the ears and nails, and give the patient the powder thereof warm. The smoak of Kid's leather burnt, holden to the Nose, awakens them powerfully. Ashes of Hartshorn burnt, mixt with the Oyl of Roses and anointed on the forehead and temples, causeth a pleasant sleep. For Cancer, the Ashes of a Dog's head, or burnt human dung. The Ankle-bones of a Swine or the hoofs of a Cow, burnt and drunk, cures the Colick. Hare's blood fryed, taken, Roasted Hare's flesh eaten, the Ashes of a Hare, burnt whole, Ashes of burnt willow, or Ashes of the bark of the Elm tree cureth burning or scalding. Powder of the burnt hairs of a hare cures St. Anthonies Fire, i.e., Erysipelas.

"Here are valuable styptics to stanch bleeding of the Nose. Make a powder of the blood of the Patient after it is burnt, and blow it up in the Nose. It powerfully stays the bleeding. Snails with the shells bruised, put in. Juice of Swine's dung, put in. Hold before your eyes the herb shepherd'sscrisp, or Vervain, or Knot-grass. These herbs have that propertie, by looking on them, to stanch blood. Ashes of a Frog well burnt in a Pot, gleweth Veins and Arteries and cures Burning. Ashes of Hen's feathers burnt, or ashes of Nettles snuffed up. The blood of a Partridge, of an Ozell, of a Dove, applyed, stayeth the flowing of the blood most healthfully. The blood of a Cow put in the wound. Cause the patient to ly on his back all naked, and drop on his Face Water and Vinegar. This is a most sure Cure. Steep a Hare's hair in Water and Vinegar, put it in the Nose and it will produce a marvellous effect. Or take a Toad, dry it very well before the Sun, put it in a Linnen cloath and hang it with a string about the party that bleedeth. Let it touch the breast of the Left side near the Heart. Spiders pulverised and snuffed stops blood."

I think the Japanese gentleman

who was so much annoyed at my having obtained a glimpse of "the foolishness" of old Japanese medicine, might have wondered a good deal had he got hold of some English prescriptions of the last century!

From an almost endless catalogue of healing spells which are to this day practiced by the peasantry of various districts in England and Scotland, I will quote a few which are considered certain remedies. The Northumbrian cure for warts is to take a large black snail, rub the wart well with it, and then impale the poor snail on a thorn hedge. As the poor creature wastes away, the warts will surely disappear. In the West of England eel's blood serves the same purpose. For goitre or wen a far more horrible charm must be tried. The hand of a dead child must be rubbed nine times across the lump, or, still better, the hand of a suicide. It is not many years since a poor woman living in the neighborhood of Hartlepool, acting on the advice of a "wise woman," went alone by night to an outhouse where lay the corpse of a suicide awaiting the coroner's inquest. She lay all night with the hand of the corpse resting on her wen; but the mental shock of that night of horror was such, that she shortly afterward died.

A peculiar class of remedy is that of making offerings of hair as a cure for whooping-cough. In Sunderland, the crown of the head is shaved and the hair hung upon a bush or tree, in full faith that as the birds carry away the hair, so will the cough vanish. In Lincolnshire, a girl suffering from ague cuts a lock of her hair, and binds it round an aspen tree, praying it to shake in

her stead. In Ross-shire, where living cocks are still occasionally buried as a sacrificial remedy for epilepsy, some of the hair of the patient is generally added to the offering. And at least one holy well in Ireland (that of Tubber Quan near Carrick-on-Suir) requires an offering of hair from all Christian pilgrims, who come here on the last three Sundays in June to worship St. Quan; part of the ceremonial required is that they should go thrice round a neighboring tree on their bare knees, and then each must cut off a lock of his hair, and tie it to branch, as a charm against headache. The tree, thus fringed with human hair of all colors, some newly cut, some sun-bleached, is a curious sight, and an object of deep veneration. Hideous is the remedy for toothache practiced at Tavistock in Devonshire, where a tooth must be bitten from a skull in the churchyard, and kept always in the pocket.

Spiders are largely concerned in the cure of ague. In Ireland the sufferer is advised to swallow a living spider. In Somerset and neighboring counties, he is to shut a large black spider in a box and leave it to perish, while in Flanders he is to imprison one in an empty walnut shell and wear it round his neck. Even in sturdy New England a lingering faith in the superstitions of the old mother country leads to the manufacture of pills of spider's web as a cure for ague, and Longfellow tells of a popular cure for fever—

"By wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell."

This was the approved remedy of our British ancestors for fever and

ague; and I am told that in Sussex the prescription of a live spider rolled up in butter is still considered good in cases of obstinate jaundice.

In Devonshire the approved treatment for scrofula at the present day is to dry the hind leg of a toad and wear it round the neck in a silken bag, or else they cut off that part of the living reptile which answers to the part affected by scrofula, and, having wrapped the fragment in parchment, tie it round the neck of the sufferer. In cases of rheumatism a "wise man" of Devonshire will burn a toad to ashes, and tie the dust in a bit of silk to be worn round the throat. So recently as 1822 one of these quacks traveled through England "in his own gig." Each patient who consulted him was required to bring him a fee of seven shillings and a live toad. He pocketed the shillings and cut the hind legs off the luckless toads, placing them in small bags which he solemnly hung round the neck of the sufferer, who was required to wear this unfragrant appendage till the leg was quite decayed! Poor toads are still made to do service in divers manners in Cornwall and Northampton for the cure of nose-bleeding and quinsy; while "toad powder," or even a live toad or spider shut up in a box, is still in some places accounted as useful a charm against contagion as it was in the days of Sir Kenelm Digby. The medicine known to our ancestors as *Pulvis Æthiopicus* (a valuable remedy both for external and internal use in the treatment of small-pox and dropsy) was neither more nor less than powdered toad.

Frogs are well-nigh as valuable as toads to the sick poor, who are rarely lacking in the primary necessity of

faith in the means adopted. Thus frog's spawn placed in a stone jar and buried for three months till it turns to water has been found wonderfully efficacious in Donegal when well rubbed into a rheumatic limb. How much of the credit was due to the rubbing is not recorded. In Aberdeenshire a cure recommended for sore eyes is to lick the eyes of a live frog. The man who has thus been healed has henceforth the power of curing all sore eyes by merely licking them! In like manner it is said in Ireland that the tongue that which has licked a lizard all over will be forever endued with a marvelous power of healing whatever sore or pain it touches.

Another Irish remedy is to apply the tongue of a fox to draw a troublesome thorn from the foot; the tooth of a living fox to be worn as an amulet is also deemed valuable as a cure for an inflamed leg. The primary difficulty is to catch the fox and extract his tooth! With respect to deep-seated thorns, the application of a cast-off snake skin is efficacious, not to attract the thorn toward itself, but to expel it from the opposite side of the hand or foot. But once we touch on the virtues of the mystic snake, we find its reputation just as great in Britain's medicine folk-lore as in Japan, where the great snake-skins held so conspicuous a place in the druggist's shop, or in China, where the skin of a white spotted snake is valued as the most efficacious remedy for palsy, leprosy, and rheumatism.

The oft-quoted remedy, "A hair of the dog that bit you," appears in many forms. In Devonshire, any person bitten by a viper is advised at once to kill the creature and rub

the wound with its fat. I am told that this practice has survived in some of the northern states of America, where the flesh of a rattlesnake is accounted the best cure for its own bite.

In Black's very interesting volume on *Folk Medicine*, he mentions that the belief in the power of snake-skin as a cure for rheumatism still exists among the sturdy New-Englanders, some of whom are not above the weakness of wearing a snake-skin round the neck, or keeping a pet snake as a charm. The use by American Indians of rattlesnake oil for the same malady seems not devoid of reason; but the New-England faith in snake-skin is probably a direct heritage from Britain, where Mr. Black tells of an old man who used to sit on the steps of King's College Chapel at Cambridge; and earn his living by exhibiting the common English snake, and selling the sloughs of snakes to be bound round the forehead and temples of persons suffering from headache. In Durham, an eel's skin worn as a garter round the naked leg is considered a preventive of cramp, while in Northumberland it is esteemed the best bandage for a sprained limb. So too, in Sussex, the approved cure for a swollen neck is to draw a snake nine times across the throat of the sufferer, after which operation the snake is killed, and its skin is sewed in a piece of silk and worn round the patient's neck. Sometimes the snake is put in a bottle, which is tightly corked and buried in the ground, and it is expected that, as the victim decays, the swelling will subside.

The quaint little drug store at Osaka has led me into a long talk;

but the subject is a large one, and the chief difficulty lies in selecting a few examples from the mass of material before me. I am sure that should these pages ever meet the eye of my Japanese friend, he will acknowledge that my interest in the medicine lore of his ancestors was certainly justifiable.—C. F. GORDON CUMMINGS, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

NEW FACTS ABOUT GENERAL MCCLELLAN.—In the *London Academy*, Mr. J. A. Doyle undertakes to pass judgment upon Gen. Long's memoirs of *Robert E. Lee*, and the book entitled *McClellan's Own Story*, which, Mr. Doyle says, "is made up of Gen. McClellan's letters and dispatches, so strung together with connecting links of narrative as to make up a history of his own command of the Northern armies." Mr. Doyle tells us in the most matter of fact way, that—

"By some McClellan was admired or described as the 'Yung Napoleon'; the man whose military career was to be a stepping-stone to despotism. With others—and this view has probably of late days found more favor—he was a spiritless pedant, drilling, organizing, combining, fashioning a machine which he had not the daring or energy to wield. That view, indeed, in its extreme form, could never have been accepted by any one who had studied the history of the war with care. The campaign of Fredericksburg—a campaign whose main outlines are vigorously described in this volume—would refute that. . . . It is plain from McClellan's letters that he was a man with a very great appetite for popularity—an appetite which a man of less direct and ingenuous temper would probably have concealed more effectually. But whatever suspicions that may have occasioned, it will be no very easy task to excuse the policy which utterly frustrated McClellan's work at a time when he had obtained, at a trifling cost, the very position

to which, two years later, Grant struggled through all the carnage of the Wilderness."

Now, as to "the campaign of Fredericksburg"—whether well described in *McClellan's Own Story* or not—General McClellan had no more to do with it than had Julius Cæsar; and as to the "position to which Grant struggled through all the carnage of the Wilderness," and which McClellan, "two years before, had obtained at a very trifling cost," neither General McClellan nor any force under his command was ever anywhere near it; and while he was in command of the Army of the Potomac, knew no more about it than Mr. J. A. Doyle does.

Mr. Doyle opines that "the different positions which the names of McClellan and Grant occupy in history are not wholly due to any real difference between the two men." Yet in the very same paragraph he tells his British readers that "through McClellan's letters runs a certain vein of restless egotism, and, at times, of petulance. The contemporaries of such a man may have regarded his sobriety and balance of judgment with some suspicion."

While as to Grant, Mr. Doyle tells us that, "either Grant's *Autobiography* is a strangely misleading book, or there never was a human mind more free from self-deceit; never a man whose judgments were less swayed by his wishes or his sympathies. There is manifest, too, in him what we look for in vain in McClellan—that touch of humor which carries with it a true sense of proportion, which is seldom found apart from a sound judgment of men." Mr. J. A. Doyle most probably knows that Colonel Arthur Wellesley, Sir Arthur Wellesley, and the Duke of Wellington were one and the same person; but he has yet to learn that General McClellan, General Burnside, and General Hooker were altogether distinct individuals.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.—Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke is certainly a plucky personage. Few men who had gone through an ordeal so scandalous as he has lately experienced, but would have failed to slink away from public notice. Not so Sir Charles. For the last six months he has been furnishing to the *Fortnightly Review* a series of articles on "The Present Position of European Politics." In the latest of these papers he says:—

"As to Russia, I have suggested reasons for thinking that although one day the

fight between the elephant and the whale will probably take place, single-handed war between England and Russia is unlikely at the present moment, chiefly because the Russians have powerful military reasons in the condition of their Asiatic railroads for wishing to postpone it. We have seen how the whole fabric of our policy of 1878 has collapsed, and how necessary it is that England should make up her mind with regard to the extent of her interest in the future of Constantinople. We have seen how the old doctrine of British concern in the integrity of the Ottoman Empire has been thrown over by Lord Randolph Churchill and other powerful politicians, and how numerous are the causes of difficulty between this country and Russia which have nothing to do with the existence of the Turkish Empire or with the possession of Constantinople. We have noticed the recent repudiation of solemn promises by Russia with regard to Batoum, and the exasperation of English feeling by Russia's bad faith in Central Asia and by the unsettled condition of the Afghan frontier question. We have seen how immense are the resources of the Russian Empire, and how, in spite of what is said of her finances, she comes next to England in power of endurance for a long war; while on the other hand, a careful examination of the facts led me to suggest that Russia would be unable effectively to attack England in her Asiatic empire for some years to come."

THE AMERICAN FARMER OF THE LAST GENERATION.—Prof. Lewis M'Louth, of the Michigan Agricultural College, has written an essay on "Our Indebtedness to Inventors and Mechanics," which is printed in the Report of the Secretary of the Michigan State Board of Education. The following is an extract from this essay:—

"The farmer of forty or fifty years ago had bought his land—a forty or an eighty, or, it may be, a quarter section—of government at ten shillings per acre. It was mostly heavily timbered. Manfully he must swing the ax, and 'log' and burn to clear a few acres. These acres he plowed with a clumsy cast-iron—sometimes a wooden plow—harrowed it with an old-fashioned 'letter A drag' with iron or wooden teeth and a log tied across it. His team was oxen. He sowed his grain, 'broadcast,' by hand, or if he was an Eng-

lishman 'dibbled' it in with sticks. He planted his corn by hand, cultivated it with a shovel plow and a pony, and with a hoe, and when it was ripe what he needed for meal he shelled across the edge of a shovel blade, and fed the rest on the cob to his stock and his hogs. He cut his grass with a hand scythe—one acre being a good day's work, raked it with a hand rake, pitched it by hand with a two-tined fork, and perhaps carried it on poles to the barn or stack. He harvested his wheat and rye with a sickle, or more generally with a 'turkey wing' grain cradle, and spent many a winter's day threshing it with a flail, and fanned it with the winds of March. Threshing machines without separators were coming into use, and some farmers had fanning mills. Then he must draw his wheat with an ox team on a clumsy, squeaking, home-made wagon or cart over a corduroy road from 10 to 40 miles to market or to mill.

"He has a log house and a frame barn. He pitches his hay twice a year and fods his cattle and sheep on the ground, and the only shelter they have is the bushes or the sunny side of the barn: If his hay is short or the winter long, he fells trees that his cattle may browse upon the young branches. His pigs wallow and squeal in a rail pen partly shingled with buckwheat straw. His hoes, forks, and shovels, his clevises, chains and axes are made or mended by the neighborhood blacksmith, who also irons his wagon and in winter shoes his oxen. His own feet and his wife's are shod in the brogans made by the cobbler, who sometimes traveled from house to house; the feet of his children were bare. His house of logs is floored with split puncheons or with rough oak boards, and is shingled with shakes. The single door, battened and cleated and painted brick-red outside, swings on wooden hinges, fastens with a wooden latch that has a leather string hanging hospitably on the outside, and there is a square hole in the corner of it for the convenience of the house-cat. The two windows give light through twelve

panes of 7x9 glass. The single room below is kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and bed-chamber at once, or by turns. The huge chimney at one end of the house, that serves for warmth, for cooking, and for light in the evening, is made of sticks, stones and mud. The cracks between the logs are chinked with split sticks and plastered with clay. His clock is a noon-mark on the floor, the setting sun, and the crowing of the cock. His children at dark climb to bed up a ladder that leads to the loose rough boards constituting the chamber floor, and here they sleep or listen to the rain, or watch the stars that twinkle through the holes in the shake roof, while kindly nature on winter nights carpets the floor and covers their bed with a beautiful white counterpane of snow.

"His wife cooks all their food in the great fire-place, boiling the vegetables in a pot that hangs from a wooden crane, frying or roasting meat in a 'spider' standing among the glowing coals, and baking the bread in a 'Dutch oven' or bake-kettle buried in the coals, sometimes indeed in an out-door oven or in one adjoining the fire-place, or in a tin-baker before the fire. Here was the chimney corner where the grandmother sometimes sat. It furnished warmth for the family—all the warmth was there—and blazing with split sticks at night gave illumination for social entertainments—sometimes, indeed, there were for additional light, lard 'sluts' or tallow 'dips.' Here our fathers read their Bibles, our mothers spun or knit the thick woolen stocking. The last thing at night was to cover up the fire, for there were no matches to rekindle it. The linen for clothing and other purposes was grown and dressed upon the farm, spun and woven by the busy housewives of the time. So, too, the woolen garments and blankets were home made, the wool was sorted and carded and spun and reeled into skeins and colored with butternut bark, and warped and woven and made up by the same busy fingers, while time was found to care for the children, go to tea parties and to church."

ARE ANIMALS MENTALLY HAPPY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

4. *Pleasures accompanying mental activity.*—Mr. Romanes enumerates the following emotions as observable in animals, taking the order in which they appear as we ascend in the scale of existence: surprise and fear, sexual emotions (Mollusca); social and parental feelings, industry, curiosity (Insects); jealousy, anger, play, affection (Fish, Cephalopoda, Reptiles); sympathy (Hymenoptera); pride, terror (Birds); grief, hate, cruelty, benevolence (Carnivora and Ruminants); revenge, rage (Monkeys and Elephant); shame, humor, deceit (Apes and Dog). To this list I would take leave to add three others: first, the sentiment of freedom, probably taking its rise in insects, and certainly developed throughout the Vertebrates; second, two of the most complicated of human sentiments, those connected with property and home, appearing in birds and mammals; and, thirdly, beginnings of pleasurable appreciation of colors and sounds, the first foundation of æsthetic feeling; these last being observable in insects and spiders, and strongly developed in birds.

Psychologically there is very little value in such a list of names. A catalogue of emotions can have no scientific value, because, looked at from one point of view, emotion is one and indivisible; while in another sense emotions are so infinitely varied that language would exhaust itself long before it had defined them. Two different sets of circumstances, on two succeeding days, may both affect me emotionally, and in each case I

may say "I am surprised;" but I use the same word in both cases, not because of the identity of the two forms of emotion, but because there are such innumerable shades of kindred emotions that language declines the task of identifying them. So it may happen that, from the point of view of pleasure and pain, the two emotions which I confounded under one name were really widely different; and both the physical expressions accompanying them, and the actions resulting from them, may have been quite opposite. Thus the names which we give to different emotions are really names of groups, and to attain anything like a scientific classification we ought to have generic and specific names as well. Such a classification as has frequently been attempted by mental philosophers is but labor in vain, the same name having to do duty for several different shades of feeling, the opposite extremes of which have very little in common.

In reviewing the list of names which Mr. Romanes gives, we find only four groups of emotions which are distinctively painful—namely, fear, terror, grief, and shame; the remainder are either essentially pleasurable—in other words, directly associated with consciousness of power, or else are painful only when the voluntary actions to which they would otherwise lead are frustrated; that is to say, when they evoke only a consciousness of weakness. Even such states of mind as rage and revenge are distinctly pleasurable when they lead up to their appropriate *satisfaction* whether that satisfaction be actually accomplished or only

ideal. We are familiar with the delights of revenge as depicted in primitive literature or as actually exhibited by children and savages. Nor is the sentiment entirely obliterated by modern culture; even amongst civilized communities where private vengeance is forbidden, a substitute is provided in the regulated revenge known as justice, which enables the injured man to enjoy something of the pleasures of the savage. With regard generally to all those which we may describe as the primitive emotions—such as curiosity, anger, cruelty, rage, etc.—those which pre-suppose the individual in opposition to his kind, those which are developed in childhood and in a savage state, but which in civilized communities are kept in check by more ideal and sympathetic emotions—all these primitive emotions may with strong probability be regarded as furnishing a very substantial contribution to animal happiness. No one can doubt that the capture of a mouse gives considerable mental pleasure to the cat, for the cat will continue the pursuit as a pastime even when so well fed that it does not care to eat the mouse when caught.

In animals the primitive emotions are allowed their free sway, and give rise to the voluntary movements appropriate to them; such emotions are therefore pleasurable in animals when under similar circumstances they would, owing to repression, not be pleasurable in man. Those acts of natural savagery which result in the infliction of physical injury by one animal on another no doubt afford pleasure to the former. Every violent death is a source of satisfaction to the destroyer. That which

in mankind is exclusively associated with painful feeling is usually in the animal world a means of affording enjoyment, and it is some set-off to the physical pain inflicted by the carnivora, that they themselves delight in the chase and the spoil. As we have already admitted the extent and severity of the pain suffered by the victim, we may now fairly place to credit the reality of the mental pleasure enjoyed by the destroyer.

Animals are, however, capable of emotions of a much higher order and in no way depending on the foil of another's pain. A better example we shall find in the sentiment of personal liberty. The remark has been frequently made that freedom involves of itself no pleasure whatever, but is pleasurable only by contrast; that it is the release from bondage which furnishes enjoyment; that just as the blessing of health is appreciated only after partial deprivation, so the blessing of freedom is apparent only after confinement. The observation, however, is incorrect. Uninterrupted health does involve pleasure; the very words in which Mr. Herbert Spencer defines the bodily conditions of pleasure are in themselves a definition of health; and just as health contributes permanently to the stock of bodily "convenience," so liberty contributes permanently to the stock of mental "satisfaction." It might with equal truth be said that bondage is painful only by way of contrast with liberty—indeed with rather more truth, for that bondage which is cheered and lightened by every possible alleviation is still painful to the man who realizes that it is deprivation of liberty. There is in the state of individual freedom a constant source

of positive mental pleasure arising from the consciousness of power with which that state is associated, and there is in bondage, however gilded and solaced, a constant source of positive mental distress, arising from the consciousness of weakness which such a state perpetually suggests. It is true that (from a cause to which we shall hereafter refer) the mind of the captive gradually becomes insensible to many of the bitternesses of his position, but it never ceases to be felt as essentially sad. It is true, on the other hand, that civilized man has learned to place a lower value on the pleasures of absolute liberty, or rather has learned that there are other pleasures to be preferred before them. But the community has had to learn this lesson simply because man is incapable of enjoying absolute liberty without abusing it. His powers are too varied, his spontaneous activities too great: to allow their use without stint, to give them unfettered sway, would involve injury to others, and therefore the community, the corporate "other," is compelled in self-defence to prescribe limits to the action of the individual. Civilized man, being born into such a system, takes that naturally as his type of freedom of action, and learns to desire no wider or more untrammelled sphere, but thereby he is to a certain extent incapacitated from appreciating the pleasures of a life where individual action is a law unto itself. Such a life is that of the animal, wherein the cravings of nature are themselves the bounds of their own healthy activity. As a rule, that which an animal desires to eat is proper for its food; that act which it desires to do is one which

will in no way injure its health. It therefore enjoys the full exercise of its activities without let or hindrance, without the necessary restraint of prudential motives or of positive law. But, more than that, the toil of civilized man is a part of his servitude; the toil of the lion, of the buffalo, of the swallow, of the bee, is a part of its freedom. They appreciate daily and hourly that absolute untrammelled freedom of action which some men enjoy for a few days each year on the moors or on the sea, but which the majority of human beings realize only rarely in a lifetime. It may be that the ideal pleasure which man purchases by his renunciation of liberty is worth far more to him than the joys of license, but the value of the latter remains intrinsically as great as ever to beings who cannot enjoy the former.

That animals do as a fact enjoy their liberty is proved by their grief at losing it, by their exuberant delight at regaining it, and by the sounds they give utterance to while in the enjoyment of it. There is no sign of grief more acute than the beatings and flutterings of a newly caged bird, nor is there any evidence of yearning more profound than the pacing and repacing of the caged quadruped. Both these are quite easily distinguished from the instinctive promptings of the migratory season. If a migratory bird is detained by the clipping of its wings, it exhibits for the first year or two and at the appropriate season a desire to get to the extreme northern (or southern) limit of its inclosure. This is purely instinctive, and we may suppose that the discomfort accompanying the frustration of the

act, though appreciable, is not very great, for, as a matter of fact, the bird will in the course of a year or two cease to exhibit the symptoms. But it will never lose its desire for flight. The yearning for freedom has nothing to do with instinct; it is a matter of individual happiness, not of maintenance of species, and neither time nor kind treatment nor the best of nourishment will entirely extinguish the craving. The transports of grief gradually subside, the muscular energy diminishes, so that there is no surplus requiring outlet; the nature is subdued to the inevitable; but unbar the cage and give the animal or bird but one hour of freedom, and it will return no more. In those animals which are susceptible of domestication, the original yearning does, by dint of kind treatment, regular feeding, and close association with man, get gradually overlaid and hidden by laziness or weariness, by fear of consequences, by the affections of home; but it never entirely disappears; the dog is still unwilling to be chained, and overjoyed when let loose; the horse still objects to being caught in the paddock, and still breaks into a gallop when again turned out to grass.

To a certain extent we may take the sounds uttered by birds and animals as an index to their emotional condition. If you hear a man humming an air as he walks along, you conclude either that he is a lunatic or that he is happy. Spontaneous song, whether of birds, animals, or man, is possible only when the singer is cheerful. A pianist may of deliberate purpose play a set piece, but he will never successfully improvise when he is miserable. The song of our hedge warblers, though it of

course contains inherited elements, is essentially an improvisation; it is by no means necessary to their existence or their perpetuation. Developed at first as an adjunct to sexual selection, it has been extended as the highest exponent of pleasure of all kinds. It begins each year in the breeding season, but it is by no means confined to that season. Our woods and fields are vocal all the summer and until late in November. In some species there appears to be a partial silence in the month of August, but the song breaks out again in harvest time, to be continued until the winter. It therefore has no exclusive, or even principal, connection with the pairing time; rather it is a welcome to the time of roaming; the skylark pours forth its song to the rising sun, while the bittern with his hoarse cry welcomes the approach of night. The song is the appropriate expression of the joys of freedom, and the first result of captivity is the cessation of its strains.

We may not be able to get a direct answer in words from the animal world to the question "Is life worth living?" but we get an answer in sounds and signs which, on all ordinary rules of interpretation, are equally decisive in the affirmative. Animals have no motive for dissimulation; if they appear happy they probably are, if they sound happy they probably are, and half an hour of a summer's evening spent in seclusion near a rabbit warren would probably convince anyone that in capacity, as in opportunity, for enjoyment, rabbits still deserved Uncle Remus's description, "*more samer than folks.*"

We may take yet a step higher, and affirm that animals share some

of the sentiments which we associate with the idea of *home*. There is substantial proof of this in the numerous and well-attested instances of domesticated and semi-domesticated animals taking long journeys to regain their home after a removal. In many of these cases it is clearly not their former masters whom they desire to rejoin; animals have indeed actually left their master's presence to return to his old abode, and in the semi-domestic animals who have no personal acquaintance with their possessors a change of ownership can have no influence. The same tendency to seek old quarters has indeed been observed in animals which are practically wild, as in horses in Mexico, and the inference is that the feeling is one which has nothing whatever to do with domestication. Association with man has in all probability impaired it rather than strengthened it, and the reason why we have observed it chiefly in domestication is simply because we have practically no opportunities of observing it in a state of nature.

Instances of the like attachment to old quarters on the part of birds are as numerous almost as the species of birds themselves. That must be a very strongly implanted sentiment which guides the migratory bird after his compulsory winter's journey of hundreds of miles, back again in the spring to the same country, the same hillside, the same field, and the same helgerow. White of Selborne and other naturalists have observed cases in which, though the nest has been blown down or destroyed by rain each year, yet still the birds have returned to build in the same wall. Mr. Darwin, indeed, and Mr. Romanes after him, have

quoted this as an instance of imperfection of instinct. But surely this is scarcely a fair description of the incident. It is questionable whether the choice of a place for the nest can be ascribed to instinct, which in all probability simply defines the general characters of locality most suitable. Thus instinct leads one species to choose the tops of trees, another a depression in the ground; but it does not confine the bird to a particular tree or to a particular field. The instinct which now leads the swallow to choose the inside of a chimney, no doubt existed before there were any chimneys in England. The work of instinct is to select a locality of the kind which usually best preserves and promotes the growth of the offspring, but within these limits the bird's individual preferences have scope to choose. Having once chosen a place, no instinct compels the bird to go to the same precise spot again, and within the same limits of choice as before it is free to follow personal inclinations. Instinct is satisfied with a sunny wall, and is quite indifferent as between two houses which are equally warm. The reason why the bird returns to the same place can only be described as home memory or association. It is the memory of past pleasures which serves as a guide, but that same memory is also powerful enough to recall the circumstance of the destruction of the nest in the previous year; if, therefore, there were no opposing motive, the recollection of that destruction would be quite sufficient to prevent the bird building in the same spot again. Such an opposing motive presents itself in the bird's affection for the home, in the tender memor-

ies encircling the old spot, and the strength of that affection may be fairly measured by the number of years which it would take the winds or the hand of man to drive the bird elsewhere. That the strength of the affections surrounding home is greatly increased by the fact that the home is the work of the bird itself we cannot doubt. Plainly nest-building is a pleasure and one that man himself might envy, a delight perpetually renewed each year with entire and perfect freshness. It is practiced in many species with refinements and embellishments which raise the work to the dignity of an art, and in almost all species it is accompanied with an expenditure of care and time and pains far beyond any of the requirements of comfort or safety. The bird builds a nest of some kind or other of necessity; it builds a nest of peculiar strength or beauty or complexity or elegance, of choice, and not of necessity: not of course the choice of the individual, but of the species, the result of inherited training, every step in which has been prompted and confirmed by the pleasures it evoked.

5. *Ideal pleasures.*—Here man and animals part company; the mental life of the two might almost be discriminated—the animal by the predominance of the actual, and the human by the predominance of the ideal. The animal brain is occupied by the impressions of the moment; the brain of man is occupied with visions, and schemes, and calculations, setting aside the impression of everything that is passing around him, treating it as nothing in comparison with something else which is absent, contingent, or remote.

The animal, if his body is tortured, is wholly absorbed by the pain of the moment; the man can be burnt alive while his mind is rejoicing in the triumph of his own faith. However willing we may be to recognize the trace in animals of those same modes of intellectual existence which we are conscious of in ourselves, yet we cannot ascribe to them more than the very faintest germ of ideal mental states. Animals do dream in their sleep, that we are tolerably certain of; and therefore probably they are capable of day-dreaming, which is the first germ of the ideal. Further than that we cannot go. It would be absurd to attribute to the moth some ideal pleasure which counteracts the pain of the candle flame. It is scarcely less absurd to trace ideal pleasure in the mind of those African toads, who, according to Livingstone, made a practice of crawling into the camp fires, pressing on into the hottest part until they were consumed. Some other explanation must be found for this strange phenomenon (as for other cases of alleged *fascination*) than that of pleasurable mental preoccupation. Still, we have reason to infer a certain amount of pleasure accompanying the primitive day-dreaming of the higher animals. The dog basking in the firelight no doubt indulges in ideal reproductions of pleasures, the immediate suggestions of which he derives from his sense impressions of the moment. While he is stretched on the hearthrug, some odor which has reached his keen nostril has suggested a reminiscence of some past enjoyment, and his mind expands it into a dream of the future, so at intervals we see a faint wag of

the tail, indicating that his ideal pleasure has become distinct enough to demand an outward recognition. We not unfrequently see in a quiescent animal some sudden movement which has all the appearance of the result of a train of thought; the dog will leave the hearthrug, run to the window, glance in a certain direction, and after a minute return to its repose. We infer that something has been passing in its mind; further than this we cannot go, but we may with great plausibility presume that the power of day-dreaming cannot exist without an accompaniment of pleasurable feeling.

Of those sympathetic or altruistic extensions which are the final crown and flower of our pleasures, a portion at all events may be traced in animals; something we can discover of that which corresponds to our personal friendship and affection, something of that which constitutes in us family tenderness and patriotism. All that is exclusively human is that last and most extensive of our sympathies which embraces all human kind, and on which so much of our pleasure in art as in life depends. The stories related of individual attachments of animals frequently approach the romantic, but they are so numerous, and in many cases so well attested, that there can be little doubt about their possibility at all events. Such instances have been most frequently observed amongst carnivorous animals, probably for the reason that in them a development of tenderness toward what might be regarded as natural prey is most striking. The tale of the lion in the Tower who made a pet of the spaniel, and who ultimately pined

and died of grief after the loss of the spaniel, is a well-known example; and similar instances have been recorded much lower in the scale of existence, one of the most remarkable being the affection of a boa constrictor for its owner (recorded in Mr. Romanes's book on Animal Intelligence), evinced finally on the death of the owner, when the snake lay down by his corpse, refused food, and died. This story, though apparently well authenticated, certainly verges on the incredible; but at the same time it is only fair to remember that we have but very few opportunities for gauging the reptilian mind, and that if, as seems probable, the germs of sympathy are to be met with in forms so lowly as snails (an instance of an apparent errand of mercy to a suffering fellow-snail having been recorded), then it is quite probable that the feeling should be developed in far greater intensity in vertebrates. It is not, however, necessary to rely on extreme or dramatic instances. Most of us have, no doubt, observed cases of genuine sympathy on a smaller and more domestic scale in the animals with which we are more frequently brought into contact. Such acts as ministering to a suffering fellow-creature or calling man's aid to it are frequently noticed amongst cats and dogs; and sometimes we observe the formation of permanent friendships. That careful observer, White of Selborne, records instances which he himself observed of friendship between a doe and cows, between a horse and a hen, and the like. "There is," he says, "a wonderful spirit of sociability in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment. . . .

Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; the strongest fences cannot restrain them. . . . Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society." Of more strictly gregarious animals it may be said that sympathetic feeling enters largely into their lives. It is exhibited strongly by ants, apparently with striking individual differences which render its genuineness unmistakable. It is implied in such acts as the keeping of pets and assistance in operations of toilet and cleanliness, acts common to many species. The habit of conferring favors and doing acts of kindness both necessarily supposes and directly favors an extension of the pleasurable side of existence. From their nature such acts cannot be reflex; they can scarcely ever become instinctive, they are therefore essentially pleasurable, otherwise they would not be performed. We are entitled to presume that in animals they are accompanied by pleasure of the same kind as that which accompanies corresponding actions in us. We may add that all organizations, family or tribal, presuppose some social pleasures. There are few animals which do not enjoy one or the other of these openings for pleasures beyond the reach of the lonely individual. In the case of gregarious beings, we find signs of the existence of those feelings of hostility to other tribes and devotion to the commonwealth which characterize primitive human organizations.

What set-off is there against this very tolerable body of mental satis-

factions, thus faintly indicated as part of animal life?

We may answer this question briefly: consider what are man's mental distresses, and then subtract all those which depend on the future. Remove the largest portion of the burden of pain which rests on men's minds, and the residue will include the utmost extent of mental distress which we can attribute to animals. All foreboding, all anxiety, all care, all serious thought for the morrow—that, in short, which constitutes three-quarters of human misery—is to animals absolutely unknowable; and of the remaining quarter how much there is which is purely the product of civilization, and from which animals equally with the lower savages are also free!

The older naturalists did not regard the life of animals as one of misery. They knew nothing certainly of embryology, nothing of natural selection, nothing of those modern conceptions which have transformed natural history from a catalogue to a science. But one thing they did know, and for our present purpose it is the all-important thing: they had lived amongst animals, and knew from practical experience what their lives were. Buffon, indeed, who thought that "in the human species the greatest number of individuals are devoted to pain from the moment of their existence," thought also that perhaps some animals were "created for misery," and he instanced the sloth as one of these devoted animals. It was a fortunate instance! The habits of the sloth were not then known, and he had been observed only when groveling on the earth; there was

every reason to regard him as a natural mistake, an animal who had missed his proper element, and presented a perfect example of misery. Waterton was a genuine naturalist; he sought out the sloth in his native forests, picked him up from the ground, placed him on the branch of a tree, and saw him at once "on his way to pleasure." And *à propos* of Buffon's remark, Waterton afterward records in his *Wanderings*: "I cannot conceive that any of them were created for misery. That thousands live in misery there can be no doubt, but then misery has overtaken them in their path through life, and whenever man has come up with them I should suppose they have seldom escaped from experiencing a certain proportion of misery."

Paley, who in the pre-scientific era may perhaps be allowed to rank as a naturalist, bases one of the principal arguments of his *Natural Theology* on animal happiness. The proof of the Divine goodness he rests on two propositions: first, that most contrivances in nature are designed with obvious beneficence; and, secondly, that the Creator has added pleasure to animal sensations *gratuitously*—that is, when, as Paley conceives, the same purpose might just as well have been accomplished painfully.

"Nor is the design abortive. It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view" (*Natural Theology*). Paley goes on to quote as instances the motions of insects on the wing testifying "their

joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties," the movements of fish in the water, "their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement), all conduce to show their excess of spirits." "Walking by the sea-side in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height perhaps of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding in the air from the shallow margin of the water or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done so more intelligibly." Paley would not have hesitated to reverse this argument and, instead of inferring from the happiness of animals the beneficence of the Being whose fiat called them into existence, he would, from the basis of a divinely benevolent government of the universe, have proceeded to infer the essential happiness of its creatures. It is difficult to see how anyone who occupies Paley's standpoint can avoid drawing this latter inference. If there be any who are prepared to say they believe in animal misery and, at the same time, in an all-powerful and beneficent Ruler, it is

for them to show how their two faiths can be reconciled, for to the present writer they appear absolutely inconsistent. If it were true that misery and suffering are the ordained lot of the animal world, what should be said of the author and maintainer of such ordinance? Some epithets might be appropriately applied to such a being. But would those epithets be "kind" or "beneficent?"

Man habitually sees the worst side of animals. No sooner do animals become acquainted with man than they acquire a dread which constantly oppresses them. Their actions are constrained, they are shy, and their ways are underhand, crawling, and devious. It is impossible—without taking pains to do so unobserved—to ascertain the real motives and feelings of the lower animals. Many there are which habitually look miserable in the presence of man; in all probability because they are terrified. The hare has been the type of animal wretchedness (and with some reason as far as man has had it in his power.) The Greek fable related that the hares thought themselves the most miserable of beings, and were going to drown themselves, until they saw the frogs. Yet Cowper found hares even in confinement playful and frolicsome, always genuinely happy, except for sundry fits of bad temper. We may safely assert that the more closely men have been enabled to observe animal life, as it exists when freed from the constraint of overpowering humanity, the higher has been the conception formed by the observer of the gladness of that life.

The preceding considerations may

help us to estimate the æsthetic value of the lives of the lower animals when compared with man in youth and maturity.

We may liken the total range of feeling to a musical scale, extending indefinitely upward for pleasure and downward for pain, with a neutral point of indifference dividing the two portions of the scale. Now in childhood the neutral point will occur low down in the scale; the whole scale itself is contracted, the pleasures few, and the pains still more diminished. With growth the scale lengthens, fresh pleasures become possible, while at the same time actions which before were pleasurable now become indifferent, and later wearisome. So the neutral point rises; but as the rise is by no means commensurate with the upward expansion of pleasure, there is a vast gain, the proportion of pleasure to pain being so much greater than it was in the contracted scale of infancy. And when in maturity the scale reaches its greatest extent, so also does the supremacy of pleasure over pain. In declining years the process is reversed, the point of neutral feeling suffering a depression. And though it never again reaches such a low level as in infancy, its tendency is downward. Concurrently with this is a general contraction of the scale; the pleasures diminish in number and intensity, but by no means so rapidly as the pains, until that state is attained of calm and equable content which ought to characterize old age. Some such contraction in the scale we may frequently notice in men who have suffered a serious illness, or who are overwhelmed by a mental or moral catastrophe. Slowly the

sufferer becomes accustomed to the new conditions of his life. The energy which before was accustomed to spend itself in a wider activity, perhaps ceases to be generated, or finds other outlets; the scale of feeling contracts in both extremities; fewer pleasures are possible, and also fewer pains; until, perhaps, if the deadening influences are continued sufficiently long, there is little extension of the scale left in either direction; pleasures and pains range but little above or below the point of dull indifference. And so the captives of the Bastille when they were liberated crawled back to their dungeons, frightened at the too widely opening possibilities.

Now a similar scale for the animal would resemble that of childhood in the lowness of the neutral point, but it would possess a greatly increased upward extension into the pleasurable region. Some of the joys of the adult must be added to those of the child to represent the extent of animal pleasure, while at the same time the pains are no more than those of the infant. Thus while the scale is still contracted as compared with the adult man, yet the preponderance of the pleasurable portion is greater in the former than in the latter, by reason of the depression of the neutral point. The animal life is more pleasurable simply because the smaller and simpler stimuli which have become to man monotonous or indifferent yet retain for animals their pleasurable freshness, and thus a dog is enabled to extract enjoyment from a life which would be maddening to a civilized human being.

This does not enable us to put a very precise value on the life of an

animal, but it does enable us to reaffirm more confidently the conclusion to which we were led by considering bodily pleasure and pains only—namely, that if in man's life there is a preponderance of pleasure, there is in the animal's a greater preponderance of pleasure; if in man there is but an equality between pleasure and pain, there is a decided preponderance of the former in animals; that, even if in man, on the whole, pain predominated, it is highly probable that in animals the proportions would be reversed.—B. CARLILL, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

[CONCLUDED.]

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

This age has seen at least three novelists of the highest rank develop and conclude their work. Dickens had indeed begun the publication of *Pickwick*, which has not yielded in popularity to any of his books, when her Majesty ascended the throne, and Thackeray was already making essays which—it is impossible to divine why, since his great rival's fortune had at once been made by the *Sketches by Boz*, did not at once open to him the doors of literary triumph. Both these great writers belong, however, by every law to Queen Victoria's reign. They were so exactly contemporary in age, in production, and ultimately in fame, that it is almost impossible not to place them more or less in competition with each other; and there was in their day a very marked division between the partisans of Dickens and those of Thackeray. The former

had most simple-minded readers on his side. He had the world of the *bourgeoisie*—a word which we cannot attempt to translate—entirely for him. The strongly formed impression that Thackeray was a cynic, that he attributed ignoble motives even to good actions, and laughed, even though the laugh might be kind, at humble virtue, and found no goodness without alloy, sounds strange now when we remember that it is the creator of Colonel Newcome, of Mrs. Pendennis, and of Esmond, of whom these things were said. But it was the general belief, and one to which perhaps *Vanity Fair* with all its wonderful wealth of human character, gave some countenance: and this as much as anything perhaps made him somewhat doubted and feared by that gentle public which wept over little Nell, and found pathos in the story of Smike—which was never the public of the critic, yet was that to which Dickens owed much of his first appearance.

Curiously enough, it is this sentimental side of him—his sugary domesticities, his Tiny Tims, his gushing showmen and acrobats—which seems to have impressed our neighbors in France, and originated among them what might almost be called a Dickens school. But in his own world of humorous delineation—that to which the groups of Wellers, Gamps, the inimitable figures of Micawber and Dick Swiveller, of Mark Tapley and Peggotty, and a hundred more belong—Dickens stands above all competition. These are not illustrations of ordinary humanity, persons whom we might encounter any day, according to the formula by which we applaud other studies of life and manners. Rarely

have any of us the good fortune to meet with Mr. Micawber, and Sam Weller is as pure fiction as Figaro; but the delightful exaggeration and tenderly absurd ideality make a being more real than any portrait. The Cockney clerk is not a personage on the face of him who attracts the imaginative spectator; but over Dick in his dismal office, gravely respectful of his Marchioness, who has not laughed and cried? Mr. Micawber, in his gentility, his certainty of something turning up, his shabbiness, his light-heartedness, and all the illusions which are so real to him, is worth a thousand respectable literary impersonations of better men. There are very few creations of poetry or fiction whom we should be less willing to give up. He is always a delight, with his wife, who never will be separated from Mr. Micawber, whatever her family may do or say, and all their shifts, and their fine convictions of ultimate prosperity, and even his gaiters, and his collars, and his eyeglass, and his jaunty air. Mrs. Gamp is almost, if possible, a more perfect creation, though nothing could make her dear to us like Mr. Micawber. The extraordinary power with which Dickens threw himself into the confused brain of a woman of this class, following out the queer sequence of thoughts, the droll little thread of fanciful invention in the person of that familiar spirit Mrs. Harris, her dæmon, and the author of some of her best sayings, with all the peculiar lights that fall upon society and general human affairs from her professional lantern, is greater than if the subject had been more congenial. *Pickwick, Nicholas Nickleby, Martin Chuzzlewit, David Copperfield,*

are works which, in their way, are not to be surpassed, and which contain, with a great deal of mannerism, much stilted writing, and many melodramatic incidents of a very inferior character, such whimsical creations, and ever humorous, ever entertaining embodiments of character, as any age might be proud to have produced. The latter works, we think, stand on a lower level, but still contain enough to make the fortune of a dozen writers. And though we do not allow Dickens's pathetic scenes, though he evidently liked them much himself, any particular excellence, yet the narrative of the childhood of David Copperfield, and his boyish miseries, and the journey to his aunt's house, is almost as good in its reflection of childish pain and suffering as could be; and the humor of his boyish courtship, and a great part of the episode of *Dora*, is delightful. It is, however, upon such creations as *Micawber* that the supremacy of Dickens's genius rests.

Thackeray's humor is far more pervasive, delicate, and human. His mind was a much more highly cultivated mind, and free from those associations and deprivations which make Dickens always at his least best (to use no stronger words) in the society of ladies and gentlemen. Thackeray was perfectly at home there, and required nothing extraordinary, no eccentricity nor absurdity of circumstance, to open up to him all that was humorous and strange in human life. He needed no more than a handful of the most ordinary figures, going about the most usual occupations, to find comedy and tragedy and all those intri-

cacies of motive and feeling which make human creatures pitiful and laughable, and yet sometimes sublime and great. He preferred, perhaps, to show them in the former light, to turn them outside in, and reveal what they were thinking at the moment of their first appearance, and to open out with the grin of a delighted discoverer those pretences in which they had wrapped themselves about. But when he encountered among the creations of his genius (for it was Thackeray, we think, who was the first to say that the men and women in a book had a will of their own, and developed themselves, instead of allowing themselves to be manipulated, as the world believes, by the hand of their maker) one who was of nobler mettle, what a perfect tender-hearted gentleman, what an ideal man it was who rose under this cynic's touch. *Henry Esmond* and *Colonel Newcome* are men to ennoble a generation. He who professed to write a novel without a hero because the being was impracticable, produced these two at least, to prove how completely and with what supreme naturalness and truth the thing was to be done. He has not been so happy in his women, perhaps because his imagination did not require so much for the feminine ideal; but his work throughout is so perfect, his characters so living, with such distinctness of atmosphere about them, crowded though every scene is, that this point of weakness tells the less. It is only the ideal women who are weak. *Becky* the inimitable, whom amid all her wrong-doings we cannot succeed in disliking, the wonderful old *Lady Kew*, *Beatrice*

Esmond in her splendid youth and in her frightful age, are amazing in their force and vivid power.

These two great humorists, fictionists, creators, to whom it is scarcely just to give the commoner title of novelists, since their art was something distinct from the craft of the *raconteur*, were perhaps the most perfect artists of any who have arisen in this age.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

SPURIOUS WORDS.

The ordinary reader who takes up a dictionary and examines its columns of words will find among them not a few uncouth-looking creatures, utterly strange to him, and conveying no sense at first sight, which he might well suspect to be arbitrary and unmeaning inventions. Who does not feel a shade of incredulity when confronted by such combinations as *antiszygy*, *biischatic*, *schizomycetous*, *xanthorylaceous*? His suspicions, however, are groundless; these words, strange as they may seem, are legitimately-formed derivatives, appropriately naming some thing or quality, and must be respected as good, though very scientific, English. No; the wildest and most successful begging-impostor is he who most naturally simulates the simple details of real distress; and the successful word-impostor is not a long "crack-jaw" set of syllables, but a very commonplace and possible-looking vocable, whose mere form excites no feeling of distrust. These words are due for the most part to misprints or misreadings of the simplest kind:

and, once recorded in some work of reference, their innocent *vraisemblance* perpetuates their existence, and they are copied as undoubtedly genuine from dictionary to dictionary, each lexicographer pinning his faith to the discrimination and *bona fides* of his predecessor.

One fruitful source of such errors has been the confusion of *u*'s and *n*'s; we have all experienced the difficulty of deciphering words like *immunity*, *unanimity*, *mummery*, when written with masculine haste or in the serried slope of feminine angularity; and even the printer and his "reader" or corrector for the press, may easily leave an *n* or *u* turned upside-down without noticing it. In middle and early modern English this possibility was further complicated by the fact that *v* and *u* were regarded as largely interchangeable, such spellings, as *vnusuall*, *vniversal*, being quite normal and correct. Now, Lord Bacon in his writings frequently uses the word *adventive* (a word analogous to *inventive*, *preventive*, etc.) in the sense of "coming from outside, foreign, adventitious;" in his *Advancement of Learning*, for instance, he refers to the question whether "The original of the soul be *native* or *adventive*;" and in his *Sylva* he speaks of "that Adventive Heat" which "doth chear up the Native Juyce of the Tree." When Dr. Johnson was preparing his great dictionary, he evidently came across this word in a form disguised by a topsy-turvy *u*, and consequently cites Bacon as his authority for the word "adventine," adding, as his warrant, the quotation,

"As for the peregrine heat, it is thus far true, that if the proportion of the advent

ine heat be greatly predominant to the natural heat and spirits of the body. it tendeth to dissolution or notable alteration."

And in such high esteem was Dr. Johnson's accuracy held, that this entry has been accepted by many succeeding dictionary-makers, appearing in the pages of Ash, Richardson, and Webster. Curiously enough, Johnson has the word *adventive* too, but only in its absolute use as a substantive, with a passage, quoted in illustration, in which Bacon contrasts "natives" with "adventives;" the adjectival use of the word, though common enough in Bacon's writings, he apparently did not light upon.

It is open to question whether, by way of compensation, the word *adamantive* is not due to a like accidental perversion of *adamantine*. But three distinct instances have been found of it;—Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humor* has—

"My adamantive eyes might headlong hale
This iron world to me;"

Daniell in 1605 writes of "Th' Adamantive Ties of Blood and Nature," and in the anonymous *Don Bellianis of Greece*, published about 1650, occurs the passage,

"It would have made any adamantive breast to pity them;"

and though the principle that by "two or three witnesses every word may be established" is not to be unconditionally accepted in lexicography, such testimony forbids our ranking *adamantive* as unquestionably spurious.

Modern dictionaries (Johnson, Craig, Webster, Ogilvie) record a word *bassock*, defined as "a bass" or "a mat," the origin of which was

very simple. Kersey's edition, (dated 1706) of Phillip's *New World of Words* has the entry, "Bass or Hassock, a kind of Cushion made of Straw, such as are us'd to kneel upon in Churches." Kersey's own dictionary, dated 1708, has the same entry. Bailey, in 1721, transferred this into his dictionary, but rearranged its form thus—

Bass }
Hassock } a kind of cushion; etc,

so that *hassock* had its initial *H* brought into line with a series of capital *B*'s. In 1736 Bailey himself, or some printer or editor, probably concluding that the *H* in earlier editions had been allowed to stand by oversight, changed it to *B*; and the alteration was so plausible that it did not challenge suspicion. Thenceforward *bassock* was an English dictionary word, though outside of dictionaries it has never had an existence.

The word *abacot* has a more intricate history. Any one who consults Worcester and Webster, or their lineal predecessors, Todd, Ash, Bailey; and Phillips, will find this described as "A cap of estate, wrought in the form of two crowns, worn by the Kings of England." Nor do dictionaries alone contain the entry; the editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the eighteenth century cyclopædias lend their sanction to this impostor; and more recently it has been included in dictionaries that render English into the modern languages, so that the above-given definition, duly translated into French, German, Portuguese, etc., disseminates this equivocal piece of information amongst our neighbors as well as here at home.

The genealogical tree of this word, then, takes us back to Phillips, and points to him as its originator, for the earlier English dictionaries know it not. But Phillips was more enterprising as a word-collector than to consult dictionaries only; the terms of science, of sport, and of law were all within his province. Amongst other specialist works, he had gleaned from the *Glossarium Archaiologicum* of the learned Sir Henry Spelman, and thence he had translated the entry—

“*Abacot*; Pileus augustalis Regum Anglorum, 2 coronis insignitus, v. Chron. An. 1463 Ed. 4, pag. 666, col. 2, l. 27.”

Phillips was content to accept Spelman's definition, backed as it is by so precise a reference to his authority. We, more sceptical, shall turn to examine the work in question, which is pretty easily identified as *Holinshed's Chronicle*, edition of 1587, an edition “supervised and corrected,” as the title-page phrases it, by Abraham Fleming; and here is the warrant for Spelman's entry, in a description of the battle of Hedgely Moor:—

“King Henrie was a good horsseman that day, for he rode so fast awaie that no man might ouertake him, and yet he was so neere pursued, that certaine of his henchmen were taken, their horses trapped in blue veluet, and one of them had on his head the said King Henries helmet, or rather (as may be thought, and as some say) his high cap of estate, called Abacot, garnished with two riche crownes.”

But this is Fleming's *Holinshed* only. What did *Holinshed* himself make of the word? We take a step farther back, look into the original edition of 1577, and find on page 1314:—

“Kyng Henrie was a good horsseman.

that day, for he rode so fast away, than no man might ouertake, and yet hee was so neere pursued that certaine of his Henxmen were taken, theyr horses trapped in blew velvet, and one of them hadde on his head the sayde Kyng Henries helmette, or rather (as may be thought) and as some saye, his high cappe of estate, called Abococke, garnished with two rich crownes.”

So that Fleming evidently regarded as no sinecure his office of supervisor and corrector, and *abacot* for *abococke* is one fruit of his efforts. His reason for the change we can only guess at; perhaps he had some plausible etymological fancy, just as modern etymologists, taking *abacot* to be genuine, have treated it as a French word, a diminutive from *abaque* “an abacus, the flat plate surmounting the capital of a column”—a worthy derivation, it has been jocularly remarked, for the supposed name of a royal “tile.” But as yet we have only replaced mystery by mystery; *abococke* is as unintelligible as *abacot*. *Holinshed* himself, however, was more of a compiler than an author, and we may trace back this passage to the sources from which he transferred it to his chronicle; he must have taken it either from Grafton's *Chronicle* of 1569, or Hall's *Vnion of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancastre and York*, printed in 1548, in both of which it appears in almost identical form. Here is the story as Hall gives it —

“Kyng Henry was this day the beste horsseman of his company: for he fled so faste that no man could ouertake hym, and yet he was so neer persued, that certain of his henchmen or folowers were taken, their horses beyng trapped in blew veluet, wherof one of them had on his hed the saide Kyng Henries healmet. Some say his high cap of estate, called Abococked [2nd edition of 1550 abococket], garnished with twoo riche Crounes.”

And now our chase is nearly ended; one more stride and we reach the goal. Hall was indebted for the facts, and in part for the words, of his narrative to the chronicle of Alderman Fabyan, written about 1494, and printed early in the sixteenth century, wherein, at page 654, we unearth the original of the mysterious *abacot* and intermediate *abococket* in the passage:—

“The lorde John of Mountaigne chasyd Henry so nere, that he wan from hym certayne of his folowers trapped with blew veluet, and his bycoket, garnysshed with ii crownes of golde, and fret with perle and riche stone.”

So that *abococket* is a muddled and mangled form of *bycoket*, a word common enough in the English, and still commoner in the French, of that period, and meaning simply “a two-peaked cap.” Henry VI’s “bycoket” was ornamented with two crowns to signify his double kingship, for he had been crowned king of both England and France; but two crowns formed no necessary part of such a head-gear, and the definition of modern dictionaries, “a cap of estate, wrought in the form of two crowns,” is as ludicrous a misrepresentation of the thing as *abacot* is of the word that named it.

But it is not alone the earlier dictionaries that manufacture these bogus words; the process still continues; and after our long disquisition on *abacot* it will perhaps be refreshing to look at one or two simpler blunders. Webster has a verb “*beast*, to hunt for beasts,” due entirely to a failure to unravel the elliptical construction in a passage from Spenser’s *Amoretti*:—

“As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
his quiver by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close conuay
into the others stead:
With that loue wounded my loues hart,
But Diane beasts with Cupids dart,”

wherein Spenser by no means asserts that Diana “beasts” or “goes beasting,” but that while with her shaft Cupid was wounding “my loues hart,” she used Cupid’s to wound the beasts of her chase. Richardson, whose Dictionary consists of illustrative quotations arranged below the chief word of a group of derivatives, has under *budge* a quotation for *budgeness*, taken, through the medium of Warton’s *History of English Poetry*, from the sixteenth century poet, Richard Stanyhurst —

“A Sara for goodnesse, a great Bellona for
budnesse.
For myldnesse Anna, for chastitye goodly
Susanna.”

Latham, the latest editor and supplementer of Johnson’s Dictionary, hence also quoting Stanyhurst on Warton’s authority, enters *budgeness* a main word, amongst his additions, venturing moreover to describe it as an “attribute suggested by *Budge* = stern; sternness, severity.” But Warton has misled them both; a reference to the original in Stanyhurst’s works reveals the fact that the word is really *hudnesse*, his fantastic way of spelling *hugeness*, the genuine quotation being—

“A Sara for goodnesse, a great Bellona for
hudnesse.”

And here is an entry from a very modern dictionary, one that indeed is still in course of issue. “*Breathm* (formed of Eng. *breath* + *-m*), that

which is breathed," followed by due authentication from the columns of the *Times*" (19th January, 1881) in the announcement that "Dr. B. W. Richardson will deliver a lecture on Breath and Breathms." In this case, however, appeal could be made to the talented lecturer, who knows nothing of *breathms*, but delivered a lecture on "Breath and Breathing," on the date in question; the *Times* compositor had mistaken *in* for *m*, and a dumpy *g* for *s*, and the mistake passed into print, and thence into the too-sweeping drag-net of a modern lexicographer.

It may be as well here to state that the writer's knowledge of these spurious words and their history has been gained during his employment on the staff of the *New English Dictionary*, edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, the great aim of which is to treat every word historically, showing its origin, and tracing the whole course of its development, as an item of English speech. The comprehensive basis of this dictionary, and the method pursued in collecting the material on which it is founded, have been fully described; and it is only necessary to say here, that about thirty years ago an appeal was made to the English-speaking and English-reading public to furnish the raw material required for the purposes of historical illustration, by writing out quotations from books of all periods of English literature, adding full reference to volume, part, chapter, page, etc., of the work quoted, and sending them in to the editor. This business of reading and making extracts started briskly at first, but after a few years languished almost to nothing, till, in 1879, it was revived and re-system-

atized under the direction of Dr. Murray, who had then undertaken to rear from these materials the organized fabric of a dictionary. Under his *régime*, as in the early days of the reading, slips with printed title were prepared for those who promised to make a large number of extracts from any particular work; and so enthusiastic was the service thus rendered that several readers reckon by tens of thousands, and one by his almost hundreds of thousands, their contributions to this great verbal storehouse. Of course the spurious words mentioned above find no exemplification in the material thus collected, because in literature proper they do not exist; but it was part of the exhaustive plan of the Dictionary, as Dr. Murray understood (and is executing) it, to include not only all words that have been used in literature, but also all those found in earlier dictionaries, provided always that there was a reasonable possibility of such words having at some time occurred in literary use. And so a number of words from the early lexicographers, Cockeram, Blount, and Bailey, appear in its pages, although one cannot help entertaining the suspicion that these worthy word-collectors sometimes merely took a Latin dictionary and forced the Latin words into an English dress, when we meet such unfamiliar compounds as Cockeram's *adequitate* "to ride by," *adhamate* "to hook," *adhalate* "to breathe on," and Bailey's *amnicolist* "one who dwells by a river," *amni-genous* "born near a river," *avidulous* "somewhat greedy," etc. These, however, are formations of which the structure is perceived at a glance, and which have ample analogy of

familiar words to keep them in countenance in the loneliness of their dictionary life; they are may-have-beens' or 'might-bes' of the English tongue. The truly spurious word has no such redeeming feature; and the tracking of *abacot*, *bassock*, and Co., to their source, and gibbeting them as impostors, is a sufficiently important though only incidental service rendered to our language by the *New English Dictionary*.

But the question may arise, Does not the very method pursued in collecting material for this dictionary lay it open to the possibility of originating and perpetuating similar shams? May not misprints in early books, misreadings of manuscripts, or misinterpretation on the part of some volunteer collector, create new bogus words, while the old ones are being detected and exposed? It might, perhaps, occasionally be so, although the readers have in general shown themselves most careful and trustworthy, were not additional and exceptional safeguards employed. One cardinal rule is that all words of unique occurrence, unless of easily recognized formation, are rigorously scrutinized with the anterior presumption that they are very probably mistakes of some description; and if they pass muster at this first examination, the etymological treatment they receive passes the review of three or four experts before it is finally allowed to stand.

Thus, for example, one of the earlier readers had sent from Gawin Douglas's *Palice of Honour* (1501), as the sole instance of *Assure* adj. "sure, confident," the lines

"Thair was Phedra, Theseus, and Ariane,
The secreit, uise, hardie Ipomedon,
Assueir Hester, irrepreuabill Susane"—

where a very brief consideration served to show that *Assueir* is only a Scoto-anglicized form of *Ahasuerus*; had the missing comma separated the Persian monarch from his fair Jewish spouse, the reader too would have recognized his identity, and would have been spared this unwitting attempt at fabricating an unreal adjective. Again, among the compounds of *bank* was the word *bank-towt*, with its credibility vouched for by a quotation from Gabriel Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, of date 1593, which ran, "It is not impossible for Humanity to be a spittle-man, Rhetorique a dummerell, History a bank tow't." A "bank tow't!" What can a "bank tow't" be? An omnibus conductor perchance, pleading for passengers, and adding seductive force to his "Bank, bank!" by the marvelous cheapness of "A penny all the way!" No; 'buses and conductors were things of the future in the days of Good Queen Bess. Or did the banks of that time, anticipating the modern money-lender's web of newspaper advertisement, keep agents in the streets to offer loans "on personal security only" to hard-up tradesmen? No, nor is that the clue. Look again at this word—this single instance of a word; look at it suspiciously, and consider it in the light of 16th century spellings of *bank* derivatives; and the evident solution is suggested, that *bank tow't* is a misprint or misreading for *bānkrowt*, a frequent form of *bankrupt* when that term had been newly adopted from the French *banque-*

route, and almost the very one used in the Sheakspeare folios where Shylock is grimly eager "to cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there."

These, however, were comparatively easy problems; other impostors were not so readily detected. Sorted under *Av-* was a single quotation for the word *avauntise*; it was taken from Love's translation of Bonaventura's *Speculum Vitæ Christi*, or *Mirror of Christ's Life*, and read thus:—

"And in so much he lowed him and auauntysed hym silfe that also after he beganne to prech and to speke so high thinges of the godhede. . yit the Iewes sette nought by hym; But despised, and scorned him."

The member of the editorial staff who first took this word in hand found it surrounded by a set of obsolete words connected with *vaunt* "to boast," and naturally, though too hastily, concluded that it belonged to the same party, fortifying himself in his conjecture by taking *lowed* as an English representative of French *louer* "to praise," and putting self-praise and boasting together as a probable pair. With this idea uppermost in his mind, he wrote the following etymology for *avauntise*, "Probably an adaptation of French *avantir*, *avantissant*, an uncited variant of *avancer*, to boast, vaunt; but perhaps formed in English on Old French *avantise*, sb. boasting," and defined it as meaning "to vaunt, boast." But here the system of check and countercheck came beneficially into play; another assistant, looking through this piece of work, took "lowed" in its more natural English sense of "made low, humiliated," and then wondered at the incongruous conjunction of

humiliation and boasting. Meanwhile the passage seemed to be familiar to him, and as the glimmer of reminiscence grew gradually into a certainty of recollection, he turned to the part of the Dictionary already published, where the same quotation, but from a different edition of Love's work, appears correctly under the word *Anientise* "to make nothing of, abase," with *aneauentyse* in place of the spurious *auauntise*. This is a further instance, it will be seen, of the difficulty caused by a turned *n*. The passage has since been verified in the edition quoted, where the word is indubitably *auauntise*, so that the false form is a printer's error, and not a mistake of the reader for the Dictionary. Nevertheless, if the latter had added a little more context, to make it clear that the statement refers to Jesus Christ, there would have been much less danger of the word's temporarily imposing upon the lexicographer, for the passage in full stands thus:—

"And in so much he lowed him and auauntysed hym silfe that also after he beganne to prech and to speke so high thinges of the godhede as the Gospell telleth, and to worch myracles, and wonders: yit the Iewes sette nought by him; But despised and scorned him—saynge what is he this—is nat he the wrightys sonne Ioseph."

A similar difficulty was experienced in the case of a quotation from Tim Bright's *Treatise on Melancholy*, published in 1586, which made mention of "A mill driven by the winde . . . for arriding of rivers of waters out of drowned fens." The extract, there was subsequently reason to suppose, must have been taken, not directly from Tim Bright, but from some later work in which

he had been quoted, and the slip bore no reference to chapter or page, so that there was small chance of verifying the passage. *Arrid* was a reasonable-looking word, and could be admitted to provisional acceptance; but its etymology was by no means clear. There were two possibilities, neither of them very satisfactory; *arrid* might have been formed in English by prefixing a vaguely intensive *a-* or *ar-* to the simple verb *rid*, meaning thus "to get rid of," or it might be a misspelt adaptation of mediæval Latin *aridare* "to dry up." And so the matter stood, until by-and-by, when *avoid* was under treatment, there came deliverance from perplexity in the shape of the true quotation from Bright, in the words, "A mill driven by the winde . . . for avoiding of rivers of water out of drowned fens." *Avoid*, it may be explained, is here used in its obsolete sense, "to empty, get rid of, clear away," a very common meaning at that time, when guests at table "avoided" the dishes, not by refraining from the viands, but by promptly devouring them; while if they grew too noisy in their feasting, the guardians of the peace "avoided" the rioters, not by keeping cautiously away from the banquet-room, but by boldly bundling them out. In which same way *arrid* was forthwith "avoided," and bundled out into the limbo of verbal fictions.

And now this paper may fitly be brought to a close by returning to the inquisitorial work of the *New English Dictionary*, and showing how it has traced out and exposed, not indeed an actually spurious word, but what is practically tantamount to it, a fictitious meaning as-

signed to a word of ordinary occurrence in other senses. The word is *belt*, and the sense assigned to it may be most easily seen in two quotations from modern writers. Lingard, in his *History of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, writes of "The frequent repetition of the Lord's Prayer, technically called a belt of Pater-nosters;" subjoining a note to the effect that "A belt of Pater-nosters appears to correspond with a string of beads of later times. . . It is probable that the belt contained fifty Pater-nosters." And Rock, in his *Church of our Fathers*, says that "seven belts of Our Fathers had to be said for the deceased." It will scarcely be credited, in view of these circumstantial statements, that the "belt of Pater-nosters or Our Fathers" is a pure myth, without a shadow of historical foundation; and yet such is the case. The original fact, from which the fiction is blunderingly derived, is to be found in the Acts of the Anglo-Saxon Ecclesiastical Council held at Celchyth in the year 816, in the rule thus laid down in mediæval Latin, "*et xxx diebus canonicis horis expleto synaxeos æt vii beltidum, Paternoster pro eo cantetur.*" Omitting the three words in italics, this may be translated, "And for thirty days at the canonical hours, at the end of the service, let a Paternoster be sung for him." The three words here italicized are not Latin; they are a glossarial comment in Old English, for the benefit of the unlearned, on the phrase "canonicis horis" preceding, explaining that this means "at the seven bell-tides" or "times of bell-ringing" (compare our modern *spring-tide*, *summer-tide*, for the time of spring or summer.")

But our friend, Sir Henry Spelman, mistook them for Latin, and construed them along with the following word as "a paternoster of seven belts," which he explained as a "rosary." Other writers accepted his guidance, and followed in his wake; Johnson, the Non-juror, for instance, who wrote on Ecclesiastical Law in 1720, gave an elaborate description of belts set with studs serving the purpose of a rosary; and still later authors, as we have seen, no longer retaining the semblance of grammatical construction which led Spelman to take *beltidum* as a genitive plural and to translate it "of belts," have crowned the absurdity of transmuting "vii beltidum, Paternoster" into "seven belts of Paternosters."—ALFRED ERLEBACH, in *Leisure Hour*.

A MODERN MAGICIAN.

At the Egyptian Hall, London, M. Buatier de Kolta asserts his pre-eminence in modern magic by his original, beautiful, and absolutely baffling illusion entitled "Le Cocon." In the Hungarian artist inventive powers and technical accomplishment form a rare combination. The inventor is too frequently compelled to delegate to others the practical vindication of his ingenuity and craft. It is not so with M. de Kolta. He himself is the only convincing illustrator of his unequalled illusions, as may be daily witnessed in the unapproached elegance and finish of his manipulation of the famous "Vanishing Lady." Others have essayed this feat, only to suggest that

entirely unsuspected if it were not for their cruder handling. At the Egyptian Hall the "Vanishing Lady," by the distinction of method that belongs solely to the inventor, is still very far removed in spontaneity and facility from the host of simulations that sprang up after its introduction. As he is without a parallel as inventor and demonstrator, it is to M. de Kolta only that we may look for a display of skill and cunning that should surpass the older invention. This has certainly been compassed by the production of "Le Cocon." Here everything is apparently conceded to the spectator. There is no darkened stage, no artificial light, no visible engineering, and absolutely no furniture on the stage save a solitary chair without a back. A tape stretched across the stage, and a large shallow box, such as milliners use, the bottom of which is covered with tissue-paper—these are the only visible means by which this fantastic and truly occult illusion is set forth. Suspending the box to the tape in the center of the stage, M. de Kolta proceeds to draw on the tissue-paper, with brush and sepia, the rough semblance of a silkworm. At a word from the conjuror the tissue is rent, revealing the first stage of the metamorphosis, the fragile cocoon hanging from the tape, from which emerges the radiant young lady who impersonates the butterfly, leaving the audience in wonderment how she should "shrink her fine essence like a shriveled flower" within such narrow confines. The whole of this astonishing evolution occurs in a few moments, without any interposition of M. de Kolta, who merely makes his woven paces around the cocoon

after lowering it to the chair. It is something beyond the metaphysics of belief to assist at one's own deception in this fashion, and accept the impossible. To find no other way out of the difficulty than to conceive solutions even more monstrous than the monstrous impossibility that captivates the eyes is to be landed in worse distractions. Yet it is to wilds of conjecture more haunted than the fabled lands of mediæval traveler that we are consigned by the smiling and pitiless magician. There is something insinuating at once and repellent in a process that obliterates the limitations of the visual world, and is yet equally simple and inexplicable. Fancy and imagination are alike exercised by this ingenious fantasy; the former in the suggestion evoked by the attempt to reconcile the outraged senses, the latter by the infinite possibilities which the promise of such powers may create. Thus might the magician, forbearing any more to allure a sceptical London audience, prefer to wield an awful and undisputed sway in the midmost Mountains of the Moon, directing into new channels dark and secret superstitions as yet undreamed of in Africa, the mere report of which might render the remainder of Mr. Rider Haggard's life unhappy by the sheer impossibility of rivalry. For the present M. de Kolta exhibits his powers in more searching circumstances, as to audience and atmosphere; and, both in his unique illusions and in his peculiar address in jugglery with cards, approves himself the legitimate successor of the great race of magicians.—*Saturday Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

GEN. U. S. GRANT AND THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO.—Señor Romero, the Mexican Minister to the United States, delivered an Address at Washington on the sixty-first anniversary of the birth of General Grant, April 25, 1887. After giving some account of his own personal intercourse with Gen. Grant, Señor Romero proceeds:—

"After Gen. Grant had taken his tour around the world [1877-1880], which gave him an opportunity that very few men, if any, ever had before, of visiting every important country upon the face of the earth, and to understand their condition, needs and probable future, and having personal intercourse with the most distinguished statesmen, leading men and rulers in each country, he naturally had his views, as a statesman, about the position, policy and future of his own country very much enlarged. It was then that he matured his views about the condition of China and Japan, and the policy that the United States ought to follow toward these eastern empires, a policy which I think will have to be in the future adhered to by this country as a legacy left to her by one of her greatest men.

"He thought then that his work could not be at an end if he did not visit Mexico again. To be sure, he knew Mexico perfectly well and did not need a second visit to know all about it, but his love for my country was so great that he thought he ought not to fail to see it once more. Early in 1880, he went there again, and had the opportunity of seeing the changes which had been accomplished to the credit of Mexico, notwithstanding all her misfortunes brought about by civil and foreign wars, in the nearly quarter of a century which had elapsed since his first visit. It was then that he matured his views about the best way for Mexico to develop her own resources and to become a great nation, as well as to the policy that the United States ought to pursue toward Mexico. He saw at once, with his great foresight, that the material resources of Mexico could not be developed on a large scale except by the construction of railroads, which would really be extensions of the railway system of the United States into a country capable of producing in

large quantities all the tropical fruits needed in the United States, and of consuming from this country a proportionate amount of American manufactures. While Gen. Grant was in Mexico he had conversations with the leading men of the country on this subject, which led to a request on their part for him to submit the condition of things to capitalists in the United States, with a view that they might make investments in the building of railroads in Mexico. On his return to this country he spoke earnestly on the subject, and the expression of his views contributed largely to the organization of several companies in the United States for the purpose of building important lines of railroad in Mexico, although he had no personal interest of any kind in them.

"On the 8th of July, 1885, some Mexican journalists who had come to visit this country, visited him at Mount McGregor, and he wrote to them the following expression of his views and sympathy toward Mexico: 'My great interest in Mexico has dated back to the war between the United States and that country. My interest was increased when four European monarchies attempted to set up their institutions on this continent, selecting Mexico, a territory adjoining us. It was an outrage on human rights for a foreign nation to attempt to transfer her institutions and her rulers to the territory of a civilized people without their consent. They were fearfully punished for their crime. I hope Mexico may now begin an upward and prosperous departure. She has the elements of success. She has the people, she has the soil, she has the climate, and she has the minerals. The conquest of Mexico will not be an easy task in the future.' "

"**GOD SAVE THE QUEEN,**" IN ANGLO-SAXON.—Mr. Walter W. Skeat, that ripest of Anglican scholars, contributes to the *London Academy* "An attempt to render *God Save the Queen* into the form of Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse, which was prevalent about A.D. 987. Of course " he adds, "a rigidly literal rendering is out of the question. I attempt rather to exhibit such equivalent phrases as would have been used at a time when bards were expected to repeat themselves, and to indulge in tautology:"

God gedó hále thá Cwén.

"Hále gedó, God, hláfdigan úre,
árfæste and æthele Angelcynnes weard,
thæt héo on worulde wynnum lifige;
hále gedó, God, thá holdan cwén.
Syle hire sigora spówende spéd,
syle hire symble sæles brúcan,
on langsumum life on lande ricsian;
hále gedó, God, thá holdan cwén.

Arís nu, dryhten, rodera wealdend,
tó-dríf thú feorran féondas fæcne,
áfyle thá the fremmath freundæda,
hýn hira oferhygd, unholdra cræftas,
on ídel gedó, God, éhtendra mán;
on thé wé settath úre sóthan hyht,
hále gedó, God, thá the hyhtath on thé.

Thá sélestan gifa of goldhorde thínun
syle, sinceb brytta, thære sélestan cwéne,
on langsumum life on lande ricsian,
thæt héo lange bewerie thá wísan dómas;
swá sceolon wé singan singallíce
hlúdum stefnum and heortum blíthum.
hále gedó, God, hláfdigan úre,
árfæste and æthele Angelcynnes weard,
hále gedó, God, thá holdan cwén."

Mr. Skeat translates his Anglo-Saxon verse into modern English prose:

"O God, save our Lady, the gracious and noble warden of the Angle race, that she may live joyfully in the world; Save, O God, the gracious queen. Grant her the prosperous success of victories, grant her ever to enjoy happiness, (and) during a long life to rule in the land; save, O God, the gracious queen.

"Arise now, Lord, ruler of the skies, drive asunder afar deceitful foes; fell those that contrive malicious deeds; humiliate their presumption, the crafts of the disloyal; frustrate, O God, the evil of those that afflict (us); in Thee we fix our true hope; save, O God, those that trust in Thee.

"The choicest of gifts out of Thy treasury grant, O distributor of treasure, to the most excellent queen, (grant her) to rule in the land during a long life; that she may long protect the wise laws; so must we continually sing, with loud voices and blithe hearts, 'Save, O God, our lady, the gracious and noble warden of the Angle race; save, O God, the gracious queen.' "

THE PROGRESS OF THOUGHT IN OUR TIME.

If we attempt to seize the main fact in the intellectual development of the last half-century, we shall find, I think, that this may be described as the restoration of spirituality to our thoughts about the universe. What that means I hope to make clearer in the course of the following pages. We have gained our present standing-point by a long process of scientific and philosophical labor, which has been carried on through three centuries in Europe, and which culminated recently in the hypothesis of Evolution. This hypothesis cannot be separated from those sciences which demonstrate the cosmic unity, analyze the elements of matter, investigate the origins of life, and explore the obscure stages of primitive human history. It cannot be dissociated from those metaphysical speculations regarding man's relation to the world, which found poetic utterance in Goethe. Evolution, in the widest sense of the term, has rather to be viewed as a generalization, which combines the data of previous scientific and philosophical thought in a new conception of the universe. Like all such generalizations, it is hypothetical, provisional. Least of all does Evolution, as its name and as its principles imply, claim for itself finality. Its adaptation, however, to the present conditions of the human mind, is proved by the rapidity with which it has penetrated every department of speculation.

This idea is undoubtedly the most potent which has entered the sphere of human thought since Copernicus published his heliocentric theory. The merit of testing, applying, and

developing it belongs in the main to two Englishmen—Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer. I do not, of course, mean that either Darwin or Spencer, or that both of them in partnership, invented and patented what we call Evolution. Everybody knows that, in the realm of metaphysic, no less than in the province of natural philosophy, the conception had been latent, half-emergent, ready to assume predominance, since the day when Giordano Bruno was burned at Rome in 1600 for proclaiming the homogeneity of substance in the universe and the infinity of worlds in space. But England was destined to bring this potent embryo to birth. The English intellect at its best combines grasp of detail with comprehensiveness of survey, poetical imagination with practical common sense, capacity for patient labor with aptitude for daring speculation, in very exceptional proportions. Precisely this combination of qualities was required from thinkers who essayed to present Evolution to the world in forms which should secure for it credence, and establish it upon a solid basis. They had to test the hints of earlier workers by their own experiments and observations, to accumulate stores of corroborative materials, and at the same time to maintain the attitude of seers, forecasting a wide and hitherto undemonstrated theory of the universal order. They might be compared to architects, who were obliged to fashion with their own hand each stone and each brick of the edifice they had designed, or at least to select these with a workman's criticism of their suitableness.

Englishmen, for the reasons I have just suggested, were eminently fitted for this task. Accordingly, Darwin and Spencer, proceeding upon different lines and with different qualifications, furnished the idea of Evolution with substantiality. They made it current; they gave it a force that had to be reckoned with; they indicated its applicability to the majority of those problems which exercise human curiosity, and in the solution of which the vast machinery of German subjective idealism had failed. I have said that the Evolution theory can only be compared in its importance to the Copernican system of astronomy. This assertion requires some explanation. If we inquire into the nature of religions, we shall find that they are all of them at root attempts to account for the universe and to demonstrate man's place in the sphere of things. This being the case, it follows that every new cosmological idea, every fresh hypothesis regarding the origin of the world, every alteration in the theory of Nature, will induce changes in the current systems of theology, metaphysic, morals. Now the mythological elements of Christianity took shape in the intellects of people who conceived our earth to be the center of the universe, who were accustomed to believe that God made the sun and moon and stars to shed light on us; and who fancied that the divine purpose in creating nature was to form a dwelling-place for man. The dogmatic elements of historical Christianity in like manner assumed their fixity by slow degrees under the dominance of Ptolemy's geocentric system of astronomy, and in harmony with a metaphysic which

accepted that view of the universe. The discovery, published by Copernicus in 1543, by simply shifting the position of our globe in space, shook the fabric of Christian theology to its foundations. The deductions made from his discovery by subsequent thinkers, beginning with Giordano Bruno, still more seriously compromised a large part of that edifice. The earth appeared not merely as a satellite of the sun, but the sun himself, with all his court of planets, took rank as only one among innumerable sidereal companies. Space spread into infinity. Up and down, heaven above and hell beneath, were now phrases of symbolical or metaphorical significance only. It was no longer possible to imagine that the celestial bodies had been created in order to give light by day and night. Man's station of eminence in the kosmos ceased to seem manifest. It became difficult to take the scheme of salvation, God's sacrifice of his own son for the advantage of a race located on a third-rate planet, literally. Some mythical parts of the religion, which had previously been held as facts, were immediately changed into allegories. For instance, the ascension of Jesus from the mountain lost its value as an historical event when the brazen vault of heaven, or the crystal sphere on the outer surface of which God sat, had been annihilated; when there was no more up or down, and when a body lifted into ether would obey the same laws of attraction as a meteoric stone.

The Copernican discovery very materially influenced Christian dogma and mythology by thus converting at a stroke what had been

previously accepted as matter of literal and historical fact into symbol, allegory, metaphor. It humbled human pride, and destroyed the overweening sense of man's importance in the universe. The nature of this revolution in astronomy made it of necessity destructive to the external coatings and integuments of religion. At the same time, it stimulated the growth of a new metaphysic, the first manifestations of which we owe to Bruno, and which was destined to react upon theology through the idealistic speculations of the last two centuries.

The disintegration of those factors which are merely temporal, and doomed to dissolution, in Christianity, has been advancing so rapidly, through the application of various critical methods and the growth of sciences, that little of a purely destructive influence was to be expected from the theory of Evolution. Some points, however, may arrest attention. Preceded by geology and primitive anthropology, Evolution dealt a death-blow at the assumptions of human self-conceit. We have accepted the probability of man's development from less highly organized types of animal life with tolerable good humor, after a certain amount of rebellious disgust. The study of primitive humanity, together with the suggestions of the Evolution hypothesis, render any doctrine of a Fall more and more untenable. Instead of Paradise, and man's sudden lapse from primal innocence, we are now convinced that history implies a slow and toilsome upward effort on the part of our ancestors from the outset. Preceded, in like manner, by the demonstrated theories of Conserva-

tion and Correlation of Energies, Evolution dealt a death-blow at the old conception of miraculous occurrences. A miracle, a freak of power, is no longer conceivable in Nature; and if Lazarus were raised from the dead before our eyes, we should first ascertain the fact, and next proceed to investigate the law of the phenomenon. Evolution, again, dealt a death-blow to teleology. The habit of mind, which recognized design and providential interference in special adaptations of living creatures to their environment, has been superseded by what may be termed a consistently biological view of the universe. The whole scheme of things is now regarded as a single organism, advancing methodically through stages of its growth in obedience to inevitable laws of self-expansion. This does not dispel the mystery which surrounds life. It does not yield the world to chance, or remove the necessity by which we postulate the priority of thought, intention, spirit, to all manifestations of material existence. But it compels us to regard this form-giving spiritual potency as inherent in the organism: as the law of its life, not as the legislation of some power extraneous to it. In another very important point Evolution has reacted destructively on popular Christianity. By penetrating our minds with the conviction that all things are in process, that the whole universe is literally in perpetual *Becoming*, it has rendered it impossible for us to believe that any one creed or set of opinions possesses finality. Religions, like all things that are ours and human, have their day of declension; nor can Christianity form an exception

to the universal rule. What is perishable in its earthly historical manifestation must be eliminated; and the permanent spirit by which it is animated, the truth it reveals, will be absorbed into the structure of creeds destined successively to supersede it and be superseded.

For the moment I must put aside the consideration of those aspects in which the Evolution theory tends to construct thought in the higher spheres of metaphysics and religion. Its force will ultimately be found to have more of organizing than of disintegrating value. But in this relation the special achievements of the evolutionists have to be regarded as factors in the total scientific product of the nineteenth century; and to this point I shall return, after casting a glance at the important modifications which the idea has introduced into history and criticism.

The fundamental conception which underlies the evolutionary method of thought is that all things in the universe exist in process. No other system has so vigorously enforced the truth that it is impossible to isolate phenomena from their antecedents and their consequents. No other system has given the same importance to apparently insignificant details and to apparently monstrous divergences from normal types, in so far as such details supply links in the sequence of development, or such divergences can be used to illustrate the growth of organism. It follows that the line of thought which Europe has dubbed Darwinism infuses a new vitality into those inquiries which we collectively call history, into every study of the past. I will select a single instance, not because it is the

most significant, but because I can speak with the firmest personal conviction upon this topic. I have chosen for my instance the province of Literature and Art, the department of criticism with which I have myself been occupied. When I was a young man, in the sixties, I remember that we students of European culture had to choose between connoisseurs and metaphysicians for our guides. On the one hand were the people who praised the "Correggiosity of Correggio," or "swore by Perugino," or promulgated the "preciousness of Fra Angelico," as though Correggio, Perugino, and the Dominican painter of San Marco were descended full-formed from the skies to instruct an unenlightened world. Each connoisseur sailed under his self-chosen flag, proclaimed his own proclivities, and preached the gospel of his particular taste. There were not wanting even folk who pinned their faith to Sir Joshua and the Caracci. Caprice on this side governed judgment; and what I have stated with regard to figurative art was no less obviously true of poetry and literature. There seemed to be no light or leading in the chaos of opinion. On the other hand were ranged the formal theorists, who constructed a scheme of art upon subjective principles. They bade us direct our minds to the idea, the *Begriff* of art; and having thence obtained a concept, we were invited to reject as valueless whatever would not square with the logical formula. Between these opposed teachers, the pure connoisseurs and the pure metaphysicians, Goethe emerged like a steady guiding star. His felicitous summary of criticism, *Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen, resolut*

zu leben, "To live resolutely in the whole, the good, the beautiful" came like a deliverance. Instinctively we felt that the central point for us, if we would erect criticism into a science, was not caprice, not personal proclivity, not particular taste, but a steady comprehension of the whole. How to grasp the whole, how to reach a point of view from which all manifestations of the human mind should appear as correlated, should fall into their proper places as parts of a complex organism, remained the difficulty. Honor should here be rendered to M. Taine, who was among the first to apply natural and physiological principles to the study of what is understood as culture. His method drew attention to the *milieu*, the ethnological conditions, the climatic and social environments, which modify each particular product of human genius in art and literature. He was on the right tack; but there remained something stiff and formal, a something inconsistent with the subtlety of nature, in his philosophy of culture. In particular it did not make sufficient allowances for the resistance which the individual offers to his *milieu*, for the emergence in him of specific strains of atavism, and for the peculiar phenomena of mental hybrids.

Just then Darwin's and Spencer's demonstration of the Evolution theory made its decisive impact on the mind of Europe. We felt that here was the right way toward living and thinking in the whole. The steady determination to regard all subjects of inquiry from the point of view of Evolution delivered criticism from the caprice of connoisseurship and the whims of dilettant-

ism. It superseded the attractive but too often vaporous generalizations of the logician by a sound method of analysis. It lent the charm of biography or narrative to what had previously seemed so dull and lifeless—the history of art or letters. Illuminated by this idea, every stage in the development of culture acquired significance. The origins and incunabula of art, viewed in their relation to its further growth, ceased to have a merely antiquarian interest. Periods of decadence were explicable and intelligible on the principle that every organism, expanding from the germ, passing through adolescence to maturity, is bound at last to exhaust its motive force and perish by exaggerating qualities implicit in the mature type. Hybrids, in like manner, obtained a fresh instructiveness and value for students of the unmixed species.

It might perhaps be objected that I am claiming too much for the scientific impulse of the last half-century. Have not all histories, it will be said, at all periods of the world, been written in this way? Has not all criticism proceeded upon this method? I would recommend those who ask these questions to peruse Tiraboschi's *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, one of the most solid and valuable monuments of erudition; or if that is requiring too much from human patience, let them take up Hallam's *Literature of Europe*. Next I would point to the magnificent criticism, in all parts instinct with genius, which our age owes to Mr. Ruskin. I think it will be found that neither in Tiraboschi's conscientious and exhaustive record of his nation's culture, nor in Mr. Ruskin's lum-

inous discourse upon the principles of art and the merits or demerits of particular artists, does the specific note which marks the evolutionist appear. The mind of neither of these men is directed to the study of a *process* in the past. They do not set themselves to tracing and explaining what Goethe and Oken termed the *morphology* of their subject. This is not tantamount to saying that they are wrong, and that post-Darwinian historians and critics are right. It only indicates an important difference. I admit, besides, that there is a danger in the exclusive application of the evolutionary method, against which both historians and critics must be upon their guard. Absorption in the process may blunt our sensibility to relative degrees of moral and artistic excellence. We may come to think that the demonstration is all that is required of us; whereas it is only the beginning of our task, the clue that guides us through the labyrinth of research, the principle which gives coherence to our exposition. We may be so interested, for example, in analyzing how the dying tree of Italian painting put forth its final shoot in the Bolognese school, that we shall not feel a due contempt for Albano, nor properly eschew Domenichino and all his works. Mr. Ruskin's pious hatred of the Renaissance, though it shocks and bewilders the evolutionist, has the merit of vavacity, and corresponds to his intense and delicate appreciation of really pure art. There is, I repeat, a danger of losing identity and sacrificing individuality, if we attempt to live too resolutely in the whole. There is a further danger of being so preoccupied with the

analogies between historical and physiological development that we shall not make sufficient allowances for the far greater complexity of the former. But, fortunately, all the vices, foibles, and passions of human nature tend in quite the opposite direction. Caprice and whim and partiality do not need to be encouraged. Again, there is no reason why students who add interest to their labors by the inspiration of this idea, an idea which infuses life into every matter of inquiry, should therefore lose their faculty of judgment. He must be singularly stupid who does not perceive the immeasurable distance between Greene and Shakespeare, Shakespeare and Davenant, because he has demonstrated that Greene was necessary to the evolution of Shakespeare, and that Davenant was his inevitable successor. Such a man, if he writes a dull book under the influence of evolutionary ideas, would assuredly have written a still duller one without them.

I pass now to that more difficult and delicate portion of my theme which concerns the constructive or formative influences of science, in the higher region of religion, metaphysic, and morality. That remoulding and recasting process, which is forever going forward in the intellectual no less than the corporeal organism, has been committed for this century at least to the custody of what is roughly termed Science. The first point to notice must be our advance in freedom of discussion.

This liberation from superstitious etiquette and from the conspiracy of orthodox silence we owe in large measure to our saturation with German and French thought. It is

more important, however, to recognize this as one sign, among many, of a change which has been coming over our whole mental and moral constitution. This change wrought everywhere for deeper sincerity, a most honest desire to seek out truth, a livelier determination to exchange the letter for the spirit and conventions for realities. In the church, in ethics, in the arts, in criticism, the last century has witnessed a simultaneous renewal of vital energy. One need only mention the names of Newman, Carlyle, the founders of the pre-Raphaelite school of painting, and Ruskin, in order to indicate the nature of this change. But by far the greatest weight must be attributed to the expansion of the scientific spirit in our midst, to the general quickening of those intellectual forces which have secured for England at the present moment the primacy of European thought. It seems at last that the mental quality which the French call curiosity has taken possession of the race, emancipating us to a great extent from the hide-bound prejudices of our immediate ancestors. Through these agencies we now enjoy a freedom of speech and a reasonable tolerance, which our fathers deemed desirable indeed, but far beyond the scope of expectation. This freedom, this toleration, this openness to new ideas, justifies each man in speaking his mind out upon topics which inspire the deepest reverence.

The tendency of scientific ideas, in so far as these are remoulding thought in those high regions, is to spiritualize religion, to dissipate the materialistic associations which environ theology in its mythological stages, and to emancipate the in-

dividual from egotism face to face with that universal Being of which he is a part and to the manifestation of which he contributes. When Cleanthes, the Stoic, wrote the prayer which I will presently translate, he projected a religion commensurate with modern Science. "Lead thou me, God, Father, Lord," he prayed, "and thou world's Law, withersoever I am by you appointed to go; for I will follow unreluctant; and yet should I refuse, through evilness (or cowardice) up-grown in me, none the less I shall surely follow." We cannot get beyond that: we need not seek to do so; for this prayer is compatible with every creed, and it contains the essence of absolute self-dedication.

By convincing us that the universe is one homogeneous whole, in which nothing can be lost and unaccounted for, through which there runs a continuity of energizing forces, and of which we are indisputably conscious members, Science has lent deeper meaning to the Stoic prayer. But it has, not, on that account, eliminated the conception of a Deity, or effaced the noble humanities secured for us by many centuries of Christian faith. It cannot be too emphatically insisted on that much-dreaded Darwinism leaves the theological belief in a divine spirit untouched. God is not less God, nor is creative energy less creative, because we are led to suppose that a lengthy instead of a sudden method was employed in the production of the Kosmos. I venture to assert my conviction that it is the destiny of the scientific spirit to bring these factors, God, Law, Christian morals, into a new and vital combination, which will con-

tribute to the durability and growth of rational religion.

The conceptions of God and Law tend to coalescence in the scientific theory of the universe. In other words, spirituality is restored to Nature, which comes to be regarded as a manifestation of infinite vitality. The Fathers of the Christian Churches, battling with corrupt paganism, striving valiantly to secure monotheistic principles of theology, basing conduct upon hopes and terrors in the world beyond the grave, effected an artificial separation of man from Nature. They banned the logical and simple recognition of man's integration with the Kosmos, upon which the elder religions rested. Nature for many centuries was regarded as the evil thing, the contrary of Spirit. Science, which grew up in this uncongenial atmosphere, accepted the separation from the outset, and went on studying Nature as though it were external to the human soul. But this alienation of man from the surrounding universe, which constitutes him and which he helps to constitute, can no longer be maintained. We must return with fuller knowledge to something like the earlier, more instinctive faith about the world, whereof ourselves, body and spirit, are part. And nothing seems more evident than that we are being led back to this point by the hand of Science, enemy as she is supposed to be of poetry, of mysticism, of spiritual contemplation.

The ground for this apparent paradox may thus be stated. Science establishes the unity of the Kosmos, together with the exact correspondence and correlation of its parts. But when we begin to regard this

unity with eyes from which the scales of Christian antagonism have fallen, we discover that we cannot think of it except as spiritual. The one only thing we can be said to know and to be sure of, is the paramount importance in ourselves of mind. *Cogito, ergo sum*, as the starting-point for speculation, may sound an antiquated formula, yet it contains incontestable truth, which is hourly verified by experience and only too pompously proclaimed by metaphysics. If, then, we are mind, and nothing in the last resort but mind, logic compels us to expect mind in that of which we are an integrating element, and from the total complex of which we cannot be dis severed. Evolution, admitting no break of continuity in the universe, silently forces us to this conclusion; and it is only the attitude still maintained, in form at least, by Christianity toward Nature which prevents our recognizing the Spirit immanent and everywhere.

Having come into being, as I said, under the dominance of theological ideas about the relation of the human soul to God and the world, Science has hitherto been of necessity positive and materialistic. The most earnest inquirers could not at once emancipate themselves from prejudices for or against the exclusive theories of spiritualism formulated by the churches. Christian dogmatists abruptly divided the soul from Nature, regarded the universe as a machine created by a God external to it, and laid this earth, our dwelling-place, under the curse of sin and evil. Men of science dealt accordingly with nature as something extraneous, outside the mind, the object of inquiry,

but not at the same time the subject of the intellect that inquires. The wisest forbore from uttering opinions upon man's relation to the world; and this abstention, seeing that the word God was rarely found upon their pages, seeing that they did not need "that hypothesis of Deity," gained for them the reputation of atheists with the vulgar. Christianity itself was responsible for their position; but the world lost nothing by the positive and neutral spirit in which they had to work. On the contrary, it gained considerably; for, without mystical or theological bias, they have gradually been bringing home to our intelligence more and more convincingly the truth that we are part of Nature; and if in a true sense part, then the truest part of us, ourselves, our consciousness, our thought, our emotion, must be part of Nature; and Nature everywhere, and in all her parts, must contain what corresponds to our spiritual essence. In this way Science, while establishing Law, has prepared the way for the identification of Law with God. I am far from asserting that any disciples of Science at the present moment have drawn this corollary from her teaching; what I want to indicate is the inevitable point of contact between Science and Religion.

Finding thought to be the very essence of man considered as a natural product, we are compelled to believe that there is thought in all the products which compose this universe. Nothing can be clearer, as the result of three centuries of scientific industry, than that there is neither loss of elements nor abrupt separation of species in the

Kosmos, but that the whole is wrought of the same ground materials and evolved in its multiplicity of forms out of the same fundamental constituents. If then we discover thought in man upon one plane of this immense development, how can we deny it to existence on other planes? How can we conceive that the primitive energies out of which the whole proceeded were not conscious or pregnant with consciousness? If mind is our sole reality and self, is it not the sole reality and self of all? Does not our mind necessitate an universal mind? Must we not maintain that, the universe being in one rhythm, things less highly organized than man possess consciousness, in the degrees of their descent less acute than man's? Must we not also surmise that ascending scales of existences more highly organized, of whom we are at present ignorant, are endowed with consciousness superior to man's? It is not incredible that the globe on which we live is vastly more conscious of itself than we are of ourselves; and that the cells which compose our corporeal frame are gifted with a separate consciousness of a simpler kind than ours.

In this speculation of the universe, whether we advance toward the verge of mysticism or abide within the bounds of reverent abstention from such excursions, law, the law of the world's life, appears as God, brought nearer to experience, the object of obedience, the ever-present source of quickening enthusiasm. To this power, in whom we live and move and have our being, in whom the infinitely great and infinitely small alike exist, we commit our-

selves with the assurance that self, purged of egotism, is seeking its own best through dedication. We do not ask for crowns and thrones in the next world; we do not bargain for compensation which shall make earth's trial insignificant. Face to face with death, even the death of those whose love was unspeakably precious, we do not passionately demand again our darlings, or cling with tremulous persistence to the promise of immortality. Now, as formerly, the continuance of the individual after death remains a matter for hope and faith. Science as yet can neither affirm nor deny the life beyond the grave; but it teaches us that it is dangerous to appeal to personal desires upon this topic, and that St. Paul's audacious challenge, "If Christ be not risen, then are we of men most wretched," belonged to a past stage of religious development. The confidence it inculcates is that nothing can come amiss to those who have brought their wills and wishes into accord with universal order. This will be stigmatized as optimism, I am well aware. It is certainly the antithesis of that puny pessimism which forms a marked sign of intellectual enfeeblement in the younger schools of German thought. To the pessimist we say—

"Thou art sick of self-love, Malvolio,
And taste with a distempered appetite."

It is not my present business to deal with pessimism, however, but to seek out how the scientific spirit is remoulding religion. Religion has been always optimistic; and whatever Science is, it certainly is not pessimistic. The non-religious may draw conclusions from it which en-

venom life. Those, on the contrary, who naturally incline toward religion, will find in it fresh aliment for masculine contentment. They recognize themselves as factors of a life which is the world, to the effectuation of which they each in their degree contribute, the scope and scheme of which, though ill-understood by them, requires and must obtain their co-operation. Law and God—the order of the whole regarded as a process of unerringly unfolding energy, and that same order contemplated by human thought as in its essence mind-determined—have become for them so all in all that a wish for self, an egotistical aspiration, is quelled at once as infantine, undisciplined, irrelevant. Their chief dread is that dread expressed by Cleanthes, namely, that peradventure their goodwill should fail, and they be dragged along their path by force, instead of following with genial submission.

With such conceptions of man's relation to the universe it is not difficult to combine what I have called "the noble humanities secured for us by Christianity." The Sermon on the Mount retains its value, when we read it as the preacher of that sermon meant it to be read. The virtues of faith and hope and love do not fail for want of exercise. We still exclaim, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!" We still acknowledge our complete and absolute dependence on the power which brought us hither and will conduct us hence. Love, the greatest of these three, will always form the binding element of human existence. Science institutes no monastery, no sacerdotal celibacy, no sacrifice of natural affection for the attainment of personal salvation.

And what an extension of its province has the virtue of love received from Science! It is no longer confined to families and friends, and fellow-countrymen and foreign people whom we wish to convert. It covers the whole creation and the world of man's inventions. It is coextensive with discovery, commensurate with law and life; for curiosity is love. How far more lovingly we look on Nature now than when we regarded it as alien and cursed. It is certainly natural, when inspired by Science, to feel true sympathy with beasts and insects, birds of the air and fishes of the sea, trees and flowers, everything that shares the life divine which throbs in us. Next to love comes humility; and I need hardly point out how Science edifies that virtue. It teaches us that lower forms of life, such for instance as parasites which prey upon our bodies in disease, have their place in the scheme, the same *raison d'être*, while still uncombated, as man.

We need not be afraid lest the religious spirit I have been attempting to describe should induce a mere habit of indolent resignation to things as they at present are. On the contrary, the very essence of Science in general and of Evolution in particular, is to stimulate energy, combative, aggressive, struggling after higher stages. It knows nothing of the brutish crass indifference and ignorance of the monastic mind, awaiting beatification. It makes us certain that effort is the indispensable condition of advancement. If we recognize the divine life in parasites, we do not mean to acquiesce in their domination. They have ceased to be regarded as a divine

scourge for our sins; they have become a divine means for urging us to efforts after their elimination. The soul possessed of evolutionary religion, penetrated with the gospel of our century, runs no peril of lapsing into the hebetude of decadent Buddhism, or of exclaiming with folded hands, "Whatever is, is well." That formula will have to be exchanged for, "Whatever is, is well; but nothing really is, which is not in progressive and militant movement."

This exposition might be carried further. It might be shown how all the elements of morality are not displaced, but remoulded by the scientific spirit; how the mysteries of sin, pain, disease, for instance, are quite as well accounted for by formulas of evolutionary strife and imperfect development as by the old hypothesis of a devil; how duty and volition can assume their places in a scheme of advance by selection and modification whereof the individual is conscious, quite as well as in any orthodox system which steers between the Scylla of creative Deity and the Charybdis of man's liberty to act. Far be it from me to maintain that Science will make the existence of sin, pain, disease, want, the inequalities of life in all its phases, the waste that goes on everywhere in Nature, at once intelligible. Nor must we expect it suddenly to explain the categorical imperative, or to overcome the antinomy of free-will and necessity. Only I cannot see how the Cosmic enthusiasm fails more conspicuously than Hebrew or the Christian theology face to face with these problems. I cannot see that Science has rendered men indifferent to the sufferings of their

fellows, or that it has enfeebled their courage, their sense of duty, and their energy in action. I cannot see that they are less sensitive to human hardship than the orthodox of Dante's stamp, who serenely acquiesced in the exclusion of unbaptized souls from happiness forever. Meanwhile the soundness of the scientific method gives us some right to hope that illumination may eventually be thrown by it upon even the obscurest puzzles of experience. Through it, for the first time, we seem to have obtained some rational control over circumstance. Instead of excluding hope, this new gospel enables us to live daily and hourly in what Blake called "eternity's sunrise," the dawn of ever-broadening light and ever-soaring expectation.

Men are always in too great a hurry. More than eighteen centuries have elapsed since the apostles awaited the immediate coming of their Lord. He has not yet come in the way they hoped for; and those eighteen centuries now form by far the most important, the best-filled, period of history. During them we have learned gradually to disbelieve in a speedy dissolution of the world; and lately we have been brought to face the probability that men will last for many millions of years upon this planet. With that thought in our minds, let us look back upon his past existence. How dim are human memory and records with respect to anything which happened four thousand years ago! With what continually accelerated impetus has consciousness been growing and extending in the race at large! Then let us cast our eyes forward through the tens of hundreds of

thousands of years to come. Surely we can afford to exercise a little patience, trusting that, if not for us or for our children, yet for men, our late posterity, more insight will be granted and their clarity of vision strengthened. This then is the promise of faith extended to religious souls by Science. "Ah, but," it may be urged, "that is making too large a demand upon unselfishness! Shall men seek nothing for themselves?" I turn to Christians of the old school, and ask whether the renouncement of self, the will to live for others, the desire to glorify God, be not fundamental portions of their creed? These have always been preached as virtues. Now is the time to apply them in pure earnest as principles of conduct. Should it be objected that the promises which made these virtues palatable are withdrawn, we must remember that we are no longer children for whom the health-giving draught has to be sweetened with honey. Virtue is its own reward; and Science, with far more cogency than any theological system, proves that vice is its own punishment. There is something surely in contributing to the advance of humanity, from whom we derive everything, who expects from us so much. Without being Positivists, we may learn this lesson from the church of Auguste Comte.

My argument has led me into a lay-sermon, more calculated to send people to sleep upon a June afternoon in some lecture-room than to arrest their busy eyes as they turn the pages of a magazine. It is time to quit the pulpit. But as I opened this part of my discourse with a Stoic's prayer, I will close it with

a hymn by Goethe. The prayer sufficiently represents the submission and self-dedication demanded by the scientific spirit of religion; the hymn expresses its aspiration and enthusiasm. How far Goethe had studied the works of Giordano Bruno I know not, but in these stanzas he conveys, frigidly perhaps, yet faithfully, something of the burning faith which animated that extraordinary prophet of the scientific creed. The translation of Goethe's *Proemium to Gott und Welt*, which follows, was made by me some years ago. It gave me pleasure when Professor Tyndall incorporated my translation in one of his volumes of essays, as expressing the religion to which Science can ally itself:

"To Him, who from eternity, self-stirred,
Himself hath made by His creative word!
To Him, Supreme, who causeth faith to be,
Trust, love, hope, power, and endless energy!

To Him, who, seek to name Him as we will,
Unknown, within Himself abideth still!

Strain ear and eye, till sight and sense be dim;

Thou'lt find but faint similitudes of Him:
Yea, and thy spirit, in her flight of flame,
Still strives to gauge the symbol and the name:

Charmed and compelled thou climb'st from height to height,

And round thy path the world shines wondrous bright;

Time, space, and size, and distance cease to be,

And every step is fresh infinity.

What were the God who sat outside to scan
The spheres that 'neath His finger circling ran?

God dwells within and moves the world
and moulds,

Himself and Nature in one form enfolds;
Thus all that lives in Him, and breathes,
and is,

Shall ne'er His puissance, ne'er His spirit miss.

The soul of man, too, is an universe;
Whence follows it that race with race concurs

In naming all it knows of good and true,
God—yea, its own God; and, with homage due,

Surrenders to His sway both earth and Heaven;

Fears Him, and loves, where place for love is given."

—JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, in
The Fortnightly Review.

THE VALUE OF HISTORICAL STUDY.*

The mind is always expanded and liberalized by what puts distant lands and times, with the exacting and disciplinary experiences of one's own ancestors or of other peoples, distinctly before it. To a certain extent foreign travel does this, as it sets the immeasurably wider expanses, filled with energetic and laborious life, in contrast with the narrower scenes with which one before had been familiar; and he who has stood with any thoughtfulness amid the crowded immensities of London, an empire in itself, who has looked through curious whirls of reminiscence upon the ancient streets of Paris or its stately boulevards, or who has followed the *Unter den Linden* from the Schloss to the Brandenburg Gate; before whom Munich, Vienna, Venice, Florence,

* A portion of the Address delivered by RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D., before the Amherst Chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity, at its Semi-Centennial Celebration, June 28, 1887. Reported in the *New York Tribune*. The theme of the entire Address is "The Broader Range and Outlook of the Modern College Training."

Naples, Milan, Madrid, have opened their treasures, to whom Rome has appeared across the Campagna—a city ascending out of the past, but with the dome of later date roofing the throne of its existing empire of souls—such a man can never again be, in mind, in range of thought, in intellectual sympathy, what he was before the broadening experience. It is thus that the easier modern modes of foreign travel become educational; and that those are multiplying in all our communities, who have been essentially widened in view, by their acquaintance with other lands, for the contemplation of proximate questions. The parish period has almost disappeared from even our popular mental development.

But history, when carefully studied—studied as it should be, with maps, topographic plans, careful itineraries, photographs of monuments or of sites—does the same thing for the home-keeping student, and does it in some important respects in a yet freer and bolder fashion. Egypt, Greece, Assyria, Persia, the scanty and rugged strip of Palestine, from which influences have come to regenerate the world; India, China, the vast outstretch of Russia, from lands of the olive and the fig, the pomegranate and the palm, to the lands of the frozen mammoth and the midnight sun—we may not traverse these in our journeying unless we give our life to the business; but they come before us in the intelligent study of history in panoramic breadth, with photographic distinctness. The centuries of the past present themselves in perspective. We see the vast cosmical movements from which States

have been born, in which subsequent civilizations took rise and in which the devout mind discovers the silent procedures of Providence. We learn how far removed from us were initial influences that are now only flowering into results, and how our life is affected at this hour by political combinations and military collisions which preceded by ages the invasion of England by the Normans or the splendid schemes of Charlemagne. It is quite impossible that one who reads with comprehensive attention till this immense and vital picture is in a measure opened before him should not be consciously broadened in thought, expanded even in mental power; that he should not freshly and deeply feel how limited is his individual sphere; how local, although so multiplied by endowments from the past, are his personal opportunities: what a vast scheme it is which is being evolved through stir of discussion, rush of emigration, competitions of industry, crash of conflict, by the Power which gives its unity to history and which is perpetually educing great harmonies out of whatever seeming discords. An influence of the same kind descends upon one in the review of geologic periods, or in the contemplation of that stupendous celestial architecture which shows the infinitesimal minuteness of the spinning globe on which we live. But the influence of the study of historical life, covering the planet with the mystery and majesty of personal forces in long career, makes always a keener appeal to our consciousness, while it inevitably associates itself, by natural impulse, with those sublime scientific speculations which trace the fire-mist as it rounds into

a world, and which shows the universe, in the immeasurable co-ordination of its physical forms under the rule of harmonious laws, a House of Beauty for beautiful souls.

Not merely a general expansion of thought, and, one may say, of the compass of the mind comes with this outreaching study of history. It trains directly, with vigorous force, in fine proportion, each chief intellectual faculty. In this respect it is often misconceived by those who regard it as a pleasant exercise, to be pursued at one's leisure, but not to be reckoned on as imparting to the mind elastic vigor, any fresh robustness and alertness of power, or any special capacity of perceptive insight. Of course the memory will be trained, perhaps all will admit, by the effort to hold distant periods and persons distinctly in view, to keep epochs, and the movements which marked them, from becoming confused and entangled in thought, and to recall, without reference to books, the points at which tendencies affecting subsequent centuries slowly or suddenly became apparent, or at which important tributary influences came in to reinforce them. But beyond the memory it often is doubted if history offers any energetic or various discipline to the mind which pursues it. On the other hand it seems too evident to be questioned that the vigilant, analytic and reconciling judgment by which we separate things that differ and harmonize and associate things that agree, however unlike in outward show, by which we extricate the governing forces beneath phenomena, and set in their historic synthesis the individual designs and the public aspirations which co-

operate in movements of general importance—that this noble power is essentially trained, as it is certainly constantly exercised in any true study of history. I think that many present will agree that for themselves no other form of mental practice has had closer relation to this intimate and enduring effect, and I am satisfied that in either of the professions, in journalism, in educational work, or in the simply private life of an educated citizen, the effect will appear; that one accustomed to wide and searching historical inquiries will be more expert in judging even of practical questions presented to-day and will have a more discerning apprehension of the forces working to modify legislation and mould society—forces which are often more formidable or more replete with victorious energy, because subtle and occult.

It seems to me plain, too, that the intuitive moral reason, to which the most conspicuous action must give its account, and by which its character is interpreted and adjudged, which puts a candid estimate upon motives, and sets whatever historic achievement presents itself for review in fair connection with special environments of time or of place, must here find as fruitful activity, as systematic and quickening a nurture, as in any department of human research; and that the historical imagination—which of course does not rank with the creative imagination of the poet, but which is surely akin to that, and perhaps not less capable of giving incitement and beautiful pleasure in common experience—that this has such incitement and sustenance in the study of the past as cannot be

furnished anywhere else. So it is that many of the aspiring and superior minds which have wrought in letters have taken this study for their own, and have by their successes in it made the world of readers their grateful debtors. The "personal equation" has continually appeared among them, in their judgment of motives, of movements, and of men; but in order to form any judgment at all, which the discerning would respect, they have had to cultivate moral insight, as well as a discursive and commanding intelligence. Records of the centuries, buried in the crypts of archives and libraries, have had to yield up to the survey of their genius living forms; vanished times have had to be reconstructed before them, in their outward phenomena, and their constitutive moral and social forces; the manifold sensibilities, desires, passions, which belong to our nature, have had to be recognized, and their operation in public affairs to be patiently exhibited, while the interactions of peoples on each other have filled to the edge the crowded canvas. No teachers, therefore, have done more than these to educate broadly both the ethical and the mental faculty in those whom they addressed, and before whom they unrolled the immense panorama of action, passion, collision, catastrophe in the story of nations, with the energies exerted at critical points by particular persons, the deeper and more controlling power belonging to tendencies. It is strictly true what Macaulay said: "He who reads history learns to distinguish what is local from what is universal; what is transitory from what is eternal; to discriminate be-

tween exceptions and rules; to trace the operation of disturbing causes; to separate the general principles, which are always true and everywhere applicable, from the accidental circumstances with which in every community they are blended, and with which, in an isolated community, they are confounded by the most philosophical mind. Hence it is that in generalization the writers of modern times have far surpassed those of antiquity. The historians of our own country," he adds, "are unequaled in depth and precision of reason; and even in the works of our mere compilers we often meet with speculations beyond the reach of Thucydides or Tacitus." This is the testimony of one who delighted to tear the vigor and flower of his life from the Bar and the Senate, from official distinction and the rarest social opportunities, that he might survey with ample scope, while investigating with microscopic minuteness, the records of the past; reading a week to fashion a sentence; finding reward for laborious journeys in the more precise outline of a character, or even the more lively turn of a phrase or the more lucid completeness of a paragraph. If we need to see, in near example, the fitness of historical studies to quicken and maintain high mental enthusiasm, and to discipline and enrich as well as to enlist rare and various mental powers, we can certainly find the immediate demonstration in the instance of Lord Macaulay.

A college like this, too, and an audience like the present, can never fail gratefully to recognize the large and beautiful moral impulse delivered upon spirits prepared to receive it through their contact in the pages

of history with great, serene, and masterful personalities, as these present themselves in the crowded passages which study explores, daring or suffering in the conflicts of their time. In common life we can, at best, but rarely meet such. The saintly and superior souls are not mustered in regiments. Multitudinous companies of elect spirits do not yet surround us on earth. It seems, sometimes, as if the enormous secular advances of which our times are so full and so proud, were lowering the height and dimming the luster of the moral Ideal as represented in the actual of life. Sending messages by lightning, traveling at forty miles to the hour, crossing in a week the ocean which the Mayflower perilously breasted, in sumptuous vessels framed of iron, luxurious in appointment, propelled from within, and gay with color as so many swimming summer gardens, these applauded achievements do not tend of necessity to the upbuilding of nobler courage, to the development of a large moral wisdom, to the culture or even philosophical refinement or the nurture of the temper of devout aspiration. On the other hand, do we not sometimes feel that virtue among us is coming to be more a matter of manners? that the intense subjective processes from which august character is derived are in a measure being superseded by the mechanical contrivances and the physical successes with which our noisy years resound? and that the grand and lovely spirits, which are present still, and in which whensoever we touch them we find strange charm and inspiration, are fewer and lonelier than they were? Surely we do not meet them often

and cannot command their presence at our need. But in history they abound and are always at our service. Marcus Aurelius, saddest of men, yet imperturbable in a falling empire, and amid the mad whirl of an unexplained universe; Bernard with the flaming intensity of his spirit, the commander of kings and the counsellor of pontiffs; while the friend and protector of the lowliest of the poor, crushing before him the insolent noble, and facing the fierce fury of the mob, on behalf of the Jew; Melancthon, with his beautiful enthusiasm for letters, writing Greek more easily than German, modest, peace-loving, yet firm in conviction, devoted to the Master in almost passionate love, the very St. John of the stormy Reformation; William of Orange, fronting with majestic endurance the apparently irresistible power which swept the Netherlands with flame and blade, and recovering for freedom the land which his ancestors might literally be said to have plucked from the sea—these will come to us when we want them; and with them all, orators, statesmen, theologians, artists; leaders of crusades like Godfrey of Bouillon, who would not wear a crown where his Master had borne the cross; rulers of kingdoms, like St. Louis; poets, philanthropists, heroes, martyrs, the women with the men, of whom the world of their time was not worthy, by whom the world is made worthier to-day. We may wait years or we may journey thousands of miles, to meet in the present the special spirit whose office it is, and whose sovereign prerogative, to kindle and ennoble ours. It is but to step to the library shelf, to come face to face with such

in the past, if we know where to find them. Nay, it is but to let the thought go backward, over what has become distinct in our minds, and the silent company is around us; the communion of rejoicing and consecrated souls, the illustrious fellowships, in the presence of whom our meanness is rebuked, our cowardice is shamed, and we become the freer children of God and of the truth. Not only the romance of the world is in history, but influences so high in source and in force as to be even sacred descend through it. Benedictory, sacramental is its touch upon responsive souls. We become comparatively careless of circumstances; aware of kinship, in whatsoever heroic element may be in us, with the choice, transcendent spirits; regardless of the criticism, or snarling scoffs, which may here surround us, if only conscious of deeper and of more generous correspondence with those whose elate and unsubduable temper remains among the treasures of mankind.

I think that to our times, especially, the careful and large study of history is among the most essential sources of moral inspiration. The cultivation of it, in ever larger and richer measure, is one of the best and noblest exercises proposed to young minds. The importance of individual life and effort is magnified by it, instead of being diminished or disguised, as men sometimes fancy; since one is continually reminded afresh of the power which belongs to those spiritual forces which all may assist, in animating and moulding civilization. Of course an imperfect study of history, however rapid and rudimental, shows how often the individual decision

and the restraining or inspiring action of great personalities have furnished the pivots on which multitudinous consequences have turned; how, even after long intervals of time, the effects of such have made themselves evident, in changed conditions and tendencies of peoples; and so it reminds us, with incessant iteration, of the vital interlocking of every energetic personal life with the series of lives which unconsciously depend upon it, of the reach of its influence upon the great complex of historical progress, and of the service which each capable or eminent spirit may render to the cause of universal culture and peace. But those to whom our thoughts are thus turned have been for the most part signal men in their times, remarkable in power, distinguished in opportunity, intuitively discerning the needs of the age, and with peculiar competence to meet them. With such we by no means may mate ourselves. And so far the lesson which history teaches may easily seem to be one of discouragement rather than of impulse, inclining us to rely upon occasional great men as the true pioneers and champions of progress, and to feel that for ourselves we have no place and no responsibility in the assistance of large and permanent public advancement.

But a deeper inquiry shows us at once that such a place, and such an obligation, belong to each, since each may aid, in the measure of his influence, to establish or renew those spiritual forces which erect and sustain the great and beautiful civilizations. It was, we know, the Hellenic spirit which not only wreaked itself in immortal expression on the choicest marbles and temples of the

world, in the eloquence, the tragedy, the comedy, and the song, the high speculation, and the simple or the stately story, which have for mankind a perennial charm, but which also faced and fought the Persian, and made the names of Marathon and Salamis shine like stars in the crowded firmament of the world's recollections; only in the decadence of which did Greece yield to the mastery of Macedon. It was the Anglo-Saxon temper which the Norman could not extinguish at Hastings or trample into the bloody ground, which outlived its invaders, conquered its conquerors, and in the end forced them to accept, while modifying in turn, its language, its laws, its popular liberties, and, in great measure, the free spirit of its religion. And it was not, fundamentally, by William or by Maurice—resplendent as they are on the copious and picturesque pages of Motley—but it was by the spirit, indestructibly regnant among common people, that the otherwise defenceless Batavian plains were saved from the furious ravage of Spain. The men and women who were ready to suffer the loss of all for a King in the heavens—the ministers, by no means accomplished always in the learning of the schools, but who read and expounded the holy word in upper rooms, by the light of the flaries in which their brethren in faith and in service were being offered as a sacrifice in the resounding squares below—the common sailors who would blow up their ships and find graves in the deep rather than see the vessels which they manned the prey of their enemies—the promiscuous populations, young and old, nobles and burghers, who

would tear away dikes and drown the land before they would accept for themselves and their children the domination of Philip—these were they who saved their country, giving to their leaders an indomitable power, snatching success from the cruel and haughty hands of what appeared an invincible invasion; and to them, supremely, the world owes the immense augmentation made by that struggle of eighty years to the freedom, prosperity and culture of Europe.

So after Jena, Prussia was regenerated, under the lead of Von Hardenburg and Von Stein, by the system of common school education; and they, more radically than Bismarck and Von Moltke, have contributed to make that recent kingdom the center of the German Empire, the arbitrating power in the international politics of Europe. It was true, as the military attache wrote to his master, the lesser Napoleon, that the schoolmaster, not the needle-gun, triumphed at Sadowa. So Scotland, also, with a comparatively sparse population, on a sterile soil, and under unpropitious skies, has become the seemingly inexhaustible source of great teachings in all departments—industrial, philosophical, theological, poetic. Out of the instructed and invigorated life of the Scottish people have come not only the looms of Paisley and the vast industries on the Clyde, but Scott and Jeffrey, Erskine and Hume, Chalmers, Guthrie and Hugh Miller, Burns and Carlyle. Even in the physical world invisible and impalpable forces are those which govern; the light, which strikes without indenting the infant's eye, which no balances can weigh, and whose

secret remains undiscovered by man; the lightning, which subtly paces the wires and sheds illumination on streets and squares, but which shows its effect, never itself, in the blazing edges of cloven clouds; the cohesive attractions which build and bind all organized bodies, but which the microscope cannot discern; the inclusive life which no man can analyze or can see except in operation; the inclusive and vast energy of gravitation, which holds at once each pebble on the beach, each flying foam-fleck driven by winds, while it reaches the furthest nebulae in its grasp, the very muscle of Omnipotence compacting the universe in its integrity. Tremendous, immeasurable, as this power is, before its operation no slightest rustle is stirred amid the quiet air. So everywhere, structures decay and forms disappear, the things unseen are the things eternal. It is the same law which manifests itself in national development. Moral forces are always behind the palpable phenomena. The historical progress which moves admiration has been initiated, and been afterward ordered and guided by spiritual energies. We have never reached the secrets of history till we apprehend these. And every man and every woman has his or her work in the world plainly set forth under the light of this great lesson. It is for each, in the measure of the power and opportunity of each, to cherish and diffuse the temper out of which in their time the great and benign changes shall come. Neither the eloquent and stimulating speech which went before our civil war, nor the military judgment, fortitude, valor, which presided over its historical fields, would have availed to

carry to success the vast revolution which we have seen and for which the country to-day rejoices from the Lakes to the Gulf, except for the patient love of freedom and hatred of slavery which had been nurtured in quiet homes, by peaceful firesides in the preceding years. In dispersed villages the real battle was fought, not at Gettysburg or at Shiloh. The splendid burst of our century-plant into a bloom as rich and brilliant as the Continent ever can show, went back to hidden and homely roots. And till that great experience is forgotten, the lesson which all the study of history imperatively teaches cannot lose its emphasis for us; that every one in a civilized and advancing community has the opportunity to do something for the future as well as for the present, and that on each is set the crown of this noble right and this imperious obligation.

I have no function as preacher here; but I may be permitted to add that history is a department of study leaving, in my judgment, as distinct and salutary religious impressions as does any form of secular knowledge opened to man. Ours is a historical religion, coming to us through historical books, exhibiting its energy, through two thousand years, in the recorded advancement of mankind, which can be studied almost as distinctly in the moral and social progress of peoples under its inspiration, as in the writings, of narrative and epistle, which open to our view the source and the guidance of that progress. Certainly a force incalculable by man was exerted by this religion in the conversion of the Roman Empire from the fierce passions and vices of Paganism to

even the partial and qualified acceptance of the pure and austere Christian rule. Make all the allowance which the sceptic can ask for the political and military ambitions which consented to or conspired with the spiritual changes introduced by Christianity, and it still remains an astonishing fact, wholly inexplicable by human analysis, that a recent, unattractive and foreign religion, hated and fought with the utmost fury by those whose only moral alliance was through their common antagonism to it, should in less than three centuries have changed the gardens of Nero into resorts for Christian worship, should have scattered its assemblies and their institutions over the Western civilized world, and have blazoned the cross on the standards of the Empire. It must have had a Divine energy with it and in it to accomplish so stupendous an effect. On any other hypothesis, the chances were millions on millions to one, as even thoughtful unbelievers admit, against its success, against indeed its continued existence. The astonishing changes wrought by it are to this day almost incredible to those who know what Rome had been under Tiberius, and what it had come to be in the time of Theodosius. A power invisible, but also invincible, behind the movement, is as evident as are the subterranean fires in the shining outbreak of volcanoes, or as are the vast subterranean forces beneath the shattering tremble of earthquakes. Almost equally afterward, in the conquest of barbarian tribes, in the fusion, the restraint, and the moral education of the savage, nomadic, and relentless populations from which

have gradually come into being the Christian state of modern Europe—in the immense constructive energies which silently wrought, but wrought with effect, amid the mediæval chaos—in the amazing reformation of religion, opening the Bible to the study of mankind, and using pulpit and printing-press for its conquering instruments against the prodigious and majestic establishments of hierarchical power—in the work already in part accomplished upon this continent, and which is swiftly going forward in Europe and the East, in India, Africa, the Islands of the Pacific—the same celestial, unsubduable energy presents itself to us, inhering organically in our religion, while also inseparably associated with it in its cosmical operation. No miracle of the Master's time, however fully accepted, shows more distinctly the might of God under the human muscle which it clothed, than do these vast developments in history His intervening thought and will. One sees sometimes, in studios or galleries, a veiled statue, every characteristic line of form and face visible beneath what seems a thin film of lacework, which itself however is wrought in marble. So the very earth on which we stand is coming to show the face of the Christ, wrought into it from above, and revealed through all the reticulated hardness of its slowly yielding civilization. And the mind of Him, from whom sprang the genius of the sculptor is supremely declared in this effect. There is something more therefore in the history of Christendom than philosophy teaching by experience. It infolds and expresses the Christian religion, working itself into partial, difficult,

but progressive exhibition, through intractable materials, against stubborn oppositions, with a power unyielding and undecaying because it is of God. That history is in fact a kind of secondary rubricated Scripture, vast in extent, covering the continents, written in colossal Roman and Gothic characters, the initial letters stamped sometimes in gold and sometimes in blood, but the vast confused and tangled text holding in it still the song of angels, the benedictions on the Mount, the story of Bethlehem, Capernaum, and the Cross, the illustrious Ascension, and the terrible triumph of the Apocalypse. To one who reads it with reverent heart the voice of the Master still sounds amid the uproar of passionate tempests, and still commands the final calm.

A Divine purpose in all history becomes gradually apparent to him who, with attentive thought, surveys its annals. The Bible proceeds upon the assumption of such a plan, though perhaps no one of its separated writers had a full conception of that which he was in part portraying. Back, beyond the beginnings of history, onward to the secure consummation, lovely and immortal, which prophecies prefigure, extends this plan. Parts of it are yet inscrutable to us, as parts of the heavens are still unsounded by any instrument. But the conviction becomes constantly clearer, among those to whom the records of the past unfold in a measure not contents only, but glowing portents, that a divine mind has presided over all; that every remotest people or tribe has had its part to do or to bear in the general progress; and that at last, when all is interpreted,

the unity of the race, with the incessant interaction of its parts, under the control and in the concord of a divine scheme, will come distinctly into view. Mysterious movements as of the peoples who from woods and untamed wastes inundated Europe, and before whose irresistible momentum bastions and ramparts, the armies and ensigns of the Mistress of the World went hopelessly down, will be seen to have had their impulse and direction as well as their end. Great passive empires, as of China, will be found to have served some sovereign purpose; and the Mind which sees the end from the beginning will be evidenced in the ultimate human development as truly as it is in the swing of suns, or in the conformation of unmeasured constellations.

The British Empire a week ago was ringing and flaming with the august and brilliant ceremonies which marked the completion of fifty years in the reign of one whose name is with us, almost as generally as in her own realms, a household word. American hearts joined those of her kinsmen across the sea, around the world, in giving God thanks for the purity and the piety with which the young maiden of fifty years since has borne herself, amid gladness and grief, overshadowing change and vast prosperity; and for the progress of industry and of liberty, of commerce, education and Christian faith, by which her times have been distinguished. But something more than the wisdom of statesmen or the valor of captains, or the silent or resonant work of man, has been involved in all this. An unseen Power has been guiding events to the fulfillment of plans wide

as the world, and far more ancient than Dover Cliffs, or the narrow seas which gleam around them. The ultimate kingdom of righteousness and peace is nearer for these remarkable years. It was well to render grateful praise in church and chapel, in cathedral and abbey, in quiet homes and in great universities, to Him who has given such luster to the fame, and such success to the reign, of the wise and womanly and queenly Victoria. But as with her reign so with all that advancing history of mankind in connection with which this brilliant half-century of feminine supremacy and imperial expansion reveals its significance. It discloses the silent touch and the sweeping command of Divine forecasts. It reverberates with echoes to superlative designs. I know of no other department of study, outside of the Scriptures, more essentially or profoundly religious. A Christian college may well hold it in honoring esteem, and give it in permanence an eminent place among the studies which it proposes. In our recent country, in our times of rapid and tumultuous change, it seems to me that we specially need this, as the thoughtful among us are specially inclined to it; since it is vital to the dignity and self-poise of our national life that we feel ourselves interknit with the life of the world, from which the ocean does not divide us; that we recognize the distinctive inheritance in the opulent results of the efforts and our struggles of other generations. It is a bright and encouraging indication of the best qualities of the American spirit, as well as of the vigor and vivacity of the American mind and the variety of its attainments, that

such studies are eagerly prosecuted among us, and that those who have given to them with splendid enthusiasm, laborious lives—like Prescott, Motley, our honored Bancroft—have been among the most inspiring of our teachers, have gained and will keep their principal places in that Republic of letters from which the Republic of political fame must always take grace and renown.

THE WHITE LADY OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

In 1751 was published at Frankfurt, "cum licentia superiorum," a very curious book entitled *Æsopus Epulans*, containing the discussion of a party of parsons about matters interesting to their order, and also some general matters. Quite naturally, several debates are on the question of tithes, how the various crops are to be estimated; other evenings are given up to the discussion of rank of precedence; others, again, to etiquette before persons of title, foreigners, and heretics. Their ailments also, and very naturally, interest these divines, and we are given recipes for the gout and lumbago, for fevers and chills. They also asked each other riddles—not very brilliant—and sang songs. All these went into the book. These old fogies clubbed together once in the year for a thoroughly good dinner, with good wine. This caused scandal among the straitlaced of their congregations, and their superiors, archdeacons, and the bishops cautioned them not even harmlessly to offend weak souls. They accordingly talked this over. Some of

them had been lugged into political discussions with their parishioners, and the old gentlemen considered whether a parson would not do best to hold aloof from all politics. Then the subject of ghosts was mooted, and we are given many pages of well-authenticated ghost stories. After ten evenings devoted to specters, the subject of discussion turned off to whether women have a rib more than men; but as none of the venerable fathers were able to settle the question in the only practical and conclusive manner, on their next meeting they went back to ghosts, and lit on the famous apparition of the White Lady who is said to haunt the several branches of the Hohenzollern family. Erasmus Franciscus, in his *Proteus*, is one of the first to give an account of the Hohenzollern White Lady, but Balbinus, the Bohemian historian, tells the story of the Rosenberg White Lady, who is allied to her, if not the identical specter. The story, as given in the *Proteus*, is as follows:—

“On the genuineness of this ghost I have no doubt, because it has been seen repeatedly in several electoral and princely houses of the Roman Empire, both Calvinist and Lutheran, and also in the Bohemian family of the Barons of Rosenberg.

“In 1629, in the *Frühlings-Relation* of Berlin, is an account of the apparition of the White Lady in the electoral residential city of Berlin, with whose princely family that of Rosenberg is allied. It is said that, whenever any of the Electoral House is threatened with death, a specter of a woman in a white mourning habit is seen, and in December 1628 was seen recently. Hitherto she had been silent. On this occasion she uttered the words, ‘Veni, judica vivos et mortuos!’

“It is also undeniable that in our times, only a few years ago, in a certain princely house allied to that of Brandenburg, a young prince met with a fatal accident,

and that a few days before his death the White Lady was seen. The circumstances are related in the *Bradenburg Pinegrove* of the court preacher, John Wolfgang Reutsch, in these words:—

“‘On August 26, 1678, the Margrave Erdmann Phillip of Bayreuth was riding from the racecourse back to the palace, when his horse fell in the court a few paces from the steps, and threw the prince, who died a couple of hours later. Omens had appeared shortly before his death. The White Lady had been seen in the prince’s armchair; his horse also had been as though frantic the whole week previous.’”

Count Pöllnitz in his letters mentions her. In a letter from Anspach, dated Sept. 29, 1729, he says:—

“I think I ought not to omit acquainting you with a thing fondly believed here, and which my landlord of the house where I’m quartered assures me to be fact. It is accepted as such by every subject of the dominions of the House of Brandenburg. When any one of this family dies, whether prince or princess, a woman in white always appears just before the palace. I know not whether you ever heard anything concerning this propheticess of ill luck. Be that as it will, the story which is told of her is this: Joachim II., Elector of Brandenburg, having a mind to enlarge his palace at Berlin, wanted to buy in several houses; but an old woman, the owner of one of these, refused to sell on any terms. The Elector, finding her so obstinate, sent her the purchase-money and turned her out of it, upon which the old woman swore in a rage that she would be an eternal plague to Joachim and his posterity. They pretend that the good lady keeps her word, and that she haunts all the palaces of the Brandenburg family. My landlord added to these stories that the margravine would not die yet awhile because the woman in white had not appeared to anybody at court.”

As we shall see presently, Pöllnitz has not the story quite right.

The White Lady at Baireuth is said to have appeared to the French soldiers quartered in the palace in 1806; she disturbed them a good

deal. In 1809 General d'Espagne was the principal sufferer. He arrived late, and was tired, and went to bed early. During the night a fearful cry from the General's room roused the staff; they rushed into his apartment, found the bed moved into the middle of the room, upset, and the General lying on the floor unconscious. He was drawn forth, bled, and when he came round he said that the White Lady had appeared to him, and approached his bed and tried to strangle him. In his efforts to escape the bed was upset. He described minutely the appearance of the specter. Afterward, when conducted by the Castellan Schluter through the portrait gallery, he became deadly pale and tottered as he came to one picture, pointed to it and said, "That is she! Her apparition means my death." His staff officers endeavored to rouse him from his alarm, but he refused to sleep another night in the palace, and moved his quarters to the Villa Fantasie, outside Baireuth. Next morning the General sent a whole division of soldiers to the palace, and they tore up the floors and pulled down the paneling in search of secret passages and doors, but in vain. The General d'Espagne was not made more easy in mind by this. He left Baireuth soon after, and fell in the battle of Aspern on May 21 following. General Duroc told the whole story to Napoleon, and when the Emperor passed through Baireuth in 1812, on his way to Russia, he refused to occupy the suite of apartments got ready for him in the palace, and lay in another part of the town.

As already said, the White Lady is believed to haunt several palaces;

in addition to those of Berlin and Baireuth she haunts those of Anspach and Cleves, but these are all the residences of families akin to the Prussian imperial family. The Margraves of Baireuth derive through Christian, a son of the Elector John George of Brandenburg; the Margraves of Anspach through another son of the same. The heiress of Cleves married John Sigismund, Elector of Brandenburg, and Frederick William, the Great Elector, in 1666 took possession of Cleves by virtue of this inheritance. She is also said to be seen at Stuttgart, Darmstadt, and Vienna, but the claims of the Würtemberg, Hessian, and Austrian families to the attendance of the White Lady are not so thoroughly substantiated. Far better established is her connection with the house of Rosenberg in Bohemia, and, curiously enough, this house is also allied to that of Hohenzollern. In 1561 William of Rosenberg married the Margravine Sophia of Brandenburg, daughter of the Elector Joachim II.

Three distinct persons are said to be the originals of the White Lady, in addition to the old widow of whom Pöllnitz speaks. These three are Agnes Countess of Orlamünde, Bertha of Rosenberg, and the Princess Kunigund, who married, first, Ottocar II. of Bohemia, and, secondly, a Baron of Rosenberg.

Agnes Countess of Orlamünde was of the ducal family of Meran. She was married first to Count Otto of Orlamünde, and bore him two children. He died in 1293, when she fell madly in love with Albert Burgrave of Nürnberg, a Hohenzollern, who died 1361. Albert, who goes by the name of "the Hand-

some," was much younger than herself. When she made advances to him, he is said to have replied that four eyes stood in the way. He meant his parents. She understood that he referred to her children, whereupon she murdered them. Albert visited her in the Plessenburg near Kulmbach, but when he discovered what she had done he shrank from her in horror, and afterward married (1348) Sophia, daughter of Henry Count of Henneberg. Agnes of Orlamünde went on a pilgrimage to Rome to expiate her crime, and on her return founded the convent of Himmelskron, near Berneck, in Upper Franconia; there she was buried beside the children she had murdered, and there also Albert the Handsome was laid.

Unfortunately for the story, history does not substantiate it. It is quite true that the wife of Otto of Orlamünde was of Meran, but her name was Beatrix, not Agnes. Moreover, she could not be the mistress of Albert the Handsome, because she was his great-aunt, *i.e.*, the sister of his grandmother according to one account, according to another the sister of his grandfather's first wife, he being descended from the second wife, Helena, daughter of Albert of Saxony. Be that as it may, she must have been a very old woman when Albert was a handsome blade. If the White Lady were Beatrix, she may have been Kunigund Landgravi e of Leuchtenberg, who married Otto V. of Orlamünde, and this countess did give an endowment to Himmelskron in 1342, but did not found it. It had, in fact, been founded half a century before. She died without family. If there be any truth in the legend she must be

the guilty woman, but history says nothing about the murder. Certainly, according to one version of the story, the White Lady is called Kunigund. There was a third Countess of Orlamünde living at the same time as Albert, but she was a widow with children who survived.

Tradition has long pointed out at Himmelskron the tombs of the countess and the children, with their figures sculptured on them. These have, however, been examined of late years. The figure of the countess turns out to be that of a youthful knight in the mantle of some order; his legs are encased in chain mail. The two heads on the second monument prove to be those of cherubs supporting a coat of arms. When this grave was opened in 1701, it was found to contain, not children's bones, but a gigantic jawbone, a leather shoe-sole, and the remains of a brown habit. The third tomb, which tradition asserts contains the body of Albert the Handsome, belongs to a much later date, and the arms on it belong to another noble race.

Bertha was the daughter of Ulrich von Rosenberg, head of the Catholic army levied against the Hussites, and Burgrave of Bohemia. Bertha was born between 1420 and 1430. She married John of Lichtenstein, a Styrian baron, who treated her with great barbarity. On his death she returned to Bohemia to her brother Henry of Rosenberg, and devoted her days to care for orphans. She always wore the then customary *white* mourning habit of a widow. She superintended the building of the castle of Neuhaus. Great structural difficulties attended the erection, but Bertha encouraged the

workmen by her kind words and by the interest she took in the undertaking. When it was ended she gave a great feast to the masons, and founded a charity for the annual provision of a similar banquet.

In accordance with this tradition, the White Lady is represented as loving children, and to have been seen by mothers and nurses who have neglected their babes sitting by the cradle rocking and caressing the wailing infants. On one occasion a nurse came into the children's room, and, seeing a woman soothing the children, asked her sharply who she was and what right she had there. The White Lady replied, "I am not a stranger in the castle like you; and these little ones are not yours, but my children's children."

The third person who is said to walk as White Lady is Kunigund von Halicz, second wife of Ottocar II. of Bohemia; his first wife was Margaret, daughter of Leopold VI. of Austria. He was divorced from her in 1261, and married Kunigund immediately; by the latter he had a son, Wenceslas II., who succeeded him, and two daughters—Agnes, who married Rudolph II. of Austria, and Kunigund, who died an abbess at Prague. Ottocar died in 1267, and then she married the Baron of Rosenberg. She certainly did not murder her children.

We are therefore driven back on Kunigund of Orlamünde, and it is worthy of note that the earliest printed account of the White Lady calls her Kunigund, and not Agnes. She is said to have killed her children—a boy and a girl—by running a silver hairpin into their brains. The story forms the subject of a popular ballad.

It is not difficult to see that the two stories are quite distinct, and it is only the accident of an intermarriage between the Hohenzollern and Rosenberg families which brought the stories together and confused them. The real White Lady of the latter is most certainly the much-suffering, pious Bertha, and the White Lady of the former is the murderess Kunigund of Orlamünde, and not Agnes at all.

How the change of name came about is possibly due to Agnes of Austria, daughter of Albert I., who is known through the cruelties committed by or attributed to her after the murder of her father. She was married to Andrew III. of Hungary, who died childless. Embittered by the death of her husband and the murder of her father, she is said to have ordered the butchery of all the families and connections of the murderers, to the number of a thousand, and after she had sat all day watching their sufferings to have said, "Now I bathe in May dew." Her part in this massacre has been denied, and indeed her innocence has been pretty well established by modern writers; but it was believed of her, and her name became notorious. As the Orlamünde countess was credited with as great hardness of heart, it is not impossible that on the tongue of the people the name of the more infamous queen may have been transferred to her. Both were widows, and both childless.

The name of the Rosenberg White Lady carries us at once to the real origin of the legend. Bertha is the mediæval form of Perchta, and Perchta ("The Bright One") is the old Teutonic Goddess of the Moon, called Hulda the Gentle, and Hörsel,

whom the Christian Ripuarian Franks, changed to a virgin martyr, Ursula. This goddess was represented as the guardian of souls, and travels about with a train of children's spirits. These spirits are the stars over which the moon reigns. Sometimes she lives in a mountain, and is represented as calling children to her. She has a great love for children, but when they hear her call and obey they die. So she is at once the lover of children and their murderess.

Then, again, she is the Goddess of Love, and she it was, living in the Venusberg, or Hörselberg, who lured the Tannhäuser into it, and held him enthralled in unlawful love for many years. Exactly so does the Countess of Orlamünde lure Albert the Handsome to the Plessenburg, and hold him there enthralled till he discovers her crime. The Albert story and the Tannhäuser story are based on the same myth, only in the former we have the children killed, which fails in the latter. Perchta is not only the Moon, but the Goddess of Nature, and she calls her children—the flowers of the field—to life and destroys them with the advent of winter. She is represented as a widow, weeping the absence of her lost husband, the Sun. Her silver hairpin, wherewith she slays her children, is the frost crystal, or icicle. Her day (*Perchtentag*, December 30), was kept as a feast, at which a special dish was always present. This feature of the myth comes to the surface in the story of Bertha of Rosenberg. Perchta always goes in white, wearing a long veil, and with keys at her waist; the same is the description given of both

the Lady of Rosenberg and her of Orlamünde.

A curious children's game is played in various parts of Germany that has reference to Mother Holda or Bertha. A big girl sits in the middle of a ring, with the smallest children on her lap, who pretend to be asleep. Then one girl hobbles, as if lame, to the first child in the ring, and asks her if she be Mother Rose, or Mother Holle, or Mother Mary—the name varies. The child turns first one ear then the other to the questioner, and pretends to be deaf, but at last replies, "Go a step higher." So the circle is gone round, and the questioner finally comes to the girl in the middle, who, on being asked the same question, replies, "I wake not, I sleep not, I dream not. What desire you?" The other asks to be given one of the angels on her lap. Mother Rose replies she would rather give all the kingdom of heaven. Then up jumps one of the sleeping babes and runs to the lame girl, who leads her to a thread stretched between two girls. If she can jump over this thrice without laughing the little child may join the outer ring; if not, she must go back to Rose's lap and be an angel again. There can be no question as to the meaning of this. Rose (*Hrodsä*) is another name for Bertha—who is, be it remembered, of Rosenberg—that is, Perchta, with whom are children's souls. She sends the souls into the outer world, and the thread that has to be over-leaped is the narrow line between the invisible and spiritual world and the world of matter.

More or less apparently well authenticated cases of the apparition

of the White Lady at Berlin have occurred in 1840, before the death of Frederick William III., and again in 1861, previous to the death of Frederick William IV. Whenever there occurs a death in the royal and imperial family, there is sure to be a statement in some of the German papers that the sentinels on guard in the palace at Berlin or at Potsdam saw the apparition, and were nearly frightened out of their wits, but these announcements are generally destitute of foundation.

The Vicomte d'Arlincourt, in his curious *Pèlerin*, says:—

“The Prince of Montfort (son of Jerome Napoleon, former King of Westphalia) conducted me to the old castle of the Duke of Würtemberg. A broad and not steep way, without steps, which can be ascended on horseback, even in carriages, leads to the upper story, consisting of galleries and halls, into which open the state apartments. ‘Here,’ said the young prince to me, ‘this is where the White Lady appeared.’

“‘White Lady!’ I repeated, ‘what White Lady—that of Vienna?’

“‘No, she of Berlin, and she is not at all alarming.’

“‘Oh there is something of the kind, they say, in all the German courts.’

“‘And the same belief in her. The likeness of the White Lady of Stuttgart is in one of the so-called imperial apartments. I do not believe in her a bit,’ continued the Prince of Montfort; ‘nevertheless there is a circumstance which has made a lively impression on me. My mother, a sister of the King (Katharine, daughter of Frederick I. of Würtemberg,) lay ill at Lausanne, but, as the doctor said, not in any danger; consequently we were not at all anxious about her. One night—I was then living in this old castle in which we are—I heard a great sound as of something stirring. What was it? The White Lady had come along this gallery, passing the sentinels, who were frozen with terror, and knocked at my door. When the King of Würtemberg heard my story next morning he bade me be off as quick as I could for Switzerland. ‘I fear

for the life of my sister,’ said he. I at once started, reached Lausanne, and received my mother’s last sigh (she died November 28, 1835). Now I will tell you something more,’ Prince Jerome continued, ‘and you may believe what you like of it. One very dark night, when everyone was asleep in Stuttgart, a carriage with six horses rattled over the pavement, and drew up before the palace. The steps were let down in the sight of the sentinels, who looked down from the galleries; the White Lady stepped out. The gates did not open before her, yet she appeared within, passing through the doors as though they were nothing but a veil of fog. She paced with stately bearing along the great gallery. The sentinels did not dare to lay hands on her. What followed? Duke Ferdinand of Würtemberg, the King’s uncle, died (January 20, 1834). At the time when my father was King of Westphalia, his minister at the court of Berlin wrote to him a letter, which I have kept as a curiosity. “No news,” he said, “at Berlin, except that the palace is in commotion because the White Lady has been seen. However, I think nothing of that, as every member of the royal family is now in the enjoyment of rude health.” However, not long after, in came a dispatch with different tidings. The beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia was dead.’

“That was the end of the Prince of Montfort’s tale; later, I heard the following: Katherine, the wife of King William of Würtemberg, a sister of the Emperor Nicholas, was ill in bed. The door of her room flew open, as if driven open by a blast of wind. ‘Shut my door!’ said the queen. Her companion, who was reading to her, stood up to obey. When she had shut the door and turned to go back to her place, she saw the White Lady in her seat. Two days later the queen was dead (January 9, 1819).”

The Vicomte d'Arlincourt tells us further that he visited the Archduchess Marie Louise, the widow of Napoleon, and from her lips heard that the White Lady never fails to appear in the imperial palace of Vienna before the death of one of the House of Austria. She told him:—

"My grandmother was Queen of the Sicilies, and after the death of my father's first wife (Elizabeth Wilhelmina, daughter of Duke Frederick Eugene of Würtemberg, died February 18, 1790), he asked for the hand of her daughter (Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand I. of Sicily). My grandmother, anxious about her daughter's welfare, consulted a pious nun, to whom it was allowed at times to see through the veil of the future. Her answer was as follows: Your daughter will be happy; but after she has passed her thirty-fifth year God will call her to Himself.' This was clear enough. The new empress ascended the throne (she was married in 1790 at the age of eighteen) in the expectation of having a short but happy life. She often spoke to her young children about it, but never complained that the term was short. Thirty-five years! She had a long time yet. Alas! time flies very fast. The nearer the ominous term drew, the more did the empress endeavor to banish the thought of it from her mind. She ceased to speak of it. In the year that preceded her death, a heavy sickness brought her into great peril. 'Be at ease,' said her majesty to those who surrounded her, 'my hour is not yet come. If heaven calls me, it will be next year.'

"Her five-and-thirtieth year arrived. One day my sister, the late Empress of Brazil, exclaimed in terror to her mother, 'Behind your elbow-chair, I see—I see——'

"'What, child? Speak!'

"'The White Lady.'

"'She has not come for you, my dear,' answered the empress calmly, 'but for me. My hour has now come.'

"Next day she was dead (August 13, 1807)."

The story is also told of the Archduke Rudolf, Prince Bishop of Ollmütz, who died on July 23, 1831, that he was dangerously ill in the palace at Vienna; the physicians, however, had not the slightest apprehensions. An official in the night saw the White Lady; he ran toward her, thinking to stay her, and hardly suspecting her to be a ghost, when he fell as though struck with sudden terror, and when he

was picked up he was unconscious. Next morning the Archduke Rudolf was dead. His brother, the Archduke Anthony, who died April 2, 1835, was dangerously ill, and had received the last sacraments. Then he asked, "Who is that white woman yonder on her knees?" He had seen the White Lady. He died immediately after.

These are the only cases we know of the White Lady appearing in the Hapsburg family. The appearances in that of Hohenzollern that have been recorded are more numerous, and ancient as well as recent. She appeared before the death of the Elector John George, in 1598; also before that of John Sigismund, in 1619; in 1678 she was seen, as we have already related, before the fatal accident at Baireuth to Erdmann-Phillip; also in Berlin in 1628, when she was heard to exclaim, "Come and judge the living and the dead." In 1659 she was met in the gallery at Berlin, before the death of Anna Sophia Duchess of Brunswick, sister of George William Elector of Brandenburg; again in 1667, when she foretold the death of Louise Henriette, wife of the Elector Frederick William. Again, she was seen by the court chaplain Brunsenius in 1688, before the decease of the Great Elector. Some later appearances we have mentioned. Whether she showed the recent death of the Red Prince we have not heard. — *Cornhill Magazine*.

THE GREAT OLYMPIAN SEDITION.

Once upon a time, in the halls of bright Olympus, Zeus its king was

within an ace of being put in bonds by a conspiracy against him. It was formed of three great divinities: Heré, Queen of heaven, his wife and sister; Poseidon, his next brother in the family of Kronids, the model and symbol of physical strength, full too of high notions of his prerogatives; and Athené, the damsel of the flashing eye, born from his head, and endowed with the very best of the furniture of his brain. It was probably at the time when he was not yet well settled on his throne. It either was intended to keep him there in manacles, or, still worse, he might have been deposed, and relegated into distance like the primeval ancestor Okeanos, or plunged into the depths like the dishonored Kronos. But there was a little silver-footed lady, dwelling with her sister Nymphs in the hollows of the sea who had a wide circle of acquaintances among the supernaturals, and a marvelous faculty of persuasion, as well as a decided capacity for business. She had views and interests of her own on earth. She had become, or she was to become a wife, and her child was to be a peerless type of humanity under the monarchy of Zeus. She bethought herself what could be done to save the god in this extremity; and she remembered that Poseidon had begotten a son, who had an hundred hands, and was stronger even than his sire: once known as Briareus, but now having for his Achaian name Aigaion. Him she induced to show his terrible visage on Olympus. He took his place by the side of the imperiled Zeus; with an exuberant sense of his own power, which does not seem to have been extravagant, for at the sight of him

the conspiring divinities thought better of it, and the whole plot vanished into air. But the tale remained, as well it might, in the memory of the silver-footed Thetis, and she was wont to tell it in the halls of Peleus her mortal husband, and in the hearing of the young Achilles.

So Achilles, wronged by Agamemnon, and divinely warned not to punish him with the strong hand, invokes his mother and prays her to use her influence with Zeus on the basis of this legend, and to induce him to scourge the Achaian host for the outrage committed by their king. Such is the record of the *Iliad* (i. 357-412).

I have given to the legend the name of the Great Olympian Sedition, in order to draw a distinction, necessary to be kept in mind. Tradition supplies us with a variety of legends spread over a variety of races, which present to us confusedly the ideas of a war in heaven, and also of a rebellion against heaven, by beings of a preter-human order; the latter conception usually predominating. But the case before us is not one of resistance from without to the supreme power, and of endeavor to storm the celestial seat. The Zeus of Homer, though he is more than *primus inter pares*, is of the same order with his compeers. There is no generic distinction, as there is between the Creator and the rebellious creature. The threatened war is of the nature of a civil war. The legend is also a purely Achaian legend. On both grounds it will well bear the name of "the Great Olympian Sedition." There are in Homer a considerable number of Olympian as well as terrestrial narratives dating from per-

iods anterior to the Trojan War or the action of the Poems. These tales were, apparently, reckoned in other days as belonging to the garrulity or the somnolence of the Poet. Gradually we find, as to the human part of them, that they not only admit but require a more practical interpretation, and powerfully tend to establish the essentially historical character of the Poems. Then arises the question as to the higher group of incidents, whether and in what sense they too may be historical. It has long been seen that the divine life represented in the Poems is mainly, or very largely, a reflection of their human life. But this is a very fertile and significant proposition, and can by no means be limited to mere generalities. First we find the partisanship of the divinities in the Trojan War to be associated with local and national distinctions of worship prevailing at the time. There seems to be no tenable ground for limiting such interpretations of the theurgy to current events, or for excluding from them pre-Troic movements within the celestial circle, should they appear to correspond, as in a mirror, with known or probable occurrences of the national history, which it was an evident object with the Poet everywhere to build up and to illustrate. It is true that to many of these legends no key has yet been found; but the progress and variety of modern research forbids us to despair. Meantime we cannot decline to trace upward the thread supplied by the reconciling action of Thetis, from its first and most obvious exhibition in the stages of the Plot, to the prior occurrences of her own history.

We thus arrive, as regards the

Great Olympian Sedition, at a strong presumptive case in favor of a terrestrial counterpart for the tale, by reason of its immediate connection with her peculiar office. Let us now consider more at large the place of this important legend in its relation to the scheme of the War and of the Poem. For Achilles, the hero of the *Iliad*, everything hangs on the efficacy of the argument by which he seeks to show the power of his mother to assist him, and the efficacy of that reparation to his honor which will be effected by military reverses of the Achaian army in his absence. Nay, so much does he consider her compliance with his wish, and the assent and co-operation it obtains from Zeus, as due to himself, that, in the great prayer of the *Iliad* to Zeus (xvi. 236-7) he describes it as the acceptance by the god of his petition, and proceeds to pray that the fresh petition, which he is then about to offer, may meet with a similar success. And thus it will be observed that while other legends, having their scene in Olympus, but of an ambiguous or secondary interest, remain at present irreducible to historic interpretation, this particular legend takes its place among the foundation-stones of the Poem. For by means of it Achilles moves Thetis to move Zeus to do that, without which the Plot could not be carried forward, as the Wrath would remain unsatisfied by retribution, and the prowess of Achilles could no more be made available in the field. A great dignity and importance is in this manner given to the story, and we can hardly doubt that, like the minor strife of Poseidon at Athens with Pallas, and at Corinth with

Apollo, it indicates by reflection something in the nature of religious conflict, or perhaps even revolution, in prior Achaian history.

In the First Book of the *Iliad*, the incipient stage of the Wrath is developed with the most artful care, so that the several parts of the Plot may fit together as compactly as a nicely executed piece of joinery. In this Book lies the construction of the plan; the rest is unraveling or execution only.

We have first the offence of Agamemnon against Apollo, and its complete redress as toward the god, accompanied with a new and supreme wrong against Achilles. When Apollo has accepted the atonement, the general position of the Achaian army in the face of the divine government seems again to have become normal. The natural consequence would be that the unquestionable superiority of their Chiefs, even after the deduction of Achilles and his friend Patroklos, should take effect in a series of victories for them, and of disasters for Troy. But the moral mischief is not all cured. The new wrong as between man and man stands unredressed. The grievance of Achilles lies in the fresh outrage committed by Agamemnon against him. A remedy can only be found in a series of divine contrivances, calculated to neutralize for a time the operation of the ordinary law of war that strength shall prevail. And this could only be effected by a movement in the Olympian Court; for, had the matter been left to the unchecked action of the deities singly, both the balance of human strength, and the preponderating force of the Hellenizing party, especially of Heré, Poseidon, and

Athené, would have operated in such a way that there could have been no need and no glory for Achilles, and the moral, the national, and the poetical purpose would alike have been frustrated. To bring about these Olympian deliberations, the mode chosen is that Achilles shall move his mother Thetis, and Thetis shall move her friend Zeus. The second of these two is a formidable undertaking; for Zeus loves his ease, and knows the strength of the Olympian opposition. Achilles, after setting forth the justice of his case (*Il. i.* 365-92), reminds his mother that she has a right to prefer this large demand. For often had she told in the halls of Peleus (396-7) the tale set out in the beginning of this paper, how, when he was menaced with bonds, by a combined rising of Heré, Poseidon, and Athené, she saved him from captivity by summoning to his aid the hundred-handed Briareus, son of Poseidon, but still mightier than his father. Strong in this essential service rendered, she was to expend her credit with Zeus in obtaining of him that the Achaians should suffer in the war, and that the fight should be carried even to the ships by his preternatural agency, until Agamemnon should at length be forced into repenting of his offence. The question hereupon arises how and why this recital should propound to Zeus a motive sufficiently powerful to induce him to face the great inconvenience of a wrangle with Heré, and of possible collision with her powerful coadjutors.

We have next to ask what has hitherto been done toward elucidating the meaning of the Poet. An explanation has been suggested

as follows. Zeus has a latent love of Troy, which dates from his special affection for Dardanos, the founder of the race. To remind him that the three great Hellenizing deities were old enemies of his, and had conspired to do him a deadly mischief, is the way to put him in motion against them; and by helping the Trojans he will, in a manner, be paying them off. If this explanation be sufficient, it dispenses with all necessity for investigating this legend of an Olympian schism, since, without such an investigation, a reason is supplied to explain the action set forth in the Poem. Beyond the suggestion just named, I have not found that the commentators have seen in this legend or myth any indication of a subject worthy of special explanation. Monro in his pointed but brief commentary passes it over. Paley appears to take it (*Il.* i. 402) as a mere variant of the great myth of the Titanomachy. But that tale was of far larger scope, and was of a rebellion from without against heaven. whereas this is an affair of faction or sedition within heaven itself. Heyne accordingly, asserts strongly the distinction of the two relations. Leaf refers, as above, to the fact that the three insurgent deities were likewise the great allies of the Achaians in the War.

It appears to me, however, that the explanation errs fatally in its conception both of the character of Zeus, and of the principle on which the Olympian life is founded in the Poem. Internal feud is exceptional, and is essentially foreign to the tenor of that life. According to its rules, when an occasion of need arises, means are at once found for dispos-

ing of differences. Its basis and its aim are ease, enjoyment, absence of care; and these do not permit the deities to harbor troublesome grudges one against another. The idea, therefore, of a retaliatio for an ancient and buried quarrel, of which all traces have disappeared from the supernal life, is alien to the whole conception, and supplies no appropriate motive to stir Zeus in the direction desired by Thetis and Achilles.

If this explanation of the legend be inconsistent with the personal character of Zeus as a lover of ease, it is not less in conflict with the other pole, so to call it, on which his action rests and moves; namely, a pervading spirit of political accommodation. According to the supposition before us, the great reverses suffered by the Achaian army have no other basis than the vengeance of Zeus against the three deities. But, besides that the idea of such a long-cherished grudge is inadmissible, the general relations of Zeus with Athené are even affectionate, and all his conduct toward Heré is founded on a desire to keep the peace; while we see, from the cases of the Rampart in the *Iliad*, and the Scherian ship in the *Odyssey*, that he has no sort of quarrel with Poseidon except that which grows out of a particular and passing transgression. None of these considerations will allow his mind to be the seat of an enmity, which would have been a standing source of disturbance in the Olympian order. Moreover, such an explanation does not touch the essential point—namely, what it can be that puts Thetis, a mere sea-nymph by birth, in a position to move

Olympos, to play so daring and so effective a part in directing the supreme governing will toward the essential purpose of the Poem?

There is, however, another motive which suggests itself as the simplest and most natural; the motive of gratitude for a priceless benefit, which may induce characters not wholly lost in selfishness to face what is disagreeable. A principle of requital, or what is called in familiar phrase the *quid pro quo*, is deeply rooted in the Achaian mind and character. We find it in the *threptia*, or consideration for nurture (*Il.* xvii. 302); which, whether in love, or service, or whatever form, the child was bound to pay to the parent. We find it in the *zoagria* (xviii. 407), or reward for the salvage of life; in the *moichagria* (*Od.* viii. 332), or fine on adultery. We have it also in the incessant recurrence of cases where manslaughter is followed by the necessity of expatriation, and by refuge and permanent residence in another land. It is, we see, requital for good as well as evil: and, as it is a marked feature of Achaian life, so we look for its reflection among the inmates of the Achaian heaven.

It will be seen, from the references just made, that we are not left to mere inferences or presumptions in this case. That reflection of the human life, on which the Olympian life is based, embraces in all its force, as matter of fact, this law of requital. To take one of the baser instances, it is the court of heaven itself which in *Od.* viii. exhibits to us the actual exaction of security for the payment of the *moichagria*, the right to which is urged by Hephaistos, and admitted by Poseidon,

as acting head of the society. It appears largely in the vindictiveness of the Olympians, not toward one another but toward human beings. This passion is most profoundly manifested in the case of Poseidon's vengeance against Odysseus for having performed an act of self-defence against the Cyclop. It has also a deadly vitality in Heré and Athené, who hold so vivid a recollection of the adverse judgment of Paris on the relative beauty of the three goddesses, that, hating Troy on account of Paris, they likewise so hate the body of Hector on account of Troy, that they dissent from the general judgment of heaven in favor of procuring its release from the dishonoring and mangling process (*Il.* xxiv. 25-30). In the *Odyssey*, the Sun exacts the infliction of the severest vengeance on the ship and crew of Odysseus, because they had killed and eaten some of his kine, although this was only done when it became necessary for the saving of their lives (*Od.* xii. 357).

On the other hand, gratitude, or a sense of obligation, seems to be more clearly embodied in the character of deity, than almost any other human virtue. This is shown in the case even of Aphrodité, the most degraded of the Olympians, who nevertheless retains a strong sense of obligation to Paris for the same act which had drawn upon him the resentment of more powerful goddesses. Even liberality in sacrifice draws forth, we know, general and full acknowledgment.

If in this memorable portion of the narrative Homer has represented his Zeus as capable of doing what is disagreeable under the influence of gratitude, he, at least, is in per-

fect consistency with himself. His Olympian gods live by passion and propensity rather than by principle; their besetting sin is a fault of inclination to what they like, not of absolute malignity; it belongs to the *akrasia*, not the absolute *kakia* of Aristotle. Even Poseidon and Arés are not without natural affection: in Zeus, as we see from the case of Sarpedon (*Il.* xvi. 431-459), and from a certain readiness to be appeased (*viii.* 39), this is a real and powerful quality. Homer invested his deities not merely with human nature, but with the Achaian form of human nature. The Greek even of to-day is of quick emotion, and quick resentment; but he is eminently grateful. The gratitude of Zeus to Thetis supplies us, in truth, with a reflex indication of the persistency of racial qualities.

Assuming, then, that on this occasion gratitude was in the mind of Zeus pitted, so to speak, against love of ease, we must not undervalue the risk which he was about to encounter by his assent. Heré exercises toward him the power of a persistent and voluble wife over an ease-loving husband. His conjugal experience enables him clearly to foresee the trouble which will arise, after the private interview with Thetis, when Heré begins to move under the double influence, perhaps, of personal jealousy toward Thetis, and of her supreme regard for the Achaian army, in no way qualified or restrained by any scruple as to the gross misconduct of Agamemnon. On the other hand, the service previously rendered had been of the highest order. It placed Zeus under a standing obligation to the personage who had devised the

means for his relief. It amounted to a moral constraint which forbade him to refuse her prayer, and brought him, after a momentary hesitation, when she resolutely pressed it, to ratify, by the paramount symbol of the nod, an engagement for honoring Achilles, and provisionally afflicting the Achaian chiefs and army.

Guided by these various considerations, we have to inquire whether this legend of what I have called the Great Olympian Sedition or schism is susceptible of an historical interpretation, and really sets forth in figure what had had its place in the world of fact. I now proceed to particulars.

There are two preliminary points in the legend, which may attract attention if not surprise. *Firstly*, the subordinate position and very limited attributes of Thetis stand in a contrast with the great importance of her actions, which may recall to our memories the insignificance of the little Hebrew maiden in the Second Book of Kings compared with the greatness of Naaman the Syrian. *Secondly*, there is a curious distinction of epochs in the record of the reign of Zeus. Revolts and conflicts of divinities are not unknown to other mythologies. But this is a case where a revolt of the most formidable character had taken place, where the monarch threatened had not been saved by his own strength, or that of any one associated with his dynasty, and where notwithstanding, after its suppression, there had succeeded a course of established and unquestioned supremacy.

With respect to the first of these points, as I have long ago indicated in brief outline, this legend lies at

the very base of the entire position which Thetis holds in the Poem. So far as I know, the full importance of that position has not yet been adequately recognized either by commentators on the *Iliad*, or by writers on the mythology of Greece. With Preller, she is only the chief of the Nereid nymphs, and their leader in processions. Welcker seeks to identify her with Tethys, and sets out the later indications of her worship in and about Thessaly which are, I apprehend, no more than the reflected rays of an Homeric luminary, in the region where the Poet had directly attached her to the interests of human history. Nägelsbach, who conforms to the essential condition of treating Homer apart from the later traditions, falls short of attaching to her action in the *Iliad* anything near what I take to be its full significance. Until this significance is fully recognized, I do not think the true relation between the celestial *Iliad* and the terrestrial *Iliad* will be rightly appreciated. One great step indeed has been gained in the admission that Homer has made the Olympian life a reflection of the human life at large. But we have also to learn that the entire theurgy of the Poem is in relation at every point to the terrestrial and human history and aims. The Olympian facts are reflections of human facts, and the basis of this Olympian sedition, which may even be a pure invention of Homer for his own purpose, is to be sought, if anywhere, in the religious history of the Greek peninsula.

Secondly, as the government of the world is exhibited to us in the *Iliad*, it is worked on the part of Zeus by considerate and politic com-

pliances (*Il.* iv. 44), but the basis of his sovereignty is absolutely fixed; actual resistance to him is nowhere contemplated proximately, or more than glanced at. He tries this question to the uttermost in *Il.* viii. 10-32; where he first threatens to inflict condign punishment on any deity who shall presume to interfere in the war, and then threatens the assembly of the gods collectively by a challenge to try their strength against his, which is such that he would drag the whole of them after him at the end of a golden chain, with earth and sea to boot. Pallas, in reply, admits that his might is irresistible. Such was his ascendancy, when consolidated by time.

The solution of the first difficulty is found in the immense derivative importance of Thetis as the link throughout the Poem, by means of her marriage, between deity and manhood. And that of the second we probably reach by referring the legend to the minority, so to speak, of the reign of Zeus, when Kronos had been overthrown, but the new dynasty was not yet consolidated. Now that minority can only mean a period of religious revolution or transition in the religious history of the Peninsula; and the weakness, which it is incongruous to refer to one period of the reign of a divinity as compared with another, is an appropriate poetical form for indicating a time of change and the weakness of a system not yet fully accepted in popular usage and belief.

Grote, who, in his vast and comprehensive labor, evidently had not included any special study of the Homeric mythology, notices what may be called its generic difference

from that of Hesiod, but seems to treat everything anterior to Zeus and his compeers as in the nature of poetic fiction, provided for us by operating backwards into the past, in order to satisfy the instinct which required both for gods and men that each should have an ancestry. But human history has now largely invaded that "foretime" which to him was so dark, and some part of its image may be traced in the celestial successions that are found in Homer; while in Hesiod they have accumulated into masses, where time and place seem to be hopelessly mingled, and the aggregate is placed far beyond the reach of historic interpretation, although it is probable that all the parts of his *Theogony* may have had, in some country, time, and religious order, its human counterpart. Religious revolution would, it is evident, be especially incidental to a period when the great migrations of man from his central seat were still in progress, and when local conquests and admixtures were of constant occurrence.

It was to be expected that substitutions of one divine dynasty for another would be effected with much variety of circumstance. Sometimes with the violence which was excited by the first endeavor to introduce the worship of Dionusos (*Il.* vi. 132). Generally, we may estimate the mode in which the change was effected from the position in which we find the ousted deity. Thus from the honorable mention accorded to Okeanos, as *ὄκεανός*, spring-head of gods (*Il.* xiv. 201, 248, 302), we may assume that his cult had disappeared quietly; but the epithet applied to Kronos (*Il.* ii. 205 *et alibi*) and his place in Tartaros (*Il.*

viii. 479) point pretty plainly to a violent revolution.

Next, an important peculiarity of the case before us seems to be indicated by the form of expression which the Poet has adopted. The conspiracy was not a conspiracy to eject Zeus from heaven, as for example he himself ejected Hephaistos (*Il.* i. 590); but to alter his character or position there in some manner indicated by the phrase "putting him in bonds." Zeus was Dodonaian and Pelasgic (*Il.* xvi. 233) in the solemn invocation of Achilles, and nowhere else; while he is habitually Olympian in the ordinary Achaian worship. In this variation we have a probable sign of special purpose. As the Pelasgic name stands in affinity with the old cult of Nature-Powers, which probably overspread the country in pre-Achaian times, it may have been that the character of Zeus, as associated with those older epithets, presented the features of a Nature-Power, more than did the later and Olympian Zeus, who impels and compels natural agents, but is nowhere imprisoned or incorporated in them. In this view, the aim of the conspiracy might be to do violence to, in our modern phrase to put pressure on, the ancient, more or less elemental, Zeus, and make him pass into a Zeus modeled upon the theanthropic ideas of the Olympian system. If the objection should be taken that we have no warrant for assigning to Zeus thus duality of parts, I reply by again appealing to the prayer of the Sixteenth *Iliad*, where it is expressly assigned to him. As he is in the first place Dodonaian and Pelasgic, we have constituted *in limine* his connection with the archaic, or pre-Hellenic, religion of the

country. But then the prayer proceeds with its description, an elaborate description, such as is nowhere else found in the Poems, and such as reminds us, accordingly, that Homer never varies from himself without a reason. So, after disposing of the archaic character of Zeus, the Invocation proceeds to state that, round about the wintry seat of Dodona, dwell the Helloi or Selloi, who are his ministers, and are of rude habits of life (xvi. 233-5). Here we have that great root-name, enlarged in the names of Hellenes and of Hellas, which are expressly appropriated in *Iliad* ii. 683-4 to the warriors of Achilles and their seat. But that chief, and the warriors whom he led, are evidently meant by the Poet to be taken by us as the prime and choicest representatives of the national character, which he was busily ripening into its maturity. Now observe the significance and the relation of these facts. The great Invocation shows us, so to speak, the amalgamated Zeus, the Zeus of the older and of the younger world. And the transition, which the passage thus represents as accomplished, is exhibited by the Legend of the Great Sedition as in the course of being made.

Having, as I hope, established the proposition that it is reasonable to seek in human history an explanation of Olympian Legends, and having in some degree determined the position of Zeus and Thetis with reference to the Great Sedition, I have next to examine why and how far the three powerful insurgents have severally their appropriate place in the narrative, and to explain the singular combination which unites together a batch of deities so little

in original, or pre-Troic, affinity, as Poseidon, Heré, and Athené. Poseidon, the great and swarthy race-god of the South, is readily enough conceived of as coming into conflict with Zeus, when immigrants arriving in the country bring with them a Poseidonian worship to plant among its Pelasgian occupants. But then he has no relation to Athené. Neither has he any to Heré, except through this very Zeus, upon whom he is attempting to lay hands. We may, however, at least admit that not only as a reformer, but as a rebel against Zeus, he is in his place. For he bears every mark of a personage who, on reaching the Greek peninsula, has to step downward from supremacy to a position in the thearchy which is virtually secondary. Still, this co-operation with the two goddesses cannot be referred to any original affinity, or permanent association. But occasion, as well as necessity, makes strange bedfellows, and a common antagonism for a common purpose may be in theory and fact an adequate basis for common action. Poseidon it seems plain was, as the god of southern immigrants, placed, prior to the consolidation of the Olympian system, in a natural opposition to Zeus, the indigenous divinity; and an opposition, not essential but accidental, may be accounted for in Athené and in Heré, if they are the proper Homeric representations of historical and social forces which were not in harmony from the first with the conception, and the worship of the pre-Achaian or Dodonaian Zeus. But there is this difference in their cases from the case of their ally. Evidently neither of them can stand on the broad ground of competition

which is available for Poseidon. They cannot be pretenders to the supreme place. The goddess presupposes the god. There is here no queen-bee. Olympus must needs be under the Salic law. A contest for local predominance, as at Athens, is entirely within our limits; since no headship of the gods is there in question, but only a local predominance of cult. But perhaps the action of the two goddesses in the Legend may have some more limited aim, such as comports with the idea of putting Zeus under restraint as distinguished from ejecting him. Now we shall find that both the deities are qualified for the part they play in this attempt at a limited revolution by the specific characters which the Poet has assigned to them.

This is not the place for setting forth at large the qualities and the action in the Poems of these two great and conspicuous divinities. I shall here refer to them only in the way of summary indication, with scarcely an attempt at proof or illustration, which would carry me beyond my present purpose.

Although, as I conceive, the character of Heré bears upon it indubitable marks of foreign or non-Olympian tradition, yet these marks are of secondary import in the Poems, and are completely subordinated to the idea of nationality, which is the stamp she carries in the Homeric system. She alone of the Homeric deities is endowed with a national name; she is the Argeian Heré (*Il.* iv. 8; v. 908). This was the particular epithet, and the only one, which could adequately connect her with the adolescent nationality ever before the eye and mind of the Poet. Hellenic she could not be, for the

name was only applied by him in a peculiar district (*Il.* ii. 634). Danaan she could not be, for the word was archaic and military. To be Achaian was not enough, for this appellation had a marked leaning to a class. But Argeian she might be, for this name at once included the entire body of the people, and included it with special reference (which reappears in the name of Argeian Helen) to the seat of the Pelopid sovereignty, in which the national life is represented and summed up. The Achaian name, again, was applied to the southern portion of the Peninsula, which was Achaic Argos (*Il.* ix. 141); the northern part was Pelasgic Argos (*Il.* ii. 681); but Argos was the name which embraced the whole. Her first sympathy (*Il.* i. 55) is for the rank and file, perishing in the Plague. Everywhere she regards Agamemnon simply as the head of the organization; her care is for the nation's weal; she has no favorites, and nowhere shows an overweening concern for this or that individual.

At this point it is requisite to recall to attention my preliminary supposition with respect to preceding phases of religion. It is, that the Greek Peninsula had, for generations (few or many) before the Troic time, been inhabited (*komedon* as it is called) by a settled agricultural population in tribes or groups; that these tribes or groups had gradually been modified and consolidated into at least the chrysalis of a nation, through the entrance at many points of new and ruling ethnical elements; at first local, as in the Aiolid and other like families; afterward collective, when a dominant race appeared, and when the Pelopid dominion

was established. Religious change had also been in progress. The more elemental system, prevalent in the prior period, had, it may almost be said of necessity, been enriched and complicated both by theanthropic ideas, and by the importation of deities of foreign association; such, for example, as Hermes and Poseidon, whom I name as specimens, because we have Homeric indications of their having taken root in the country at the Achaian epoch. Under the circumstances, the old conception of Zeus would have to be expanded accordingly; he found himself in new company; he had to pass over from the old physical into the new theanthropic associations: instead of being merely Pelasgic, he was to assume an Argeian color.

With regard to Athené, we know that, throughout the *Iliad*, she is in close co-operation with Heré. Acting sometimes as her messenger (*Il.* ii. 195), she might seem inferior. But, when the two deities descend together from Olympos in the chariot, Heré takes the secondary place of driver. They carry their sympathy or co-operation, on more than one occasion, even into the councils of heaven, and together oppose, or resent, the action of Zeus whenever it verges in any direction, even if ever so little, favorable to the Trojans. In a large degree, what has been said of the place of Heré in the Legend of the Great Sedition is, then, applicable also to Athené. It is completely in keeping for her to take a large part in the action which was necessary in order to bring the elemental conception of Pelasgian Zeus onward and upward into the surpassing majesty and splendor of his Olympian por-

traiture. The diversity of lection, which would here substitute Apollo for Athené in the Legend, is profoundly un-Homeric. The Apollo of Homer has concurrence with the will of Zeus for the first law of his being, and never can appear in opposition to him; whereas Athené is ready to play that part, within due bounds, on every occasion when it is required by her purpose.

Only, I think, at a single point of the poems is the position of Athené identical to that of Heré, with whom she is in the *Iliad* habitually allied. It is in the Legend of the Judgment of Paris on the three competing goddesses. But Homer only makes an isolated and a dark reference to that Legend (*Il.* xxiv. 29); and attaches to it no idea except that of the disastrous favor which it earned for him from Aphrodité. But the broad distinction, running through the whole woof and web of the Poem, is that the interest felt by Heré is national, that felt by Athené personal. Moreover, it is undeniable that her personal interest is not equally and uniformly diffused, but is marked by respect of persons in a striking degree, and is indeed concentrated upon three individuals — namely Achilles, Odysseus, and Diomed. The characters for which she cares are the typical characters; first and foremost, the protagonists of the two Poems; next to these, and in single association with them, the great chief Diomed, who never quails under disaster, and who alone of the associated heroes even distantly approaches, in moral and intellectual scale, the nearly preterhuman Achilles.

There can, then, be no doubt as to the broad distinction in the Poems,

between the action of the two goddesses. But the office of each finds for her an appropriate place in the Great Olympian Sedition. They represent respectively the two sides, the national and the personal side, of the upgrowing Hellenic life. Taken together, they comprise the whole. Let us see how this applies to the case of the legend before us.

My contention is that the legend is a mythical representation, through the figure which an Olympian transaction supplies, of changes that had taken place on earth; of the supersession of the older or Pelasgian form of society and worship by the Achaian religion and civilization. If this contention be granted, then I think the further concession must be made, that the three deities represent severally the greatest of those modifying influences which had been at work to bring about the religious portion of the change, and to substitute the organized humanistic polity of the Olympian system for the miscellaneous congeries of Nature-Powers, of which we have abundant glimpses in Homer, and a fuller, less luminous, more mechanical view in the *Theogony* of Hesiod. Greece was undoubtedly to act upon our race through her nationality, and of this Heré in the Legend is, so to speak, as well as in the Poem, the official representative. But it was by establishing a certain type of the individual mind, and development of individual character, more than through her collective character, that Greece became the teacher of the world. It is of this mental type that Athené in the Poems seems to have had peculiar charge. And if Heré appears in the Legend as the repre-

sentative of the Achaian community, Athené also has her own specific place there on behalf of the Achaian manhood.

Thus far, then, all our personages seem to have an appropriate part in the legend. We have Zeus as the head of the local religion under the old scheme; we have Poseidon, Heré, and Athené to represent the great forces that were in action to bring about modification and development by means of "progression through antagonism." The first, as the symbol of Phœnician influence, represents here a competing cult, and a social source which evidently made a large contribution to the national life: the second embodies that nationality which, during the several wars of the heroic age, was struggling into existence; and the third, that splendid type of mind, at once intense, self-possessed, and many-sided, which was the heart and basis both of the heroic legends, and of the subsequent history. In this view we have here brought upon the field of action the main constituents of the nascent Hellenism, and we see before us the older Zeus as the recipient of those influences, the newer Zeus as their result.

While the main portion of the Legend may be disposed of with this interpretation, yet there still remains the person and part of Briareus or Aigaion, which cannot be overlooked and does not at once fall into line. What title had Thetis to call upon Aigaion? and what consideration induced him to obey the call? And further, how and why is it that we find him taking part, not for but against his father Poseidon? Let us consider first who this Aigaion was. Mr. Grote at the opening of his

gr at work speaks thus of the order to which he belonged:—

“Along with the gods are found various monstrous natures, ultra-human and extra-human, who cannot with propriety be called gods, but who partake with gods and men in the attributes of volition, conscious agency, and susceptibility of pleasure and of pain.”

I will not here enter upon the question whether, in the interpretation of Homer, personages like Aigaion are to be considered as intermediate, or as divine. In my opinion, they are divine; and I observe that this is the title given to “the subtartarean gods, who have the name of Titans” (*Il.* xiv. 279). These beings are various and without a common tie, except it be found in the common possession of two powerful attributes—enormous physical strength, and an unruly and rebellious will.

When we find in Homer for the same creature or thing a pair of names, not interchangeable, but one in use among the gods, the other among men, the usual, and as it seems reasonable, interpretation is, to treat them as the older and the more recent name respectively. We have now before us the case of him who was called Briareus by the gods, but Aigaion by all men. And the interpretation is the more natural in this instance, because we seem to be dealing with the succession of one form of religion to another; with a famous personage, who survives that revolution, and has a name widely current.

The dominance of the attribute of mere strength, which is the prime attribute of their parent or congener Poseidon, tends at once to ally these monstrous beings with the order of

Nature-Powers. They are broadly distinguished from the Satan of Milton and his peers. The instinct of mischief reigns, and counsel is unknown, among them. Their great exploit is to heap mountain on mountain, that there may be a highway to heaven (*Od.* xi. 316), and the appropriate punishment seems to be to heap the weight of earth or mountains upon them. Such is perhaps the idea of the lower Tartaros, and the suggestion which arises from the case of Typhœus (*Il.* ii. 783).

We have now before us two points which may assist in answering our first question. One, that Thetis, retaining all the incidents of a Nature-Power, has, when Nature-Powers stand distinct from other supernatural agents, a ready and favorable access to them. The other, that as a premium on his compliance, the huge Aigaion finds himself at once introduced into Olympos, and set by the side of its endangered ruler. Perhaps this is as much as poetical verisimilitude requires.

As respects our second question, the situation is eminently illustrative of the character of these beings. Unlike the Olympian gods, who fail as men principally fail, rather by want of self-command than of knowledge, rather by insufficient appreciation of good than by loving evil for its own sake, these beings are truly *bad* beings. The type is well exhibited in Poluphemos, though a man, who not only disobeys the right but mocks at what he disobeys, and insults those whom he was preparing to devour. True he prays to his father Poseidon (*Od.* ix. 528); not, however, as an act of piety, but simply as an imprecation

upon Odysseus, over whom he supposed the god to have some power, though for himself he utterly renounced that deity in common with all the rest, as being far inferior in strength (*Od.* ix. 276) to the Cyclopiian race. The only touch of feeling in the monster is toward his ram (447), whom he addresses in a friendly phrase; but then it was upon the progeny of the animal that he depended for subsistence. Since then Poluphemos had no regard to the filial tie as importing any obligation, the same consideration may fairly apply to Aigaion, who need in no way be debarred from doing what we have supposed agreeable to him by the fact that it requires him to face and defy a father, who is too prudent, as an Olympian, to venture on an unequal strife.

Perhaps further or happier explanations may be supplied by students, who are qualified to draw more largely than I can upon the resources of comparative mythology. Should my contribution, I dare hardly say my solution, be deemed a partial and slender treatment of the case of Aigaion, I hope I have supplied some ground for the belief that the Great Olympian Sedition was in the main a celestial version of human facts, which had had their places in the religious history of the Achaian Peninsula.—W. E. GLADSTONE, in *The Contemporary Review*.

VAN DYCK AS A HISTORIAN.

The title of this paper will suggest what the text will amply prove—that it makes no pretence to be critical. I have no wish to enlist in

that army of martyrs which so few painters call noble. Still, while frankly recognizing the indecent folly of any man professing a judgment on pictures who is not himself a painter, it is, I submit, possible (and will hope permissible) for every man, not physically blind, to derive some pleasure from their contemplation—though, no doubt, he were wise to abstain from venturing on reasons for his temerity. It is even possible that this inartistic and inanimate pleasure may be in its way a more unalloyed feeling than that which stirs the finer pulses of your true connoisseur. Many things which make the judicious grieve ruffle not the coarser texture of our minds—for there must, I take it, be some others in this condition, though they will not own to it. And this is not entirely the same as to say that we admire where we should not—which would, of course, be deplorable.

All pictorial art contains two possible sources of pleasure: one supplied by the form, the other by the idea. There are the technical qualities—the drawing, coloring, composition, and so on; and there is the painter's meaning, his design—to give the word its unprofessional sense. The first source is open only to the brotherhood of the pictorial guild—and to an extremely select and fortunate few, of whom each painter will furnish you with his own list; but the other is, or may be, open to all. Happy, of course, is he who can feed his soul from both sources; but, though far be the thought that they who can enjoy the first might, by some cruel freak of Nature, be somewhat less susceptible to the second, it is not, I

trust, rash to assume that the second may be honestly enjoyed by those to whom the first must necessarily be a mystery as unfathomable as the source of "sacred Alph."

Another charm, too, may a picture have for these common souls;—yet happy, perchance, who know not their own unhappiness. It may have the charm of association; whether it be roused by the sight of some once familiar scene or face, a dim memory of long ago, yet cherished still through all the displacing years; or be it that more romantic feeling to which, I think, not the dullest of us can be quite insensible as we gaze on the portraits of the famous dead who for us have never lived save in the pages of the history they helped to make. It is this feeling which gives a peculiar charm to those collections of portraits with which the Directors of the Grosvenor Gallery have so greatly helped to brighten these cheerless latter winters—Reynolds's portraits, Gainsborough's, and now Van Dyck's. Artistically, say those who ought to know, a painter's work—the work even of the greatest painter—suffers from being seen like this in the mass; and, without knowing anything, one can understand that this may be so. But he who walks through these galleries with his mind attuned to the proper pitch, and haunted by no artistic fears or fancies, cares for none of these things. It matters nothing to him whether this picture or that show traces of the partnership of some less cunning hand than the master's own—whether some profess to find in it few, possibly even no traces of the master at all: whether there be a far better version in some other gallery. None of these dis-

quieting doubts affect him. For this happy Gallio the picture is the thing whereby his easy conscience is caught, not the painter. The years roll back, and he walks not among the dead, but the living. Cardinal Newman, when a young Fellow of Oriel, spent a winter with some friends in the Mediterranean. Coasting about the Greek islands, he was haunted with the sense that the men who had fought and fallen so many centuries ago in the long war that has made those waters famous were still alive—as much alive as he and his friends.

"But is their being's history spent and run,
Whose spirits live in awful singleness,
Each in its self-formed sphere of light and gloom?"

Weaker imaginations than the Cardinal's may get for a short hour some touch of this sense (though luckily for them in less disturbing measure) among the still fresh presentments of these fair women and brave men in their habits as they lived, long as they too have been pacing the shadowy house of Pluto.

For this vagrant fancy Van Dyck, I think, supplies the happiest strolling-ground. He is farther away from us than Reynolds and Gainsborough, and so gives more play for the imagination. His times, too, are more picturesque than theirs, more romantic. And this is not only the effect of distance. There has been no such romantic time for England as the time of the first Charles. Elizabeth's was really much less so, though there are no figures in the latter reign to match with those of Shakespeare, of Raleigh, and of Philip Sidney. The great queen's time was one of triumph and the intoxication of tri-

umph: everywhere was the stir of a new life: the long darkness of the winter was past, the spring was at hand. Spring came and passed, and summer followed—a strange and thunderous summer. The feasting and dancing went on; men planned and labored, made money and love, and squandered both as usual. But over all brooded the shadow of a coming storm. The handwriting was on the wall; but few could read it right and fewer still would heed the interpretation.

Something too must be set down to the sumptuary splendors of the time. There is a touch of truth in Macaulay's sneer, that much of Charles's favor with posterity is due to his rich dress and handsome face—though his conjugal fidelity might possibly be a less stimulating motive to latter-day loyalty. It is hard to wax sentimental over the portrait of a Puritan. Satins and brocades, lace-collars, jewels, and plumed hats—these make the prettiest man on canvas, there is no doubt of it; and across the gulf of two centuries one cannot pry so closely as to ask with Ben Jonson whether all be sweet and sound beneath this brave show. They ruffled it handsomely, too, in the later days. Fair ladies sat, we know, to Reynolds and Gainsborough, and men as brave and splendid. But about those Georgian splendors there was something formal, something even a little clumsy: they lacked the grace, the easy, airy magnificence of the Carolan times. These Cavalier dandies were born to magnificence: it was thrust upon their Georgian descendants. Look on those two brothers of the house of Lennox, the young Lords James and Bernard Stuart: or on those

other two, brothers-in-law and sworn friends, the Lords Digby and Bedford: or on Philip Herbert, handsome as a young Apollo, by the side of his sister soon to be the wife, and too soon the widow, of the gallant and gifted Carnarvon: or on Newport, whose steel cuirass gives the soldier's touch to his finery. Where will you match these radiant figures among the beaux of a later time? No Sir Plume was ever half so splendid as this young Bedford, in his rose-red gold-laced doublet and scarlet cloak that set off so rarely the handsome insolent face framed in its soft brown curls: of too high deportment, says Clarendon, to have many friends at court—and he looks it.

About those later times, too, and the men and women who helped to make them what they were, we know so much more: we know, sometimes one is half inclined to think, a little too much. What with all the Diaries, Correspondences, Memoirs, Secret Histories, and such other treasures from Time's private cabinets as this inquiring century of ours has dusted and set in order for us, we have grown almost painfully wise. The gilded ashes have been shoveled off our Georgian Pompeii, and signs laid bare beneath of a life somewhat coarse and unlovely for all its energy and strength.

So it may have been with that earlier life—as we know it certainly was when the Restoration came; but our knowledge of it is not intimate enough for a judgment. Our really intimate knowledge of the social habits, manners and dispositions of our ancestors, as distinct from our knowledge of their conduct of public affairs, begins with the Restoration:

before that all is comparatively dark—comparatively, that is to say, with the extremely and perhaps somewhat inconveniently fierce light that beat about thrones later on. Certain figures do, indeed, stand out clear and well-defined enough, thanks to the incomparable portraits of Clarendon—who could paint a scene, too, in his own stately fashion. In the letters of Baillie the Covenanter again we get glimpses vivid and real enough of certain memorable episodes. “His words,” wrote Carlyle, as usual, quite unconsciously limning himself, “flowing-out bubble-bubble, full of zealous broad-based vehemence, can rarely be said to make a picture; though on rare occasions he does pause, and with distinctness, nay with a singular felicity, give some stroke of one.” Such a stroke, and much more than a stroke, has he given us in his account of the trial of Strafford. Sir Philip Warwick, and Sir Simon D’Ewes, help us also; and Mrs. Hutchinson and Sir Kenelm Digby; and even in the weary pages of those Dryasdusts against whom Carlyle thundered so fiercely and so ungratefully, in the pages of Whitelocke and Rushworth, and of the myriad pamphleteers of the day, it is possible sometimes to catch a note of the human speech, a glimpse of the human face. But for the real atmosphere, the “very age and body of the time, his form and pressure”—that knowledge which reveals us the man as well as the statesman or the soldier—we get it not, or at best in mean and intermittent measure, not in that full sparkling stream which was set flowing when the May-breezes of the Restoration had thawed the frost of Puritanism.

With Pepys, Evelyn, and Clarendon begins that delightful line of gossips which has run prattling on with hardly a break to our own day. Pepys at one end of the line, Charles Greville at the other—and what a play-ground between!

Among these Cavaliers, then, the fancy may rove unfettered. The sentimentalist may idealize at his own free will, and the romantic maid find them all proper men.

But they are not to be admired only for their fine clothes and handsome faces. Like our own dandies of the Crimean days, they could fight as well as dance, these splendid young aristocrats. Both these young Stuarts gave their blood for Charles as prodigally as their elder brother gave his gold—the handsome indolent-looking “Paris,” yet loyal and devoted as the best, who, when he could not buy his king’s life with his own, laid his master in the grave, and then went to die of a broken heart in a foreign land. Lord Bernard commanded the Royal Guards; the “Show Troop,” as its fellows half sneeringly called it, till its fiery valor at Edgehill silenced all sneers. At Cropredy Bridge he shared the honors of the day with Cleveland, when Waller had all but surrounded the king’s rearguard. Then a year later his own time came. In the hot fighting on Rownton Heath, when Poyntz had driven Sir Marmaduke Langdale back under the walls of Chester, Lord Bernard (Lord Lichfield then) fell and many a brave captain with him. The great historian of those times has mourned him as “a very faultless young man, of a most gentle, courteous, and affable nature, and of a spirit and courage invincible.” Lord John,

who fell at Alresford a year earlier, was of a rougher mould, yet not less valued, if less loved than his brother. Each had barely reached his twenty-second year.

The gods loved not the other pair so well; the tale of their lives is longer and less heroic. Digby succeeded to his father's new-won earldom of Bristol, and died in his bed in 1676: Bedford lived to be made a duke by William. Each was in his way a noticeable man. Both at first were in opposition; and Bedford, who had been returned to Parliament with Pym as member for Tavistock, and possibly learned strange counsel from that unquiet Gamaliel, actually drew his sword against the king at Edgehill. In the next year he changed sides, together with the Lords Holland and Clare, and rode with Rupert at Newbury. But the Russells, with the one brilliant exception of the hero of La Hogue, were not a fighting race, and this one seems never to have been able quite to determine under which king he should range himself. Washed from side to side (Mr. Fronde's words), he was naturally little prized by either. But though he made his peace with the Parliament after Newbury, he would never sit among Cromwell's peers, and was certainly active in helping on the Restoration, as he was afterward active in putting William on the throne. His brother-in-law, George Digby, went over in the heat of Strafford's trial, and was forthwith sent to the Upper House to save him from the vengeance of the Lower. He was no friend to the "Wicked Earl," but he thought the Bill of Attainder good neither in law nor fact. Thence onward

he kept always to the royal side, but did little good either to it or himself. "The prototype of Lord Bolingbroke," said Swift; but Bristol was a weaker man than Bolingbroke, and, with all his faults and follies, I think an honest one. The most universally odious man in the kingdom, Clarendon has called him. Clarendon had indeed little cause to love him; but in the remarkable character he has given of his mortal enemy—perhaps the most striking instance in all history-writing of justice tempered with discreet severity, the verdict really differs little, if at all, from that passed by two pretty shrewd judges of character on the volatile earl. Sir George Carteret described him to Pepys as a man "of excellent parts, but of no great faith or judgment, and one very easy to get up to great height of preferment, but never able to hold it." And a yet sharper critic, the king himself to wit (so the same authority tells us), said of him that he was a man "able in three years to get himself a fortune in any kingdom in the world, and lose all again in three months."

More of a hero was that round-eyed chubby boy who stands at his mother's side in the large family group that hangs hard by the brothers-in-law. Born in 1629, the son of an ill-fated father, beautiful Francis Villiers (as old Aubrey called him) was destined to a short life and a bloody death; yet both in death and life he was happier than his elder brother, who stands here clasping his mother's hands, that "lord of useless thousands" who was to survive his fortune, fame, and friends, to die at last in circumstances scarce less mean and pitiful

than those with which Pope's fancy has surrounded his last hours. Ere his twentieth year was run death found the younger brother, but in a different hour and scene. Lord Francis died, on a summer evening in a lane near Surbiton, holding his own, after his horse had fallen, against six Puritan swords, till the rest of the knaves crept round by the hedge, and slew him from behind.

Here, too, is "the young, the lovely, and the brave" of Waller's elegy: Charles Cavendish, with his sweet face, gentle and womanly as the face of Claverhouse. And he, too, died, scarce older than Villiers, killed "with a thrust under his short-ribs," fighting against Cromwell himself at Gainsborough in Lincolnshire—"a very notable victory" Oliver was pleased to think it; and even Carlyle has grudgingly owned that the brilliant young soldier's death caused a very general sorrow.

Almost opposite is the clever, high-bred, yet sensual face of young Killigrew, so like his elder brother Sir William, whom also one finds here, listening to Carew reading, it may be, the pretty lines, "He that loves a rosy cheek," or, possibly, some one of those less convenient fancies the poet occasionally indulged in. Tom Killigrew was no hero, indeed, as Pepys shows him to us; yet he served his king faithfully after his own fashion, and that it was no more seemly one was perhaps not all his own fault. Clarendon, at any rate, thought him "a most hopeful young man;" and he showed himself on one recorded occasion at least a brave and capable soldier.

Not all in this gallant company

are conspicuous for their grace and magnificence. Not far from his master, the sad patient face of his standard-bearer, Sir Edmund Verney, looks on us with weary eyes. None carried a heavier heart than he into that cruel war, not Falkland himself nor Sunderland. One of his own sons was in arms against him on the side for which his own conscience told him right and reason were fighting. Yet he had eaten the king's bread for thirty years, and it would have shamed his honor, he said, to desert him in his need. So the royal standard was given into his hand at Nottingham; and death, more welcome than any friend, released him from this and all burdens at Edgehill.

Over against him is Sir John Byron, first peer of the name, stern and grim in complete steel, like "some grey crusading knight austere" who had wandered by strange freak of nature into this glittering company; certainly with none of the beauty of his great poetical descendant. A soldier every inch of him, courts and courtiers were little to his taste; and none of all these brave gentlemen gave stronger proof of his devotion than did he, when not even the dishonor done to his name by a shameless wife could alienate him from the son who thus repaid him for his faith to the father. Rupert is close by him—the one disappointing figure in the collection: a commonplace uninteresting face, with nothing about him to recall the dashing cavalry leader, and none of the dignity or comeliness of his father, the last Elector Palatine and husband of the luckless Queen of Hearts, who confronts him from the opposite wall.

But not among the brave soldiers or brilliant dandies does one find the face for which we look most eagerly—faces, rather, for there are two here which divide our curiosity: the faces of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland. A strange, puzzled and puzzling face is Falkland's: a mean little figure, in a sort of Puritanical dress, with no trace of breeding about it, nor, as one is half inclined to say, of intellect. But as one looks, the first sense of disappointment passes, and one sees (or do we only think we see?) the well-loved, well-recorded friend of Clarendon, the "incomparable young man" of one of the noblest tributes affection ever inspired, whose untimely death the best of both sides mourned alike. A part of his friend's eulogy at least we can recognize: the "flowing and obliging gentleness" we see, and the hatred of all passion and uncharitableness. "Martyr of sweetness and light," another has called him. The sweetness is surely there;—but the light? Those curious, searching, melancholy eyes, would look and long for the light: but are they the eyes of one who has found it? There is the fatal stamp of irresolution on the face; and, though against one's will, one cannot but confess that after all Macaulay's verdict, harsh as it seems, was probably the true one.

But in the other face is no touch of irresolution. On the broad forehead, in the hard cold eyes, the stern unbending mouth, is written *Thorough* for a child to see. This is the very man who looked (so his few friends whispered among themselves on that dark May morning) more like a general marching at the head

of his victorious army than a prisoner walking to his death. As that awful shape Panthea saw coming o'er the slow cloud to the call of the chained Prometheus,

"Cruel he looks, but stern and strong,
Like one who does, not suffers, wrong."

And yet he did suffer wrong at the hands of the one man of all men who should not have done it. Strafford's death may be justifiable for those who condemned him; but no plea can ever justify Charles's acquiescence in it—not even, as the future proved, that miserable plea that it was needful for his own safety. There are two portraits of Strafford here: both show the same man (it is always so with Van Dyck); but the one in black armor, belonging to Sir Philip Egerton (happy man, for he has surely the most wonderful presentiment of humanity ever put on canvas) is the finest. It hangs on the line close to the Duke of Norfolk's famous portrait of Charles, bare-headed, in shining armor, the badge of the Garter slung round his neck, and leading-staff in hand. Strafford is in armor, too, in black armor, somber and cold as his face. In these two portraits—the weak master and the strong servant—one reads the history of the Civil War. In both one reads, traced in different characters—in too many a face, alas, one reads it—the sentiment which inspired the war and shaped its issue: the sentiment which found utterance in the last words of even the gentle Northampton as he lay beneath his victors' swords on Hopton Heath, "I scorn to ask quarter of such base rogues as you."

There is not time to gossip of the

rest: of stately Arundel, patron of all the arts, the father of English *virtuosi*; of crafty, choleric Pembroke, who loved hunting better than fighting, with the Chamberlain's staff in his hand, which he broke over the shoulders of luckless Thomas May, the translator of Lucan—a work, as Clarendon sagely observed, none of the easiest of that kind; of Pope Innocent's nephew, Don Livio Odescalchi, so strangely like the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, as that surprising statesman may have looked when reading his *Times* on a certain morning last December, and wondering if what he read there had been wisely done; of the grim Spaniard Gondomar, to whom was given the rarest present ever made by an English sovereign to a foreigner—the head of Walter Raleigh; of Newcastle, famous with sword and pen, but who found the Great House easier to manage than Hazlerigg's Lobsters; of gay luxurious Carlisle, famous for his costly banquets and his wife, the “busy stateswoman,” the lovely but not too honorable Lucy. And why is she not in this company?—she and her sister (no “sister every way!”) the fair and good and wise Sacharissa?

But in truth the ladies are but sparsely represented here; except the queen, who figures many times, with her husband, with her children, with her dwarf (that famous little man of war, Sir Geoffrey Hudson), and by herself. And such as are here are not made particularly interesting, or particularly fair; rather insipid creatures are they of the Lely type. Perhaps the painter's eye, accustomed to the more glowing beauties of the south (there are two grand Genoese dames in the gallery),

was dissatisfied with the white skins and fair hair of the north, though by all accounts the man's eye was well pleased enough with them. It must be remembered also that women had not yet become the powers either socially or politically that they became in Sir Joshua's day. At any rate, it certainly seems as though Van Dyck had been less interested in painting them than in painting their husbands, brothers—or lovers, as the case may have been.

One woman's face here, however, has a strange romantic charm—the face of Venetia, Lady Digby: the fair Venetia and, unless the old gossips lied even more shamelessly than is the wont of their kind (and some say they did), the frail Venetia. She was the wife of Clarendon's friend, Sir Kenelm Digby, that queer man, half-sage, half-charlatan (an “errant mountebank,” Evelyn called him), and is recorded by the historian as a lady, “though of extraordinary beauty, of an extraordinary fame.” We see her painted here as she was found dead in her bed, the head resting on her right hand, with closed eyes, looking as one who sleeps; her rich brown hair flows from under her laced cap; a string of pearls is round her neck, and one of rare size hangs from her ear. So, wrote Habington,

“She past away,
So sweetly from the world, as if her clay
Laid only down to slumber.”

And the man who bequeathed to us all these delightful things is here, too, painted by his own hand: painted as a gorgeous young man on a prancing white charger (a present, it is said, to his master Rubens); painted twice, as a rather grave

delicate young man in sad-colored raiment; painted last in the guise most familiar to us—in gay clothes, one hand fingering the gold chain that Charles gave him, the other pointing to a sunflower nodding its broad face in front of him. He looks over his right shoulder at us, as though in sly prophetic mood to call our attention to the flower that for one of our many moments of folly was to be emblematic of a phase of what it pleased us to call art. The face shows the character of the man as his contemporaries have recorded it—keen, clever, restless, refined, loving his art, yet loving his pleasures also only too well. A man to whom a magnificent manner of life was a necessity, as became the favorite pupil of Rubens. It is sad to think that his last days were darkened by trouble and sickness and poverty; that this gay brilliant creature should have gone down before his time to the grave not all in honor. Sir Joshua, looking at Van Dyck's great altar-piece in the church of the Recollets in Mechlin, pronounced it to be one of the first pictures in the world, and mourned that his genius had been led away to portraits from "history-painting." This is a regret Englishmen will hardly share; for as they look round these wonderful walls they must own that for them, at least, this is the true history-painting.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

SOME CURIOUS WAGERS.

So far as we can go back in the world's history, we find the rage for making wagers prevalent. The

Romans had a great taste for wagers and bets; and they had a conventional form of ratifying these contracts, which consisted in taking from the finger the ring which the higher classes invariably wore, and giving it into the keeping of some third party or umpire. One of the wildest bets ever made was that of a physician of the ancient world named Asclepiades. He wagered against Fortune that he would never be ill during his life, under penalty of losing the reputation he had acquired of being the most famous physician of his time. Absurd and impious as was this presumption, he won his wager, although he could not enjoy it, for, at a very advanced period of life, he died from the effects of a fall down-stairs.

The Romans were forbidden by the *lex Titia* and the *lex Cornelia* to bet upon the success of any unlawful game, or indeed of any games whatever, unless they were trials of courage, bodily strength, or skill. In the latter days of Rome, her citizens were prohibited from making wagers upon the death or exaltation of the popes and on the promotion of cardinals. At Venice, no wager might be laid upon the election of persons to fill the public offices; at Genoa, on the revolution of states or kingdoms, the success of military expeditions, the arrival and departure of vessels, or proposed marriages. Somewhat similar to this last was an Act of Parliament passed in Paris in 1565 which rendered it illegal to make a woman the subject of a wager.

The Parliament of Dôle, in France, was called upon to decide a very curious wager in the year 1634. It was between two citizens of Pasmes,

one of whom agreed, on consideration of his being paid the sum of twenty-four francs, to furnish the other with a quantity of grains of millet, in proportion to the number of children that should be born within a certain extent of country during one year. He was to hand over one grain for the first child, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, always doubling the number of grains for each successive birth. The number of children born within the specified time was sixty-six; and such an enormous quantity of grains of millet had to be supplied to meet the conditions of the agreement, that the contracting party demanded the canceling of the bet, on the ground that it was founded upon an impossible condition. The court agreed at once that it was impossible for the contract to be carried out; and decided that the person who had received the twenty-four francs should repay them to his opponent, and should give him an additional sum of twenty-four francs. Surely this was anything but a just judgment, for it was impossible that the gainer could have lost. He had made his calculations, and was betting upon the ignorance of the loser. It was therefore a wager based upon bad faith, and should have been annulled altogether.

A wager was made early in the last century by a banker named Bulliot. He was a firm believer in the superstition that if rain falls on St. Swithin's day (July 15), it will also fall, more or less, for forty days after. St. Swithin's day in the year 1725 was very wet; and so Bulliot offered to bet any one who chose to put down his money, that the next forty days would be rainy. So many

persons showed a desire to take up this wager, that its terms were reduced to writing as follows: "If, dating from St. Swithin's day, it rains more or little during forty days *successively*, Bulliot will be considered to have gained; but if it ceases to rain for only one day during that time, Bulliot has lost." On these terms, Bulliot betted against all who presented themselves. He was so confident of success that he placed money against articles of value of every description. People brought gold-headed canes, snuff-boxes, jewels, even clothes; and Bulliot wagered as much money against them as he considered they were worth. When his stock of cash came to an end, he issued notes and bills of exchange to such an extent that it was said he had paper money out to the amount of a hundred thousand crowns. All this naturally excited a great deal of public curiosity, and the rash man found himself quite fashionable for the time being. Verses were made in his honor, a play was produced which had him for its hero, in a word he attracted as much attention as if he had been a monarch or a famous statesman. But, unfortunately for Bulliot, St. Swithin was not true to his character. For the first twenty-one days of the stipulated time, more or less rain fell. The twenty-second day, however, was bright and cloudless, and night came on without their being the slightest sign of rain. Bulliot was ruined, and ruined so completely that he was unable to meet the notes and bills that bore his name. The holders of these tried to enforce payment; but the ancient law did not recognize debts of this kind, any more than does the law of more

modern days. They were accordingly non-suited, and their debts declared irrecoverable.

In the early part of the present century, sporting-men were fond of betting on the duration of the lives of celebrities. Napoleon I. was especially the subject of these wagers. It is related that at a dinner party in 1806, Sir Mark Sykes offered to pay any one who would give him a hundred guineas down, a guinea a day so long as Napoleon lived. The offer was taken by a clergyman present; and for three years Sir Mark paid him three hundred and sixty-five guineas per annum. He then thought that he had thrown away enough money, and disputed further payment. The recipient, who was not at all disposed to lose his comfortable annuity, brought an action, which, after lengthy litigation, was decided in favor of the baronet.

A foreign prince staying in Paris made a heavy bet with a member of the Imperial Club that he—the prince—would, in the course of the next two hours, be arrested by the police without committing any offence or provoking the authorities in any fashion. The way he won his wager was by dressing himself in a tattered old blouse, a pair of mouldy boots full of holes, and a disreputable burlesque of a hat. Thus attired, he walked up to one of the most aristocratic cafés in Paris, and, seating himself at a table, called for a cup of chocolate. The waiter, as was only natural, did not care about serving so suspicious-looking a customer before he was assured that payment would be forthcoming, so he told the prince that he must pay in advance. Upon this, his highness pulled a bundle

of bank-notes out of his pocket, and picking out one of considerable value, told him to take the price of the coffee out of it and bring back the change. The man immediately went in search of the proprietor of the café, who, when he heard the facts of the case, ordered the coffee to be served, and at the same time sent to the nearest police station for a *sergent de ville*. The prince was of course arrested, and taken before a commissary of police. He announced his rank, and told his reasons for assuming such an unprincely costume. The authorities were obdurate at first; but, finally, they consented to send the prince under escort to the Imperial Club, where the gentleman with whom the bet had been made proved his identity, and paid his highness the money he had fairly won.

Vieuxtemps, the well-known violinist, used to tell a strange story of a wager which he averred he had really witnessed while on a visit to London. It was to the effect that one day as he was walking across London bridge, a poor wretch jumped up on to the parapet and leaped down into the river. There was at once a rush of eager spectator, and a voice shouted: "I'll bet he drowns!"—"Two to one, he'll swim ashore!"—"Done!" Meanwhile, Vieuxtemps had hastened to get a boat, and was rowing with a waterman to the rescue of the unhappy creature, who was floundering about and just managing to keep himself afloat. As they reached him, and were preparing to pull him into the boat, there was a roar from the bridge: "Leave him alone—there is a bet on!" The waterman immediately lay on his oars, refus-

ing to make any further attempt to save the drowning man; and Vieuxtemps saw him sink before his very eyes.

A wager was made in 1806 in the Castle-yard, York, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead as to which should succeed in assuming the most singular character. Umpires were selected, whose duty it was to decide upon the comparative absurdity of the costumes in which the two men appeared. On the appointed day, Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with bank notes of various value on his coat and waistcoat, a row of five-guinea notes and a long netted purse of gold round his hat, while a piece of paper bearing the words "John Bull" was attached to his back. Whitehead was dressed like a woman on one side, one half of his face was painted, and he wore a silk stocking and slipper on one leg. The other half of his face was blacked, to resemble that of a negro; on the corresponding side of his body he wore a gaudy, long-tailed, linen coat; and his leg was cased in half a pair of leather breeches with a boot and spur. One would fancy that Whitehead must have presented by far the more singular appearance. The umpires thought differently, however, and awarded the stakes to Hodgson.

A somewhat similar bet was one made in relation to the Master of the Revels to George II., named Heidegger, whose ugliness it was declared impossible to surpass. One of the courtiers wagered that he would produce some one who should be pronounced uglier than Heidegger. He was allowed a few days in which to unearth his champion, and

it is said that he employed them in personally ransacking the worst slums of London. Somewhere in St. Giles' he found an old woman whom he thought sufficiently plain to confront with Heidegger. When the two were put face to face, the judges said that it was impossible to decide which of them was entitled to bear the proud title of "ugliest being in London." A courtier, however, suggested that Heidegger should put on the old woman's bonnet. This he did; and the additional ugliness it gave him was such that he was unanimously declared the winner.

A notorious gambler of the last century finally ruined himself by a very extraordinary bet. He had been playing with Lord Lorn; their stakes had been very high, and luck had gone steadily against him. Exasperated at his losses, he jumped up from the card-table, and seizing a large punch-bowl, said: "For once I'll have a bet where I have an equal chance of winning! Odd or even, for fifteen thousand guineas?" "Odd," replied the peer calmly. The bowl was dashed against the wall, and on the pieces being counted, there proved to be an odd one. The rash gambler paid up his fifteen thousand guineas; but, if tradition be correct, it was only by selling the last of his estates that he was enabled to do so.

Some years ago, a gentleman made a heavy bet that he would stand for a day on London Bridge with a tray full of sovereigns fresh from the mint, which he would be unable to dispose of at a penny apiece. A nursemaid bought one to quiet a crying child; but no more were disposed of.—*Chamber's Journal*.

GEORGE ELIOT AND CURRER BELL.

The great female writer of the Victorian period is remarkable as being the woman who has as yet attained the highest place in literature. The position of "George Eliot" is unique. Her books have been the object of a kind of worship, as she herself was while she lived. But that, of its very nature, is evanescent, and they have now to stand before a more difficult tribunal—a tribunal which has not yet given forth its last word on this subject. We, however, who are of her generation, have little doubt that the verdict will remain unchanged, at least in respect to her earlier works.

The very first of these produced without any previous indication of power in the maturity of her years, affected the world at once to enthusiasm; and she never struck a stronger or a deeper note than in the simple story of Amos, or rather of Milly Barton, the poor curate's mild and lovely wife, the mother of many children, the smiling domestic martyr, whose little tragedy has taken a place among our most cherished recollections as completely as if we had been members of the little rural parliament which discussed her simple story. The power and the pathos of this most remarkable beginning, and its heart-breaking catastrophe, does not prevent it from being at the same time full of all the humors of a fresh and unexplored country, delightful indications of rustic character, and in those wise sayings of village sages which afterward rose in Mrs. Poyser to the climax of proverbial wisdom.

The books which followed this in

succession—*Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Silas Warner*—raised George Eliot's name to the very highest level of English writers. It is needless to dwell upon books which everybody knows so well. They are full of power and insight, of unfailing humor, and at the same time of the deepest pathos, sometimes rising to the height of tragedy. In this vein, we know of nothing more powerful than the journey of Hetty Sorrel in quest of her lover and betrayer, and the return home of the miserable girl, dazed with suffering and shame and weariness, and the dull despair of absolute helplessness and ignorance. There is nothing more impressive or more tragic in the language.

The latter works of this great writer are, to our mind, injured by too much philosophy and the consciousness of being considered a public instructor; but there are very fine and original creations of character in them all. Rosamond in *Middlemarch* and Gwendoline in *Daniel Deronda* are exceedingly powerful conceptions, as is, perhaps the greatest of all, the wonderful Tito of the great Italian romance *Romola*, where there is somewhat too much of the dry bones of archaeological research, but where the character of the handsome, poetic, crafty, and self-seeking Greek is extraordinary in its relentless power.

Another woman who has been set up by some writers on a pedestal almost as high—Charlotte Brontë, the author of *Jane Eyre*—lived and died before George Eliot was heard of. Any comparison between the two would be a mistake. The three books upon which Charlotte Brontë's fame is founded were pas-

sionate narratives of a woman's mind and heart, pent up without outlet or companionship—reflections of an individual being, extremely vivid and forcible, but in no way, we think, to be compared with the far stronger, higher, and broader work which we have just discussed. There is but one strain of intense sentiment in these books—the desire of a lonely creature longing for its mate, an all-engrossing thought which does not prevent the heroine from seeing everything around with wonderfully vivid perceptions, the eyes of genius, but which intensifies the sensations of solitude, and the vagrancy of the heart, into a force of passion with which perhaps no woman, either before or since, has expressed that yearning of the woman toward the man which formed part of the primeval curse, and which indeed has produced the greater part of all distinctively feminine distresses. The inevitable failure in dignity involved in this impassioned revelation has been forgiven to her on account of the force which it gives to her very remarkable books—which, it is only just to say, made an epoch among English works of fiction, more than did the works of George Eliot, though the latter were in every way greater.

Emily and Anne Brontë have to some considerable extent shared their sister's fame—one with some reason, as the writer of the extraordinary and feverish romance *Wuthering Heights*, which in very painfulness and horror made an impression upon the mind of the public, greater perhaps than its intrinsic merits justify.

Perhaps, however, it was as much the remarkable biography of Char-

lotte Brontë, involving those of her sisters, written by Mrs. Gaskell, with a frankness of revelation new to the time, though sufficiently practiced since, which brought this remarkable family under the observation of the world and heightened the effect of all their literary performances, raising the two secondary figures to something of the same level as Charlotte. Mrs. Gaskell herself was also well worthy of note as a novelist, and, like the Brontës, belongs altogether, beginning and end, to the Victorian period. Their lives and works take up but a short part of these fifty years, but already Mrs. Gaskell has fallen into that respectful oblivion which is the fate of a writer who reaches a sort of secondary classical rank, and survives, but not effectually, as the greater classics do. Even for *Jane Eyre*, though it has a much stronger power of survival than *Mary Barton*, it is necessary now to look in private libraries, or in the old-fashioned circulating libraries of our youth, where such last. And indeed it would be a very profitable exercise for the gentle reader, when the moment comes when he (or she) goes to the seaside or any watering-place, to take along with his waters or his baths a course of the novels which belong to the happy days of the Victorian era—those days when society was purer and manners better—when the Queen was at the head of everything in her kingdom, its pleasures and its social habits, as well as more serious things, and when her Majesty's potent example tempered everything, and kept the atmosphere more clear than it has been since. Circulating libraries in watering-places where Mudie is not yet supreme, and where

books remain and accumulate, are the places to make sure of Mrs. Gaskell, and even to bring one's self once more under the more powerful spell of Lucy Snowe and Jane Eyre.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

"History," says Carlyle, "is the essence of innumerable biographies;" an epigrammatic remark, which, like most of Carlyle's sayings, though true in one sense, is not so in the obvious sense. History as it is, and indeed must be written, though based on innumerable biographies, is not their essence. Of a few great men—Pericles, Cæsar, Luther, Napoleon—their lives cannot be separated or even distinguished from the history of their times; but of the minor actors in the great historical drama, the part they played was accidental rather than the essence of their life. To say that history must be based on biography is merely to utter an obvious truism; but of the thousand biographies which go to make up a single chapter of history, the essence of more than nine hundred remains untouched, contributing in no respect to, and but little affected by, the general history of the period. The departments of biography and history are and ought to be entirely distinct; and the experienced reader—to say nothing of the student—when he finds *The Life and Times* as the commencement of the title of a book, knows too well that he must expect a work of which the author is ignorant alike of the distinction and of the relations between biogra-

phy and history—a book filled with irrelevant matter, in order to reach the orthodox dimensions of two or three octavo volumes.

The more biographical detail we can get in a history—provided it comes in naturally and harmoniously, and aids us in arriving at true conclusions as to causes and effects—the more interesting and instructive is the history. But the converse proposition is also very frequently, though not universally, the fact; the less historical matter we find in an ordinary biography, the better. We say an ordinary biography, for there are exceptions to this as to every rule; there are cases where the man can hardly be discerned through the statesman or warrior. The biography of Pericles must comprise the history of Athens from 448 to 430 B.C.; nor can we separate the later years of the life of Oliver Cromwell from the history of England. But these are rare and well-understood exceptions. It is not given to every ruler, or to every statesman, to influence remarkably the history of his times; and even when he does so, such influence often forms the smallest fragment of his life, and affords but the slightest biographical interest or detail.

But we are far from despising or even disparaging biographical detail; we are too thankful to get it when it is accurate. And if we are apt to laugh at those writers who treat the fact, that their hero had a new pair of shoes or caught the measles, as momentous events in his history, yet we place them on a higher platform than those writers who, like the late Hepworth Dixon, give us florid amplifications of imaginary facts, and draw from them no

less imaginary conclusions; or like many authors of the present day, devote whole chapters to things which their hero might have seen or done, but of which there is not the smallest evidence that he in fact did see or do.—*Quarterly Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT

GREAT BRITAIN AND HER DEPENDENCIES.—Mr. Antonio Carlo Napoleone Gallenga, an Italian by birth, but for forty years a naturalized British subject, and for thirty years a foreign correspondent of the *London Times*, has just put forth *Italy, Present and Future*, a sort of sequel to his *Italy, Past and Present*, published in 1848. Speaking on the general subject of the acquisition of foreign dependencies, he says:—

“There are even in England politicians who ask what direct and solid gain to their country accrues from her vast colonial possessions; what profit is to John Bull the Empire which he extends over one-fifth of the human race. What does he get from these encumbrances, they argue, beyond the mere luxury of defending them in the hour of danger, or feeding them in the season of famine. What maze of inconsistent and even crooked policy has he not to thread to keep the breath in sick Turkey’s body, or in backing the Afghans and other wild tribes against Russia. Such are the arguments of the Gladstone school, of that blind improvident school which advised the cession to Greece of the Ionian Islands and of the strong place of Corfu, and would equally, if it had its own way, deliver up Malta, Gibraltar, and the Channel Islands, and Egypt, and all the Indies to any who may covet them, as it is now abandoning Ireland to the tender mercies of Parnell’s band of murderers. . . . Without India, without Canada, without Australia, England, Mr. Gladstone contends, would be happier. But she would cease to be the Queen of two hemispheres, she would no longer “rule the waves.” But without Ireland, with Ireland divided, anarchic, in the hands of American rowdies, what would become of England?”

TORPEDOES IN NAVAL WARFARE.—The *Saturday Review* speaks far from favorably of torpedoes, and incidentally of “machine-guns.” It says:—

“Of all these ticklish tools, the most kittle is the torpedo, concerning which some people not blindly opposed to all innovations are beginning to ask themselves whether it will ever repay, at least as a missile, the immense cost and trouble it causes. There is no end to the changes, elaborations, developments, and improvements made in the machines themselves or the method of launching them. When all has been done, we have a complicated apparatus which is admittedly likely to jam or break, and which can only work under the most favorable circumstances, and when the men who use it have the advantage (not likely to be given them in actual war) of arranging the fighting on both sides. The torpedo-boats, even in peace, have behaved so as to make it to the last degree doubtful whether they can face the rough usage of the sea. It is notorious that the French torpedo-squadron in the Mediterranean, during the evolutions of last year, was a total failure. As a rule, the French and other Continental war and navy departments keep up their reputation for doing work better than our own, by carefully suppressing all reports of their failures. Fortunately for the interests of truth, the quarrel between the torpedo enthusiasts and their opponents has been so violent that both sides have rushed copiously into print. Between them it has been made clear that, however effective a torpedo-boat may look in the smooth water of Toulon harbor, it is more dangerous to its crew than to the enemy in the open sea. The experience of our own recent torpedo-squadron in the Channel seems to prove much the same thing. An absurdly large proportion of the boats which took part in it were disabled by one mishap or another. When this was reported, the makers answer that such machines as theirs can only be handled by trained artisans. In war, however, a machine which is to be of general use must be one which can be used by the average trained man. Even the Royal Horse Artillery, the most highly and variously trained of the branches of the land forces, did not consist of mechanics. It will be more difficult to replace than any other when

the inevitable time comes, and the late reduction has to be undone; but, with reasonable time, the thing could be managed, though whether the time will be given is another question. But the torpedo-boat can only be handled by men trained for a long time in a very exceptional way. When they are carried off by the accidents of war, who is to take their place? and what is to become of their machine? These sufficiently simple and obvious considerations inspire great doubt as to the boasted efficiency of the torpedo as a missile. The recent experiments with the *Resistance* at Portsmouth strike the lay reader, at least, as a somewhat remarkable outlay of trouble and money to prove very little. The earlier experiments showed that when certain simple precautions were taken a ship at anchor could be made fairly safe against torpedoes. The last of all which has proved fatal to the ship proves nothing which has not been known all along. It shows that, if you take a ship, and anchor her in shallow water, if you then put a mine under her keel, and explode that mine at your leisure, you can blow the bottom in. Drake knew that long ago, and so did everybody else who was acquainted with the nature of explosives. There is some good in knowing that coal packing in the bottom of a ship is a protection, but experiments of this kind are so hopelessly artificial that it is impossible to argue from them to real war. In the great game the *Resistance* would not have been passive, and that consideration vitiates the whole experiment. It would, however, be wrong to say that these trials prove nothing. They have shown the value of certain protections for ships, and they have given additional reason for believing that the value of the missile torpedo has been absurdly exaggerated. In the meantime, our navy and other navies have supplied themselves with vast numbers of them, and with boats to carry them. They are all, and that is some consolation; burdened with these weapons, which are of very doubtful value for offensive purposes, are very difficult to manage, and very dangerous to their own side when mismanaged."

LAND FOR COLORED CULTIVATORS.—Mr. W. Hannibal Thomas, in *The African M. E. Church Review* writes upon the question, "Shall Negroes become Land-

owners?"—a question which, of course, is answered affirmatively. Mr. Thomas, in the course of his essay suggests a somewhat elaborate scheme whereby "the Federal Government should buy or appropriate in each South Atlantic and Gulf State 2000 square miles of territory, or 1,280,000 acres of land, allotting 40 acres to each homestead. The total expenditure in these eight States is figured up at \$120,000,000 for 240,000 well equipped homesteads; the purchase and supervision of the matter to be under the direction of the Department of Agriculture." He presents figures showing that in his estimation this plan would be financially successful. But of more immediate interest is his elaboration of a scheme for the present leasing, and ultimate sale to colored people of the superabundant lands in the Southern States, now the property of individual owners. We present the main features of this scheme in the exact words of Mr. Thomas:—

"Suppose a land-owner with 1200 acres of land, say of the market value of \$5 per acre, or a total of \$6000, adopts the lease system, and creates 30 farms of 40 acres each. He selects reliable and capable tenants, leasing to each a farm for five years at an annual rental of five bales of cotton. It is conditioned in the agreement that each lessee shall plant and cultivate each year during occupation fifteen acres in cotton, which, allowing three acres for the production of each bale, is an ample guarantee for the rent. Also, ten acres in corn, five acres in peas, and five acres in potatoes and other edibles. The latter stipulation insures a rotation of crops and provides sufficient subsistence for the ensuing year, a matter the South needs to be instructed in, and which no planter dreams of doing under the present system. Now, as to the probable result derived from this plan: on the part of the tenant the rent is provided for, with the likelihood of two extra bales of cotton for himself; in addition he has about five tons of cotton seed worth at least one hundred dollars. The corn crop will furnish subsistence for himself and mule during the ensuing year; the peas, potatoes and peanuts will also contribute to his support with a surplus for sale. He has also learned the most important lesson of his life, that of providing subsistence for future consumption. A fair estimate will

give the tenant for the first year's labor, after deducting all necessary expense of production, and excluding subsistence for the coming season, about one hundred and fifty dollars in cash, a sum that fairly puts him on the road to comparative wealth.

"To the land-owner the profit is still greater. The cost of land was \$6000; the interest on the investment at eight per cent. will be \$480; add taxes and insurance, and there is a total expenditure of \$6600 on the part of the land-owner the first year. The rental of 30 farms at five bales of cotton each will amount to 150 bales, which, at \$45 per bale, will reach the sum of \$6750, or \$150 in excess of all expenditure by original investment. The second year will be attended with like results, and the experience of succeeding years will bring a similar profit to lessee and lessor, until the contract expires; when on the credit side of labor there are mules, farming implements, household furniture, subsistence ahead, money in the bank, a comfortable home, thrifty habits, and educated children.

"Let us pursue this illustration a step further. After the expiration of the five years' lease the terms of land occupancy are reversed; the planter sells each farm of 40 acres on a credit of five years, in consideration of an annual payment of five bales of cotton, or a total of 25 bales. He gives a deed and takes a mortgage on the land to secure purchase money, the stipulations are carried out in good faith, at the end of five years the mortgage is canceled, and the negro becomes absolute owner of the property. For an investment of \$6000 the white planter has realized in 10 years a net gain of over \$60,000, while in no case under the present system would it have been possible to realize a greater sum than \$1000 per annum, or a net income of \$10,000 during the ten years, and such a planter must have commanded exceptional advantages to obtain this revenue."

AMERICAN PALACE HOMES.—Mrs. Mary E. W. Sherwood, in a paper upon "American People and their Homes," in the *Westminster Review*, says:—

"We have copied the English dining-room as to breadth and comfort and solidity, realizing that a nation that has asked everybody to dinner for eight centuries ought to know how to make a dining-room comfortable. We have sent

to France for our clocks; we have appealed to the rich and real experience of the East, to untaught colonists with Eastern temperaments for our carpets and curtain stuffs; nor have we forgotten Algerine portières and Byzantine decorations; like the Saracens, we have conquered the Byzantine, and have carried off their arabesques. China and Japan have been looted, and Spain and Morocco have given up tiles and stamped leather. Libraries, dark, warm, and magnificent, like pomegranates with golden seeds, hold our first editions, and our Elzevirs, and our illuminated manuscripts; furniture as stately as Milton's speech, and pictures as varied as Shakespeare's dreams, fill these New York palaces; and the *salon* is superb, serene, and silvery, or else as yellow as the sails of Cleopatra's barge—as grand and as alluring; dark wood Cupids, on the backs of Indian slaves (treasures of Venice, bought at Cyprus), form huge candelabra; choice old ware—Delft, Japanese, Old Blues, elaborate brass sconces, real Cinque Cento and Henri Deux, Palissy, old Austrian beer jugs, Thuringian porcelain vases, ancient Peruvian—what is there not in these superb houses where the prosperous American comes to eat and rest, and to get away from as soon as possible to resume his globe-trotting? For beauty, durability, and taste the homes of America can now challenge competition with the world. They need but one sanctifying and ennobling touch. One artist is still needed to finish them; one great painter must add that light which never was on sea or land. One sculptor must round the outlines and complete the scroll. One beautifier, known better in English homes than elsewhere, must come over with his ivy and his pencil, and then they will be perfect; and the name of this great artist is—Time."

SOME "SPIRITUAL" MEDIUMS. — Mr. Henry Seibert, a strong believer in Spiritualism and its Physical Manifestations, left a sum of money to the University of Pennsylvania to defray the expenses of a thorough investigation of modern spiritualism. The Investigating Commission, as finally organized, consisted of Professors Pepper, Leidy, Koenig, Thompson, and Fullerton of the University, and Drs. Sellers, White, Knerr, Mitchell, and Furness; the last-named gentleman acting as Chairman. All of the Commission expressed

their entire freedom from prejudice against the doctrine of Spiritualism and their readiness to accept any conclusion warranted by the facts which should be developed by the investigation; and Mr. Furness, moreover, said that he had a leaning in favor of the doctrine. This Commission has put forth a Preliminary Report, an abstract of which is furnished to *Science* by Mr. Joseph Jastrow, a portion of which runs thus:—

"The method of work of the Commission was to take a definite subject for investigation, invite both professional and non-professional mediums (had they been able to procure them) claiming the power of presenting the desired manifestations, and to meet them under fair conditions. The mediums were often exorbitant in their charges (asking a hundred dollars from the Commission for what they would do for five for a private citizen), and arbitrary in their conditions. Nevertheless the Commission has seen enough to tell a very important and a very interesting story. They first looked about for 'a professional independent slate-writing medium.' This medium was to take a double slate firmly fastened together, with a bit of slate-pencil placed between, and produce writing on the previously blank slate, professedly the work of spirits in answer to questions addressed to them. Their first medium (a Mrs. Patterson) kept them waiting one hour and a half, and on another occasion one hour and twenty minutes; but the slate remained as clean as at first. Their next medium was the famous Dr. Henry Slade, with whom they had several sessions, all with the object of obtaining the slate-writing under conditions varying in detail, but not in principle, from that above described. Dr. Slade has two methods: for the long, clearly-written messages, he substitutes at a favorable moment a prepared slate for the one given him; for the short, hardly legible messages, he in one way or another writes on the slate while hidden from view of the two or three observers (he allows no more) seated with him. Every particular of the process has at one time or another been seen by the Committee. In fact, on the day when Dr. Slade received three hundred dollars in payment for his services, he was so excited that he could hardly sign the receipt; and the cause of this excite-

ment was simply that shortly before, Dr. Furness had kicked over a slate placed at the foot of the table, and thus exposed the prepared writing upon it. In short, their verdict with regard to the doings of this their most famous medium is, 'that the character of those which passed under our observation was fraudulent throughout. There was really no need of any elaborate method of investigation: close observation was all that was required.' The Commission attempted to procure some 'spirit photographs,' but were asked three hundred dollars for this luxury, and were to be excluded from the room at the critical moment. They very properly refused any such terms."

"THE FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."—Mr. Hanover P. Smith, C.S.D., has put forth a little brochure (52 pages, price 25 cents), entitled "Writings and Genius of the Founder of Christian Science: a Sympathetic and Comparative Review of the System and Teachings of Mary Baker G. Eddy, as contained in *Science and Health*." From this "Sympathetic Review" we extract a few paragraphs:—

"Among the names which will ever stand pre-eminent in the world's reformatory history is that of the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, or Metaphysical Healing. . . . Whether we look at its depth and accuracy of thought, its sublime ideas, its pure analytical reasoning—with its lasso of logic—or consider its grandeur of conception, and its practical application in mental healing, the book is exalted and unique, for the pulpit, the platform, the sick room. . . . Like the aqueduct of Rome, its Life-giving arteries distribute pure streams of Truth through every avenue of thought, vitalizing and revolutionizing both the Theologic and Therapeutic speculations of the present day. In fact, this book is the Triumphant Arch through which all Truth of practical value to the world must pass, in order to go to and fro in the world, and make an epoch in the progress of mankind. . . . With the exception of the Founder of Christianity, no previous discoverer ever formulated a system of Science so complete in all its parts, springing at once into a combined whole. The quintessence of Truth, in whose pursuit

men of talent have spent years of study and thousands of dollars, is here compacted into a single volume. . . . Our author has struck out, with the dash of an Amazon and the strength of a Hercules, to demonstrate that 'There is no Life, Substance, or Intelligence in matter. All is Mind. Spirit is immortal. Spirit is God, and man is His image and likeness. Hence man is spiritual, and not material.' . . . True Science has a twofold efficacy, as the destroyer of error and the revealer of Truth. It brings to light an inexhaustible supply of superior ammunition, wherewith to carry the war into the most secret places of the enemy's camp. An armament of Metaphysical Truth, of improved pattern, is warranted to be more effectual than the clumsy and heavy artillery of Huxley and Farraday's materialism, for sending irresistible thunderbolts of pure fact through solid intellect, into the eye of materialistic philosophy. This campaign Mrs. Eddy has begun with the two-edged sword of Truth, which will strew the pathway of Christian Science with Huxley & Co.'s intellectual ruins. There are no weapons of Logic in the arsenal of Mind which she has not overcome with the battle axe of Metaphysics. She has driven solid bolts of Truth, clinched and riveted with masterly arguments drawn from facts. . . . She is the only author on record who ever wholly forsook material sense, and held only to spiritual facts, till those facts became crystalized by the touchstone of Spirit: because hers is a Science of Truth, capable of being demonstrated by all. Thus her system will outlive the theories of Socrates or Plato, because it is not built on bygone intellectual myths. . . . The sweet pathos of her teaching already carries us onward, by the warmth of her genius and the greatness of her love, to the warm coastland of everlasting fertility and thought. Such an array of thoughts, with their wealth of ideas, make her seem like the Queen of Sheba before Solomon. . . . The Divine Truth which Mrs. Eddy announces, heals the sick with its innate power. No one can read these pages without drawing from them health, happiness, and longevity. Thus it is a book for the masses, while it is thoroughly domestic in its application. . . . It is a book highly stimulating to the invalid, infusing new courage, and

giving fresh vigor and health. We may not only go to her for inspiration, but we can find healing for our wounds, and the elixir of life will be poured upon us. It suggests to the invalid emancipation from fear of sickness, and to the sinner deliverance from his passions. . . . The book must exert a healthy influence with church-members and pastors, broken down physically and wrecked theologically. False dogmas in the past result in false lives in the future. Pure waters flow from pure fountains; and the purity of such streams proves the excellence of their source. There are no brighter streams than her perennial thoughts, which flow for the health of the nations. . . . Although Science and Health is in its 20th edition, there are millions of readers not yet served. The author has not written for this age alone. The book must be a source of inspiration for centuries to come, whence one can draw subject-matter for an eloquent sermon or a stirring essay. It will live as long as the Bible lives, because it belongs to the same class of literature. . . . Our author emerges from communion with the Father of Mind in the Holy of Holies, where she had waited, with 'visions and faculty divine,' for the revelations of Divine Science. Then she mounts the world's pulpit, after listening to the music of the spheres, the harmonious raptures of All-Mind. This melody is like unto the strains colossal Memnon gave forth, by Aurora's solicitation, at the rising of the sun. The thro' of inspiration goes forth vibrates through the congregation of ideas and enwraps us in celestial repose. What exhilarating bliss, mounting in circle above circle! What manifold sublimity of Divine Intelligence! Oh thou measureless and majestic Purity, how exhaustless is Thy perfection! how ceaseless Thy holiness! Nameless and adorable Truth, ever remaining secret from the genesis of the world, now art Thou come into the light of common day!"

WOMEN AND POLITICS.—A New York lady, Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, contributes to the *Westminster Review*, a paper upon "American People and their Homes." The following is one of the noteworthy passages in the article:—

"There is one incomprehensible lack in the minds of American women—incom-

prehensible even to Americans. Brilliant women in America should certainly understand, and be able to talk well, on political subjects. Political instinct should be theirs; statecraft would be more honorable and less selfish did woman advise; but there has always been a strange drawing away from all political discussion amongst the best and most influential American women. The mixing of women in political matters has seemed to suggest the idea of all others most repugnant—that of unsexing themselves. In England how different all that is. The Primrose League and the Women's Liberal Federation are but the outcropping of the interest in the political situation. It would be almost safe to say that no well-bred woman in England is without a pronounced political bias, while it would be almost impossible to find a strong partisan for either the Democratic or the Republican party amongst the women of America. 'Men, and not Measures,' may sometimes interest them; *principles* rarely. Since the dying out of the anti-slavery agitation, which was a moral, and not a political issue, the interest of American women in politics remains almost infinitesimal. A few are free-traders, because they would rather not pay the custom-house duties on their dresses, but there are singularly few who care for the question as a great political problem."

A FAMILY PRESENT FOR THE QUEEN.—We find in the London *Daily News* a description of a family present made to Queen Victoria by her numerous lineal descendants:—

"Thirty-four children and grandchildren have contributed toward it. It is a massive piece of plate in gold, silver, and enamel, the whole forming a large table ornament in the style of the early part of the seventeenth century. The principal centerpiece of the ornament consists of a large covered vase with the egg pattern on the lid, round the body, and on the pedestal. The egg-shaped ornament is artistically engraved with the arms of the donors. Two large medallions of massive gold, one with a portrait in relief of the Queen in the year 1837, and the other in the present year, occupy the center. The lid is surmounted with the crown of the United Kingdom. On the right of the vase is a lion rampant, and to the left the

unicorn on a stand representing rocks overgrown with plants. The base of the vase is an oval silver stand, on which are engraved the rose of England, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland. The front of the ornament bears the Royal arms of Great Britain in enamel, and the back the initials of the Queen, also in enamel. On the front of the pedestal are the words—'To our beloved Mother and Grandmother, on her Anniversary, 1837 and 1887, from her Children and Grandchildren.'"

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE CAKE.—Months ago, as we read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Messrs. Gunter, the famous purveyors, asked permission of her Majesty to present her with a "Jubilee Cake," on the ground that the same firm had supplied the "Coronation Cake," fifty years ago. This triumph of the confectioner's art is thus described:

"A special stand has been built for this giant cake, and standing on a splendid cloth of crimson plush. A slice of the cake which is shown under a glass cover gives some idea of the size of the actual cake, which is now almost lost under the decorations, which are executed after the design of one of the heads of the firm with truly artistic taste. The following description of the Jubilee cake may serve to give some idea of its size and appearance. The cake is about 9 ft. 6 in. in circumference, 10 feet high, and weighs, without the decorations, over a quarter of a ton. The design represents the crown, guarded by lions, surmounted by a temple bearing figures of Fame and Glory, with trumpets in their hands, heralding the Jubilee to the four quarters of the world. These again are surmounted by temples crowned by a winged figure of Peace, bearing the crown of Empire; the panels of the base, embroidered in gold on white satin, and each of which is worth three guineas, bear the royal monogram, and between them are figures in relief representing the four quarters of the world. Medallions between the lions are correct portraits in relief of her Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort at the time of the Royal Marriage, 1840; of her Majesty in the year 1867 (taken for Canada); of her Majesty at the present time as Queen and Empress of India. The other medallions bear the names of the principal portions of the Empire.

THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF HAMLET.

I HAVE an ingenious friend whose intimate acquaintance with the works of Shakespeare I have long learned to admire. Provoked by some recent controversies, I lately repaired to him for counsel and light on the subject with which this paper is about to deal. I found him complaisant. "They are all wrong," he said, "these critics, and would-be critics, of the master's masterpiece; they are short of ordinary insight. The real significance of Hamlet remains to be expounded, and is yet obvious enough. The so-called tragedy is no tragedy at all, it is a travestie, a burlesque; the most dexterous travestie, the hugest burlesque that the world has ever seen. Shakespeare deliberately set himself this task in writing it, and he succeeded as no one but he would, or could, succeed."

Here was a revelation! Either I had quite misjudged this gentleman's critical powers and intellect, or he had gone stark mad on his favorite subject, and there was an end of both. A third supposition remained. Could he possibly have some supposed good grounds for so extraordinary a fancy, sufficient to satisfy himself, if no one else? He assured me not only that he had, but would gladly communicate them, and forthwith proceeded to do so in this wise:—

"Let us first," said he, "consider the story of Hamlet. This as we have it in the original (*i.e.* from Saxo Grammaticus through Belleforest) is a reasonable and consistent tale. Gorrwendile (Hamlet's grandfather)

dies, leaving two sons, Horvendile (Hamlet's father) and Feugon (Claudius), the former married to Geruth (Gertrude), daughter of Roric, King of Denmark. This Geruth is debauched by Feugon, who afterwards publicly slays Horvendile at a banquet, espouses his widow, and succeeds to the throne. Her son Hamlet, the rightful heir, feigns madness, and is suspected by the usurper, who lays several snares to put his sanity to the proof. Among others he seeks to involve him in an intrigue with a lady of the court, and he sets a spy upon him during an interview with his mother. The first danger Hamlet escapes, owing to the warning of a friend and the honorable behavior of the lady; but his method of escaping the second by killing the spy, gives the sought for opportunity. He is banished to England (as in the play) with sealed orders to insure his destruction, which (as in the play) he alters into others involving the destruction of his attendants. He afterwards marries the English King's daughter, returns home at the very moment that they are celebrating his own obsequies, defeats and slays the reigning monarch, and ascends the throne.

Here we have a comprehensible and consistent story, consistent not only with itself, but with the rude manners of those primitive times. Out of such a suitable, and indeed admirable, dramatic subject let us see what Shakespeare has made. The outline of the plot and a few of the principal incidents remain, but with so happy a turn of ridicule given to them as to impart an infinitely ludicrous complexion to the

whole. A vicious brother murders as before a noble and heroic father but how? The King is poisoned through the ear!

‘Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ear did pour
The leprous distilment.’

“There is a profound meaning in this perversion. The poet is here sneering at the vices of courts where reputations are slain every day by poison introduced through ‘the porches of the ear.’ In his own unequalled way he is poking fun, even by the means of this grave matter of murder, at the backbiters and slanderers who infest palaces, and possibly with some concrete instances just then in view. Now see how this matter is made known to Hamlet and the retributory motive introduced. It is not enough that he should suspect his uncle’s crime, though not of course the manner of it (‘O my *prophetic* soul’), nor hate him as his own persecutor, and the seducer of his mother; these motives, or any of them, which would in all reason be sufficient justification for revenge in a mere tragedy, are by no means sufficient in a tragedy burlesqued. Accordingly another comical expedient, altogether foreign to the story, is devised, and the supernatural is brought upon the scene. The embodied spirit of the deceased monarch is found prowling about the battlements of the castle of Elsinore, and is forthwith introduced to Hamlet by his friend Horatio. From this veracious shadow (clad in ‘complete steel’) and variously

addressed by an irreverent son as ‘old mole,’ ‘true-penny,’ ‘goblin damned,’ ‘this fellow in the cellarage,’ etc., the remarkable circumstances of the case are gleaned, and in response to its subterranean bidding the vow of vengeance is made. To rightly appreciate the significance of this episode, we must reflect on its wider meaning. We must recall the nearly universal belief in ghosts at that time; the gullibility indeed of the popular mind at all times on this head. What an opening for satire here! The whole ghost incident is indeed most diverting, and the more so, that certain sage and potent critics have actually proclaimed it quite seriously as typical, as affording a sort of key-note, as it were, to the whole piece. Let us do likewise. Marcellus and Bernardo, having encountered the apparition before, are watching for it again, when

[*Enter Ghost.*]

Mar. Look where it comes again.

Ber. In the same figure like the king that’s dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

“Horatio is told off for the office of spokesman then, not because he was an intimate friend of Hamlet, not because he was better acquainted with the late king’s appearance than the others, for they all recognize that at once, nor yet because he is held less fearful of apparitions than they—for these were good reasons—but because he is ‘a scholar’! What a mine of fun is opened out for our entertainment by the employment of a single adroit word! And it is but the prelude to the rich parody of popular supersti-

tions that succeeds, and that is continued with sustained spirit throughout the whole of the first act. We must hastily pass over all this. I have not time, for instance, to dwell upon Horatio's admirable speech in mock heroics on the ghosts of history, full of the finest sarcasms. How he rants of 'stars with trains of fire and *dews of blood*,' apropos of nothing in particular; of a certain 'moist star,' too, '*sick almost to doomsday with eclipse*;' which should be an exceedingly painful and prolonged illness for even a dry star, and how much more so (we are to calculate, I suppose) for a wet one. How for the delectation of his companions he relates that

'ere the mightiest Julius fell
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did *squeak* and *gibber* in the Roman streets'

"All these are side lights shed upon the main action of the piece to show it up in its proper substance. Rather must we go on to the curious divergence from the original in the love portions of the action. In the parent tale, you will remember, a woman is set on to tempt Hamlet to disclose himself; now, *he* is the tempter. Not indeed in Ophelia's eyes—who is naturally the last to think evil of her lover—but in the opinion of her father, brother, and other persons about the court: notably Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, who are so much amused at his declaration '*man delights not me, nor woman either*' (Act ii., Sc. 2). This is a very subtle change for Shakespeare's purpose, and its bearings on the general conduct of the burlesque

are manifold. It principally concerns us now in leading up to that bitterest sarcasm of all, that is contained in another perversion of the original, the madness and suicide of Ophelia. It is not often, indeed, that the gentle Shakespeare allows himself so cruel a gibe at destiny, and what is known as poetic justice, as here. Hamlet, the tempter, feigns madness, and is afterwards slain by treachery; Ophelia, the tempted, really goes mad, and ends her life by suicide. Observe how complete the involution of justice, complete to mockery! So pathetic an incident was perhaps necessary to the perfection of the burlesque, but it jars on one nevertheless. There is nothing ludicrous in poor Ophelia's ravings, and it is only after deep study of Shakespeare's meaning that one is quite able to reconcile to his feelings this introduction of a genuinely pathetic element into burlesque at all. But that deeper study reveals the reason for it. It was requisite that in the travestied catastrophe poetic justice should be outraged *in all its parts*, and this could not be so completely done by disposing of Ophelia in any other way.

"In the meanwhile, however, the story is straying ever farther and farther from the original, and developing ever greater absurdities, solemnly presented with a grave and stately humor exquisite in its finish; the character of Polonius acting as chorus to the piece to let the light in upon the joke every now and then. In this character, as is well known, Shakespeare has burlesqued the privy councillor of the period, and in a special manner Cecil. We pass from it to the cen-

ducing the climax of absurd parody. Poisoned bowls, envenomed swords, terrible stage combats, impossible incidents of fence, all that we laugh at as the stalest expedients of the clumsiest acting are brought into requisition, and the stage strewed at length with the corpses of pretty nigh all the remaining chief actors of the troupe—King, Queen, Laertes, Hamlet! Finally Fortinbras puts in an wholly unlooked-for appearance, and tells of Hamlet that ‘he was *likely had he been put on* to have proved most royally;’ this *putting on* of Hamlet having been the single supposed motive of the tragedy from the beginning, and the history of his failure to prove royally, or to prove or do any thing at all, being, in fact, the play itself. Thus is every principle of justice, probability, and consistency in the narrative accurately inverted. The ghost has appeared from regions which we are told no ghost ever returns, to incite Hamlet to a deed which he fails in after all; for ‘the revenge which he demands is not obtained but by the death of him that was required to take it,* and it is on his own account, not his father’s, that he kills the King at last. To further point the moral, Hamlet himself with his latest breath, has a parting shot at the critics:

*‘Had I but time—as this fell sergeant death
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell
you —’*

he says, and there stops dead,

* “Preface, Biographical and Critical, to the Works of the English Poets,” by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

leaving them to guess the rest themselves; and if with those first words for a key, and after such oceans of talk, they do not guess it, well, the fault is theirs, it certainly is not his

“Let us next consider the personality of Hamlet. ‘He’s fat and scant of breath;’ it is his mother who speaks. He is an heroic figure for tragedy! True, the weak-minded and unfortunate Ophelia views him in another light. In her eyes, while yet undeceived by hard experience, he possesses ‘the courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s eye, tongue, sword,’ he is

‘The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers.’

“But this is Shakespeare’s fine irony. Events of course prove him all the opposite. For his courtier-like qualities, instance his scenes with Polonius, Ophelia, and the Queen respectively (Act ii., Sc. 2; Act iii., Sc. 1 and 3), where his demeanor is characterized in every case by brutal rudeness. For his soldierly qualities, take for example his adventure with the pirate, when, even according to his own account, it was ‘a compelled valor’ that he found it necessary to ‘put on.’ Is it not somewhat strange too that he alone of all the crew was made a prisoner? and also was so soon at large again? Of his scholarly attainments the measure is accurately given in his easy overthrow in argument by the gravediggers, where also the logical method of the time is keenly satirised. Hamlet himself indeed shares none of these illusions. He calls himself ‘a muddy-mettled rascal,’

'a rogne and peasant slave.' He institutes a comparison between himself and Hercules as the most ridiculous thing he can imagine. His very first soliloquy is a weak lament over his excessive corpulence:

'Oh that this too, too, solid flesh would melt !'

a characteristic feature which the ghost fails not to make a point of too in its stern exhortation to him,

'Duller should'st thou be than the *fat* weed,
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this.'

"The imputation of obesity indeed is made to cling to him all through the play, as that of drunkenness is to Claudius; * and with it is united cowardice, as with the other is united guile. No sooner has the ghost left, after giving him his solemn charge, than Hamlet begins already to yield to fear:

'Hold, hold my heart,
And you my sinews grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up.'

"But a moment before he had professed anxiety 'that I with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love may swoop to my revenge;' but that was before he knew what was to be demanded of him.† Finally, he is ready to blame Time, Fate, his own birth, anything and everything that has brought him into danger:

* Burbage, a contemporary of Shakespeare's, always played Hamlet *fat*,

† Compare Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries*.

'The time is out of joint ; O cursed spite
That ever I was born to put it right.'

"It is useless to ascribe such conduct as this to a merely irresolute and hesitating disposition, as some ingenious commentators have done.* Hamlet shows no such hesitation when his immediate interests are involved and his own proper person safe (as in his dealings with Guildenstern and Rosencrantz); he is perfectly false and unscrupulous at all times. His treatment of Ophelia is the very type of calculated baseness. How differently does he act towards Laertes. Him he would mollify, for he can defend himself; but for her there is nothing but contumely. How fulsome is the following:

'Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet;
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet, does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness?'
Compare with this:

'My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music ; it is not madness,
That I have uttered ; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword : which madness
Would gambol from.'

"But then that latter description of himself was to his mother, whom he knew he could insult with impunity. In one case only does he show any apparent irresolution when he might have committed crime safely, and then he justifies himself on grounds so horrible, as

* For instance, Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister*; and after him a host of imitators.

to obviously disclose the grimly sarcastic tenor of the incident. It is in the scene where the King is at his prayers,* and Hamlet argues if he slew him thus the mercy of Heaven might possibly be extended to him in an after world. Therefore, he says,

Up sword, and know thou a more horrid
hent;
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in it;
Then trip him up, that his heels may kick
at Heaven
And that his soul may be as damned and
black
As hell, whereto it goes.'

"The greatest monsters of whom we read in history have been content to confine their cruelty to this world; to what inconceivable (quite inconceivable) depths must a mind have declined before it could thus project its hatred into that which is to come! †

"Is it likely then that the coarse and contemptible student of Wittenberg, more deeply stained with crime than even the King himself (for he is principal and accessory in no less than *four* murders, and a suicide) before the play is done; a bad son, a worse lover, and a worst friend; that this malignant figure is to be accepted seriously as one of Shakespeare's heroes? Is it not, on the contrary, clear that

* It is usual to leave this scene out in representation, and the policy is probably a wise one.

• † Richardson, apologist of Hamlet, characterizes the sentiments expressed on this occasion as of "savage criormity." 'Essays on Some of Shakespeare's Dramatic Characters.'

the motive of the character, as of the whole composition, is burlesque?—and there is everything in the literary treatment of the work also to favor this view. I pass by the many amusing anachronisms that abound, the constant reference to current events, in the truest burlesque spirit, and shall take merely one or two of the best known passages as instances of verbal humor. The first is almost of necessity the so-called and much quoted 'Soliloquy on Death.' Consider without prejudice such lines as these:

'Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of trouble.'

"What does it mean? That one might suffer from the *slings* and *arrows* of human antagonists is comprehensible enough, but 'outrageous fortune' is not usually accounted with these implements. Besides, why *slings* and *arrows*? The arrow is the projectile shot from the bow; but the sling is the projector, not projectile. It should have been *slings* and *bows*, and *bolts* and *arrows*, if meant in earnest, and doubtless would so have been if so meant. Again, to what conceivable advantage should one 'take up *arms*' against a '*sea*?' Is it not the *last* thing that any one would be likely to do? 'To die—to sleep—no more.' What on earth does this mean? 'Aye, there's the rub.' Undoubtedly, and an uncommonly hard 'rub' the critics have found it. 'The whips and scorns of time.' This is clearly another wilful confusion of metaphors. Time might, in one sense, be provided with whips, and may

in another sense be provided with scorns; but the juxtaposition of the two senses can be only designed to suggest incongruity. 'When he himself might his quietus take with a bare bodkin.' This is, I take it, the intentionally offered key to the whole address. The comical introduction of the legal terms, and the wholly ridiculous suggestion of looking to the nursery for the weapon of destruction, confer on it its final significance.* Let us next consider Hamlet's letter to Ophelia. Is it not conceived in the broadest spirit of burlesque? Detach it from the context, and from the idea that it is an integral portion of a 'sublime tragedy,' and surely no one can even affect to doubt this any longer. Here it is in full:

'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified (*sic*) Ophelia, in her excellent white bosom, these,

Doubt thou the stars are fire;

Doubt t at the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt, I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I have not art to reckon my groans, but that I love thee be-t, *O most best*, believe it. Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.'

"Now this is no mere travestie of ordinary love letters—though it is that too:—its mockery is deeper than is shown upon the surface. The obvious sarcasm is in the prose, the profounder side of the joke is contained in the verse. In Hamlet's day of course it was believed that the stars *were* fire and the sun *did* move; as to the present hour in

the language of poetry they are and do. But not in Hamlet's time, nor at any other time, has it been believed that truth was falsehood. The upshot of the composition then is this: Doubt two things that are self-evidently true, and one thing that is self-evidently false, but don't doubt, I love; that is, do not believe any such folly! Or taking doubt in the sense of '*believe*,' in which it is also possible to understand it, and correcting by modern astronomy: Believe that the stars are fire (which they are not), Believe that the sun doth move (which it does not), Believe truth to be a liar (which it is not), But most of all believe, I love—which of course least of all I do! The inference is inevitable. Is this a love-letter, or a love-letter burlesqued? One more instance and I have done. Hamlet is challenging Laertes over the grave of his sister to give some proof of affection great and consuming as his. But what are the tests that he proposes? They are these:

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do?

Wo'ot weep? wo'ot fight? wo'o feast?
wo'ot tear thyself?

Wo'ot drink up eisel? *eat a crocodile?*

"Affection measured by our capacities for assimilating any kind of food and drink is surely strange enough; but when it comes to crocodiles——!

"We have thus passed hastily in review the story of Hamlet, the person of Hamlet, the action and conduct of the drama, and the sentiments and language of the actors; and confining ourselves to internal evidence alone, have perceived how

*But had not my friend been anticipated in these remarks? See Goldsmith, *Complete Works*: Essay on "Metaphor."

everything proceeds in a nicely inverted order so as to procure the requisite *topsey-turvey-dom* of the highest form of burlesque. The external evidence in support of my contention is no less striking. Shakespeare, it is well known, was passing about the time that *Hamlet* was written through a period of deep gloom and bitter disappointment. He had just lost his only son, whose name (Hamnet) he took slightly altered for the play. He had achieved the highest theatrical success he was ever destined to achieve, and was already weary of the career that had brought him such reward.* He had come to be attacked with violence by some of his contemporaries, whose jealous virulence had spoken of him as an 'upstart crow' decked in borrowed plumage,† and in other slighting ways. That mysterious sorrow that is the subject of so many of the sonnets had overtaken him, and his tenderly sensitive heart had apparently felt those 'pangs of despised love' which in this same play he enumerates among the unbearable burdens of life. The 'dark woman' had proved untrue, and the friend he idolized was the companion of her faithlessness.* Other signs and aspects of the times could not but minister to his despondency, and to the growing cynicism which Hallam notes of him at about this period ‡ Queen Elizabeth was on her death-bed, and had left no competent successor. The stage which he and his compeers had elevated so high was already in decline, and

the public taste veering towards lower forms of art.* Penetrated with the full significance of these events, the ardor of the early struggle over, the energy of youth no longer with him, the family which he had hoped to found not now probable, his mistress faithless, the public fickle, his friends unkind, what wonder that he yielded up his great mind for a time to melancholy and dissatisfaction. In such a mood the notion of a great burlesque of all that toil and turmoil of human life with which he had often dealt seriously and so well seems to have suggested itself to him, as before and since it has suggested itself to others, to Rabelais and Cervantes and Le Sage, to Swift and Sterne. The material was ready to his hand; and, as his manner was, he took the first suitable kind that came. Out of the rude Scandinavian tragedy he would make a great philosophical burlesque. In that work the pent-up bitterness of his heart found vent, and in ridiculing through the familiar vehicle of dramatic composition the weaknesses and struggles of ideal creatures he sought for himself relief from real pain. Read it, my friend, read the play again with this new light shed into its recesses, and come and tell me then that you know more of William Shakespeare than you have ever done before: nor fear to have to couple with the confession that you love him less."—*The Temple Bar*.

* Introduction to the Literature of Europe.

† Compare Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*, book ii., chap. 11.

* *Sonnets*, 110, 111, 112, etc.

† Greene's *A Groatworth of Wit* (1592).

‡ *Sonnets*, 144, 147, and others.

A KITCHEN COLLEGE.

KITCHEN College! Well, why not? We have a College of Music, of Surgeons, of Physicians, of Preceptors; why not a College of the Kitchen?

It seems a little absurd at first sight, and yet the only absurdity is that no one ever thought of it before. For many years the servant grievance has been before the public. The scarcity and inefficiency of domestic servants have been talked about till we are almost as weary of the subject as of our incapable cooks and housemaids, but nothing seems to have been done to remedy the evil; there has been no improvement except in wages, for no matter how incompetent the servant may be, she demands and gets high wages, and gives very general dissatisfaction.

I do not mean to touch here on the the facilities offered of late years by classes and schools of cookery—doubtless servants can learn much from a course of clever practical lectures—but I would venture to point out that in the majority of cases the persons attending the classes are not servants, but ladies—mistresses in many instances—who go with the praiseworthy intention of learning how to be practical cooks by seeing a practised instructor roll out pastry, or bake fancy bread in a gas stove, and then go home and attempt to teach their own cooks; the second-hand instruction frequently taking a negative form, such as, “Cook, that’s not the way to make puff pastry, that’s not the way to make a custard, or truss a chicken;” the mistress herself having only a very indistinct recollection of what *is* the way.

However much good the schools and cooking classes may have done, they do not seem to have reached the real root of the domestic servant difficulty; they have caused no perceptible improvement in servants as a class. Servants are still scarce and unsatisfactory, and there is still the same evident distaste for service amongst the young women of the working classes from which we naturally expect to draw our supply. Business of any sort, no matter how unhealthy, precarious, fatiguing, and unremunerative, is preferred to domestic service. A girl will work twelve hours a day and half starve rather than become a housemaid or kitchen-maid, with good food, a comfortable home, and comparatively easy work.

Now there must be a strong reason for this very widespread dislike for service. It is not the love of personal liberty and feeling of independence. No working woman in the world has less liberty, independence, and comfort than the out-of-door business girl in London. She has to serve not one but many masters, her work gives her neither time for pleasure nor means of enjoyment; her life is one long round of toil, the only variation being from seams to button-holes, from button-holes to seams, yet she clings to “business” with the strongest tenacity! Why? In the first place she thinks it respectable; “business” is such a delightfully vague term. It may mean anything. But “service,” there is no mistaking the meaning of that word. “Only a servant” is considered the most contemptuous designation. To an uneducated and untrained girl the rules and regu-

lations of service seem very rigid. Service entails neatness, order, politeness, industry, truth, honesty, morality; in short, all the qualifications that go to form a good woman and a good citizen; and where, we may reasonably ask, are young women to acquire all those good qualities before going to service? Failing in them they fail to give satisfaction to the employer, and hence the everlasting complaints. Besides considering it a disgrace to be a servant, girls have an idea that in domestic service there is no chance of "getting on," while "business" of any sort is full of possibilities; and a third and prevalent objection is that they lose opportunity of *bettering* themselves by marriage, their prospects are limited strictly to their own class. Those are the weightiest objections young women have to service, and it must be confessed they are not entirely unfounded. No doubt there has been much done of late years to help servants, both physically and morally, but I am not aware that anything has been attempted from a sociological point of view; their position is in many respects worse than it was a hundred years ago. Then, though a servant was ill-paid and more frequently not paid at all, there were compensations, there existed a certain amount of intimacy between master and man, mistress and maid; there was kindly feeling, interest, confidence on the one side, fidelity on the other, the servant was not unfrequently the counsellor, and very generally the companion of the master, and took a keen personal interest in all his affairs. Now there is mistrust and suspi-

cion on both sides; the maid thinks the mistress makes it the pastime of her idle moments to worry and find fault with her, while the mistress believes the maid's chief pleasure in life is to cross and annoy her; both misunderstand each other, and the result is mutual discomfort. Without exactly wishing to recall the days of Caleb Balderstone, one cannot help desiring a better feeling between persons who have to live in such very close contact as mistresses and servants. In no other calling whereby a woman earns her bread is she brought into such strictly personal relations with her employer as in service; under no other circumstances is an employer bound to be so careful in investigating the character of the person employed. Our children, at the most tender and impressionable age, are left almost exclusively to the care of servants; our food, on which so much of the health and happiness of our lives depend, is entirely at their mercy. We entrust them with everything we value most, with no better guarantee of their efficiency than the word or the letter of a complete stranger. In short, we expect a great deal from our servants, and it is reasonable to ask, What do we give in return, what have we ever done for a class on whom we are so dependent, what effort has been made to raise the tone of service, what inducements are offered to respectable young women to enter the ranks? None, or comparatively none! High wages do not prove a sufficient attraction; in no case is the remuneration high enough to secure a competence for old age without many, many years

of toil; there are no fortunes to be made, no special advantages even to be gained by special skill or integrity. An extravagant, inefficient cook gets as well paid as a capable, economical one, specially among the middle classes, who cannot afford to pay for the very best service.

Most people will admit that average servants of late years have deteriorated, partly owing to the fact that they are drawn from an inferior class, and partly because in the terrible march of mind of the last twenty years they have been left behind, their position as a class absolutely ignored; though their failings are ever before us, nothing has been done for their improvement. In one respect the middle classes are unfortunate, they have to suffer for the faults of the upper classes; the kitchen-maid of Belgrave Square becomes very often the cook of a less aristocratic neighborhood, and the waste and extravagance permitted in the kitchen of a rich man is ruinous in the professional man's semi-detached villa, and the cook gets blamed for what after all is only the result of improper training. In short, at the present time servants are either badly trained or not trained at all, and therefore we want a Kitchen College.

In other words, we want a thoroughly organized and recognized centre, school, college—the name is immaterial—where servants can study and pass such an examination and gain such a certificate as will be a proof of skill and competence not only in one special department, but of general capacity and respectability; that qualifications should

be given according to merit; and that the institution should be so managed that a woman would feel as proud of a degree from the "College for Domestic Servants" as from any other college open to women. Cooks, housemaids, parlor-maids, and nurses have all well-defined duties, and a competitive examination is the best method of testing their skill. A nurse frequently knows less about children than any other living creature; she has the haziest ideas about draughts, the most supreme contempt for ventilation, and firmly believes a baby never cries unless it is hungry, and forthwith gives the inevitable bottle, frustrating nature's efforts to exercise and expand the lungs. A general servant who can cook tolerably, and knows a little about housework is the exception; as a rule, she is deplorably ignorant of both. Up to the present a good character has been the only guarantee of efficiency, but it is clear that it is by no means an infallible test; a servant that one mistress may have thought satisfactory may prove quite the reverse to another. But a trained and certified servant, who knows her work and does it, would be in a position to ignore fault-finding, or, still more satisfactory, not deserve it, she would be less liable to dismissal for imaginary faults, and she would be to a great extent independent of "characters." As it is, the domestic servant is a sort of shuttlecock tossed from one mistress to another, leaving a different impression on the mind of each. In short, the servant has no standing, no ideal of excellence, no ambition; her life is monotonous and often

sordid in its details, her mental and social condition are both uncared for. Surely this ought not to be, and the wives, mothers, and daughters of England should consider it. We live with our servants as if they were aliens, and then wonder they do not serve us with love and gratitude.

It may be objected that training, general education, and the granting of degrees, would make a class already difficult to deal with still more so, and that servants would consider themselves the equals of their employers. I think the effect would be just the reverse; a sensible and liberal education would teach women not only what is due to themselves, but what is due to others; and a feeling of independence that the thorough knowledge of his business gives to every worker in every craft would make servants much less suspicious and less resentful. Honest service without servility, cheerful politeness without undue familiarity, cleanliness, economy, and truth, are what we most desire in our domestics; and without education and training how can we reasonably hope to get them? It may be argued against this college scheme, that the effort made years ago to induce better-class women to enter servitude under the name of "lady-helps" proved a failure. A little reflection would have shown that it could not have proved anything else. The lady-help was an artificial growth, and could not possibly meet a real want. We do not want ladies to become servants, neither their habits nor instincts fit them for the occupation; pride and prejudice, sensitiveness, and I might add

ignorance, are bad foundations; but it may not be *too Utopian* to hope that servants may become more like ladies, or at least that the ignorant, slipshod, sullen "slavey" who works without hope, and idles without enjoyment, may disappear from amongst us, and that the time is not far distant when a domestic servant can hear herself spoken of as such, if not with honest pride, at least without shame or discontent.

Therefore we want a Kitchen College for women, not a school of cookery or a conglomeration of unorganized "classes," but a school of everything a servant ought to know; a school or college with exhibitions and scholarships and diplomas, with clever lecturers, and clear, simple text-books, and fees that will come within the means of women who have to work for their daily bread.

The starting and conducting of such a college ought to be woman's work; women suffer most from the ministrations of inefficient servants, women benefit most by the attention of good ones; and I have no doubt that there are in England women enough—generous, warm-hearted, thoughtful women—to found such an institution; women enough, from the very highest lady in the land, down to the poorest mother of a family, waited on by a nameless little maid-of-all-work from St Luke's, to stretch out a helping hand to their sisters in service, and give them what every woman has a right to, the means of improving their social standing.

One word more, Kitchen College must be no charity. To make it a success, it must be as much a national institution as the University

of Oxford; its degrees, certificates, and prizes must be worked for, fought for, and won, by the most deserving, not as an "imperfect favor, but a perfect right." — HARRIETTE BROOKE DAVIS, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

SALVATION BY TORTURE AT KAIRWAN.

IN the spring of 1885 I found myself in Tunis. At no time in recent history a very interesting place, it has, since the French usurpation of 1881, lost what little characteristic individuality it then possessed. The Bey is a harmless puppet. His palace, which visitors flock to see, is very much like gilt gingerbread, with a good deal of the gilding rubbed off. The bazaars are inferior to those of Constantinople, Damascus, and Cairo; and the town, once so famous for its unblemished Orientalism, has blossomed into the lawdly splendor of boulevards, cafés, and four-storied hotels. I knew, however, from the map, that Kairwan was situated only about one hundred miles to the south; and Kairwan was a place that had always exercised over my mind a sort of mystic fascination. There was something very dramatic and inspiring in the story of this wonderful city, the capital of a great conqueror twelve centuries ago, the metropolis of a mighty empire, the shrine of an imposing religion, and the refuge of both religion and empire when Europe had driven them forth. Even in its long decline Kairwan had been the rallying-point and haunt of pilgrimage, the last rest-

ing-place to the dead, for the thousand tribes that profess the faith of the Prophet from the Pillars of Hercules to the Nile. For twelve hundred years inviolate — its sanctuaries undefiled by foot of Christian or of Jew — at length the brave old city had yielded up its secrets to the wanton lust for martial aggrandizement of a brand-new European republic; and the great Mosque of Okbar, and the tomb-chamber of Sidi Sahab, the companion of the Prophet, had been desecrated by the vulgar feet of the Zouaves of France. And yet, even in her desolation, ravished and forlorn, she still retained the imperishable halo of sanctity with which centuries had adorned her brow. Though the enemy was within her gates, she was his superior by reason of a majesty which none could gainsay. Kairwan still appealed to the imagination with resistless persuasiveness of accent; and to Kairwan, accordingly, I determined that I would go as speedily as possible, leaving Tunis behind me.

There are two ways of making the journey from Tunis — the one running inland by Zaghuan, a tedious and inhospitable route, a hundred miles long, and occupying two days; the other by sea to Susa, and thence across the desert to Kairwan, a distance of thirty-six miles. A guide proffered me his services for the former trip at a cost, in addition to all expenses paid, of a hundred francs; but as my estimate of his probable services did not coincide with his own, we failed to come to terms, and I decided upon taking the more circuitous route by Susa alone. Twelve hours in a French steamboat

brought me at dawn on a brilliant morning to Susa, which lay in its glittering garb of whitewash—houses, walls, and roofs all drenched and crusted with the same unmitigated and blinding hue—looking like some great sea-mew preening its snowy plumage on the shore. With the assistance of a courteous Maltese gentleman, who was trading in the place, I engaged a carriage and four (saddle-horses were unknown) for the journey to Kairwan. It was not an equipage which would have provoked envy; however, it did very well for the purpose; the animals covered the thirty-six miles in the respectable time of six hours; and the somewhat barbaric and inelegant structure of the vehicle was, I found, only too successfully adapted to resist the excruciating inequalities of the road.

The road on leaving Susa climbed to the summit of the hill, which is crowned by the *kasbah* or citadel, and then struck westwards over the almost level expanse. I have called it a "road," but it is only by an abuse of terms that it can be so designated, for it is merely a broad track which straggles at random across the desert, plunging gaily over dried-up ditches and water-courses, beaten hard by the hoofs of camels and horses, and worn into agonizing ruts by the wheels of wagons. It traverses first a belt of olive-orchards—many of the trunks as wizened and gnarled as the veterans of Gethsemane or the Academe—next a district growing barley and esparto grass, past the great marsh of Sidi El Hani, and the tomb of the saint whose name it bears, and finally loses it-

self in the arid and herbless desert which is the threshold of the mighty Sahara.

For miles before reaching my destination I had seen outlined against the purple of the remote hills a white streak, from the end of which sprang up a lofty tower. In the intense and palpitating heat this line appeared to quiver above the ground, and from time to time lost all semblance of reality. But as we drew nearer it gained form and distinctness, and was soon discernible as the whitewashed and battlemented wall of a purely Oriental city. Above its crenelated summit gleamed a hundred minarets and cupolas and domes. The tall tower was the minaret of the Mosque of Okbar. We had reached the "navel of the earth" to the devout Mussulman of Africa.

As I approached the city walls I could see that something unusual was occurring. The mounds outside, which mark the ruins of vanished suburbs, were crowded with picturesque groups of natives, while in the plain below were gathered several hundred turbaned cavaliers in gorgeous accoutrements and with streaming robes of white; some of them motionless and in serried formation; others dashing furiously to and fro, brandishing their weapons, and with the sharp points of their cruel shovel-stirrups making the beasts they bestrode execute wild curvets. I was informed that they were the sheikhs and warriors of the various Bedonin tribes, who were now in nominal subjection to the French, and who had been summoned from far and near to do honor to the general. On the walls of the town, daubed in huge

characters upon the staring plaster, I read the words—last insult to the defenceless old fortress—BOULEVARD BOULANGER. The general was evidently the hero of the hour. A little later he himself arrived, with a glittering staff, mounted a fine horse at a short distance from the terminus of the railway, and presently reviewed the native cavalry, whom he addressed in a highly laudatory speech, the pith of which was that they were the finest soldiers in the world, next to the French.

Prior to 1881 no Christian had ever penetrated into the interior of a Kairwanese mosque. When, however, the city capitulated without resistance to the French in October, 1881, and was occupied by their troops, many persons profited by the early license of victory to visit the hitherto inviolate shrines. Since then the permission has been wisely curtailed by the French, with whose capacity for assimilation with the natives I was throughout my visit most agreeably impressed, affording as it did such a contrast to the contemptuous inflexibility of the British soldier, under similar conditions. And my hosts, certain Maltese who supplied the French army with forage and exported *halfa* to England, informed me that leave was now by no means easy to obtain. As they were very much afraid of losing their own contract and dared not approach the General on my behalf, I called myself, and was civilly presented with the requisite order. Armed with this talismanic document, I visited the great Mosque of Okbar and passed through the carven doors into the vast and darkened

liwan, or prayer-chamber, with its two hundred interior columns and its forests of diverging aisles—a faint adumbration of the greater glories of Cordova—and stood in the *mihrab*, or prayer-niche, the holy of holies, where the *kibla* points the worshiper's eye and guides his thoughts to the still more sacred East. I climbed the triple tower whence every morning and evening is waved the blood-red flag that calls the faithful to prayer, and from which is seen stretched out below the panorama of the seven-sided city with its countless cupolas and towers, its intricate alleys and terraced walls, to where beyond the gates extend the scattered suburbs and the decaying cemeteries of the dead. I saw the hallowed well of *Kefayat*, or plenty, the waters of which communicate by subterranean channels with those of Zem-Zem at Mecca, as is conclusively proved by the fact that the drinking-cup of a pious pilgrim dropped into the Meccan fount reappeared floating on the surface of Kairwan.

I saw too the mosque of the most recent marabout, or saint—the word is in nine cases out of ten an Oriental synonym for imposter—Sidi Emir Abadah, who flourished only thirty years ago, and who had such an influence over the then reigning Bey that he persuaded him to defray the cost of the seven-domed mosque that was to contain his remains after death, and who was held in such veneration by the natives that four huge modern anchors, which repose in a courtyard outside, and which he transported with infinite difficulty across the desert from the sea-coast near Tunis, are still be-

lieved by them, in deference to the holy man's explanation, to be those which moored the Ark of Noah, after its long wanderings, to the soil of Ararat.

Lastly, I came to the particularly sacred shrine of Sadi Sahab, or Sidi El' Owaih, "My Lord the Companion," a disciple of Mahomet himself, who, dying at Kairwan in the seventh century, and leaving instructions that he should be interred with three hairs from his master's beard, which he always carried in a pouch, upon his breast, has been appropriately transformed by local tradition into the barber of the Prophet. This mosque, which is, if possible, of even greater sanctity than that of Okbar, I had some difficulty in entering. The custodian, an acid and sulky Moslem, was strenuous in protest and fertile in excuse. The terms of my order stated that I was to be admitted to all or any of the mosques of Kairwan. This, he declared, was not a mosque but a *zaonia* or college; such an institution being, indeed, attached to the premises. When I scornfully overruled his objection, he was swift as lightning with another. The words of the order referred, he said, to mosques *in* Kairwan; this was outside the walls. I was obliged to put it very plainly to the cunning zealot whether he would prefer to admit me, with the prospect of a backsheesh, or compel me to return at once and report his insubordination to the commander. Whether it was the bribe or the menace that prevailed I do not know; anyhow, I gained my object, and was conducted through courts embellished with marble pillars and sparkling Saracenic

tiles to the recess where stands the sacred sepulchre, fenced round with a grating of bronze, and covered with a pall of black velvet, embroidered with Arabic inscriptions in silver, while above depend thirteen silken banners, offerings of devotion from successive beys.

And now I come to that which was the main incident of my stay in Kairwan. One of the peculiar features of the place is the number of *zaonias*, or colleges of religious orders, which there exist. Of these fraternities, which have each a separate discipline and ritual, and number many thousand members, with corresponding branches in all parts of the Mussulman world, the most famous are those of the Zадрия, Tijania, and Ajssaonia; and of these three by far the most remarkable is the last. This sect of dervishes was founded by one Mahomet Ibn Aissa, a celebrated marabout of Mequinez, in Morocco; and his disciples, who are scattered through all the principal coast-towns of North Africa, but are especially congregated at Mequinez and Kairwan, perpetuate his teaching, and open to themselves the gates of heaven by self-mutilation when in a state of religious ecstasy or trance. Aware of the number and importance of this sect at Kairwan, I was very anxious to witness one of their *zikrs*, or services, and to form my own opinion. Unluckily, it appeared that I had just missed their weekly ceremonial, which had been held on the very evening before I arrived. A happy thought of one of my Maltese friends enabled me to rectify this mischance, and to satisfy my curiosity.

In the morning as we were walking through the bazaars one of these gentlemen introduced me to the Native Governor of the city as the son of General Boulanger. Though the general was a young-looking man, such a connection was in respect of years just within the bounds of possibility. Moreover our arrivals in the town had coincided, and I had been seen in his company. Good or bad, the idea was greedily swallowed by the Governor; burning to testify his loyalty, he overwhelmed me with profuse courtesies, translated as the day wore on into frequent cups of coffee and many cigarettes.

The success, however, of the experiment as regards my identity supplied the very machinery which was wanted for negotiating a performance of the Aissaouia. What could be more creditable and natural than that the son of the French general should wish to see the most distinctive spectacle of Kairwan? Such a petition might even be interpreted as a semi-official compliment to the Moslem faith.

When the appointed hour arrived, I presented myself at the mosque, which is situated outside the city walls, not far from the Babel-Djnluddin, or Tanners' Gate. Passing through an open courtyard into the main building, I was received with a dignified salaam by the sheikh, who forthwith led me to a platform or divan at the upper end of the central space. This was surmounted by a ribbed and white-washed dome, and was separated from two side aisles by rows of marble columns with battered capitals, dating from the Empire of Rome. Between the arches of the

roof small and feeble lamps—mere lighted wicks floating on dingy oil in cups of colored glass—ostrich eggs, and gilt balls, were suspended from wooden beams. From the cupola in the centre hung a dilapidated chandelier in which flickered a few miserable candles. In one of the side aisles a plastered tomb was visible behind an iron lattice. The *mise en scene* was unprepossessing and squalid.

My attention was next turned to the *dramatis personæ*. Upon the floor in the centre beneath the dome sat the musicians, ten or a dozen in number, cross-legged, the chief presiding upon a stool at the head of the circle. I observed no instrument save the *darabookah*, or earthen drum, and a number of tambours, the skins of which, stretched tightly across the frames, gave forth when struck sharply by the fingers a hollow and resonant note. The rest of the orchestra was occupied by the chorus. So far no actors were visible. The remainder of the floor, both under the dome and in the aisles, was thickly covered with seated and motionless figures, presenting in the fitful light a weird and fantastic picture. In all there must have been over a hundred persons, all males, in the mosque.

Presently the sheikh gave the signal for commencement, and in a moment burst forth the melancholy chant of the Arab voices and the ceaseless droning of the drums. The song was not what we should call singing, but a plaintive and quavering wail, pursued in a certain cadence, now falling to a mean, now terminating in a shriek, but always pitiful, piercing, and unutterably

sad. The tambours, which were struck like the keyboard of a piano, by the outstretched fingers of the hand, and occasionally, when a louder note was required, by the thumb, kept up a monotonous refrain in the background. From time to time, at moments of greater stress, they were brandished high in the air and beaten with all the force of fingers and thumb combined. Then the noise was imperious and deafening.

Among the singers, one grizzled and bearded veteran, with a strident and nasal intonation, surpassed his fellows. He observed the time with grotesque inflections of his body; his eyes were fixed and shone with religious zeal.

The chant proceeded, and the figures of the singers, as they became more and more excited, rocked to and fro. More people poured in at the doorway, and the building was now quite full. I began to wonder whether the musicians were also to be the performers, or when the latter would make their appearance.

Suddenly a line of four or five Arabs formed itself in front of the entrance on the far side of the orchestra, and exactly opposite the bench on which I was sitting. They joined hands, the right of each clasped in the left of his neighbor, and began a lurching, swaying motion with their bodies and feet. At first they appeared simply to be marking time, first with one foot and then with the other; but the movement was gradually communicated to every member of their bodies; and from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet they were presently keep-

ing time with the music in convulsive jerks and leaps and undulations.

This mysterious row of bobbing figures seemed to exercise an irresistible fascination over the spectators. Every moment one or other of these left his place to join its ranks. They pushed their way into the middle, severing the chain for an instant, or joined themselves on to the ends. The older men appeared to have a right to the centre, the boys and children—for there were youngsters present not more than seven or eight years old—were on the wings. Thus the line ever lengthened; originally it consisted of three or four, presently it was ten or twelve, anon it was twenty-five or thirty, and before the self-torturings commenced there were as many as forty human figures stretching right across the building, and all rocking backwards and forwards in grim and ungraceful unison. Even the spectators who kept their places could not resist the contagion; as they sat there, they unconsciously kept time with their heads and shoulders, and one child swung his little head this way and that with a fury that threatened to separate it from his body.

Meanwhile the music had been growing in intensity, the orchestra sharing the excitement which they communicated. The drummers beat their tambours with redoubled force, lifting them high above their heads and occasionally, at some extreme pitch, tossing them aloft and catching them again as they fell. Sometimes in the exaltation of frenzy they started spasmodically to their feet and then sank

back into their original position. And now the long oscillating line in front of the doorway for the first time found utterance. As they leaped high on one foot, alternately kicking out the other, as their heads wagged to and fro and their bodies quivered with the muscular strain, they cried aloud in praise of Allah *La ilaha il Allah!* (There is no God but Allah), this was the untiring burden of their strain. And then came *Ya Allah!* (O God), and sometimes *Ya Kahhar!* (O avenging God), *Ya Hakk!* (O just God), while each burst of clamorous appeal culminated in an awful shout of *Ya Hoo!* (O Him).

The rapidity and vehemence of their gesticulations was now appalling; their heads swung backwards and forwards till their foreheads almost touched their breasts, and their scalps smote against their backs. Sweat poured from their faces; they panted for breath; and the exclamations burst from their mouths in a thick and stertorous murmur. Suddenly, and without warning, the first phase of the *zikk* ceased, and the actors stood gasping, shaking, and dripping with perspiration.

After a few seconds' respite the performance recommenced, and shortly waxed more furious than ever. The worshipers seemed to be gifted with an almost superhuman strength and energy. As they flung themselves to and fro, at one moment their upturned faces gleamed with a sickly polish under the flickering lamps, at the next their turbaned heads all but brushed the floor. Their eyes started from their sockets; the muscles on their necks and the veins on their

foreheads stood out like knotted cords. One old man fell out of the ranks breathless, spent, and foaming. His place was taken by another, and the tumultuous orgy went on.

And now, as the ecstasy approached its height and the fully initiated became *melboos* or possessed, they broke from the stereotyped litany into demoniacal grinning and ferocious and bestial cries. These writhing and contorted objects were no longer rational human beings, but savage animals, caged brutes howling madly in their delirium of hunger or of pain. They growled like bears, they barked like jackals, they roared like lions, they laughed like hyænas; and ever and anon from the seething rank rose a diabolical shriek, like the scream of a dying horse, or the yell of a tortured fiend. And steadily the while in the background resounded the implacable reverberation of the drums.

The climax was now reached; the requisite pitch of cataleptic inebriation had been obtained, and the rites of Aissa were about to begin. From the crowd at the door a wild figure broke forth, tore off his upper clothing till he was naked to the waist, and throwing away his fez, bared a head close-shaven save for one long and disheveled lock that, springing from the scalp, fell over his forehead like some grisly and funeral plume. A long knife, somewhat resembling a cutlass, was handed to him by the sheikh, who had risen to his feet and who directed the phenomena that ensued.

Waving it wildly above his head and protruding the forepart of his

figure, the fanatic brought it down blow after blow against his bared stomach, and drew it savagely to and fro against the unprotected skin. There showed the marks of a long and livid weal, but no blood spurted from the gash. In the intervals between the strokes he ran swiftly from one side to the other of the open space, taking long stealthy strides like a panther about to spring, and seemingly so powerless over his own movements that he knocked blindly up against those who stood in his way, nearly upsetting them with the violence of the collision.

The prowess of the piety of this ardent devotee proved extraordinarily contagious. First one and then another of his brethren caught the afflatus, and followed his example. In a few moments every part of the mosque was the scene of some novel and horrible rite of self-mutilation, performed by a fresh aspirant to the favor of Allah. Some of these feats did not rise above the level of the curious but explicable performances which are sometimes seen upon English stages—*e.g.* of the men who swallow swords, and carry enormous weights suspended from their jaws; achievements which are in no sense a trick or a deception, but are to be attributed to abnormal physical powers or structure developed by long and often perilous practice. In the Aissaïouian counterpart of these displays there was nothing specially remarkable, but there were others less commonplace and very much more difficult of explanation.

Several long iron spits or prongs were produced and distributed;

these formidable implements were about two and a half feet in length, and sharply pointed, and they terminated at the handle in a circular wooden knob about the size of a large orange. There was great competition for these instruments of torture, which were used as follows: poising one in the air, an Aissaoui would force the point into the flesh of his own shoulder in front just below the shoulder-blade. Thus transfixed, and holding the weapon aloft, he strode swiftly up and down. Suddenly, at a signal, he fell on his knees, still forcing the point into his body, and keeping the wooden head uppermost. Then there started up another disciple armed with a big wooden mallet, and he, after a few preliminary taps, rising high on tiptoe with uplifted weapon would, with an appalling yell, bring it down with all his force upon the wooden knob, driving the point home through the shoulder of his comrade. Blow succeeded blow, the victim wincing beneath the stroke, but uttering no sound, and fixing his eyes with a look of ineffable delight upon his torturer till the point was driven right through the shoulder and projected at the back. Then the patient marched backwards and forwards with the air and the gait of a conquering hero. At one moment there were four of these semi-naked maniacs within a yard of my feet, transfixed and trembling, but beatified and triumphant.

Another seized an iron skewer, and placing the point within his open jaws, forced it steadily through his cheek until it protruded a couple of inches on the outside.

He barked savagely like a dog, and foamed at the lips.

Others, afflicted with exquisite spasms of hunger, knelt down before the chief, whimpering like children for food, and turning upon him imploring glances from their glazed and bloodshot eyes. His control over his following was supreme. Some he gratified, others he forbade. At a touch from him they were silent and relapsed into quiescence. One maddened wretch who, fancying himself some wild beast, plunged to and fro, roaring horribly and biting and tearing with his teeth at whomever he met, was advancing, as I thought, with somewhat menacing purpose in my direction when he was arrested by his superior and sent back cringing and cowed.

For those whose ravenous appetites he was content to humor the most singular repast was prepared. A plate was brought in, covered with huge jagged pieces of broken glass, as thick as a shattered soda-water bottle. With greedy chuckles and gurgling of delight one of the hungry ones dashed at it, crammed a handful into his mouth, and crunched it up as though it were some exquisite dainty, a fellow disciple calmly stroking the exterior of his throat with intent, I suppose, to lubricate the descent, of the unwonted morsels. A little child held up a snake or sand-worm by the tail placing the head between his teeth, and gulped it gleefully down. Several acolytes came in, carrying a big stem of the prickly pear, or *fico d'India*, whose leaves are as thick as a one-inch plank, and are armed with huge projecting thorns. This was am-

brosia to the starving saints; they rushed at it with passionate emulation, tearing at the solid slabs with their teeth, and gnawing and munching the coarse fibres, regardless of the thorns which pierced their tongues and cheeks as they swallowed them down.

The most singular feature of all, and the one that almost defies belief, though it is none the less true, was this—that in no case did one drop of blood emerge from scar, or gash, or wound. This fact I observed most carefully, the mokaddem standing at my side, and each patient in turn coming to him when his self-imposed torture had been accomplished and the cataleptic frenzy had spent its force. It was the chief who cunningly withdrew the blade from cheek or shoulder or body, rubbing over the spot what appeared to me to be the saliva of his own mouth; then he whispered an absolution in the ear of the disciple and kissed him on the forehead, whereupon the patient, but a moment before writhing in maniacal transports, retired tranquilly and took his seat upon the floor. He seemed none the worse for his recent paroxysm, and the wound was marked only by a livid blotch or a hectic flush.

This was the scene that for more than an hour went on without pause or intermission before my eyes. The building might have been tenanted by the harpies or Lastrigones of Homer, or by some inhuman monsters of legendary myth. Amid the dust and sweat and insufferable heat the naked bodies of the actors shone with a ghastly pallor and exhaled a sickening smell. The atmosphere reeked with heavy and

intoxicating fumes. Above the despairing chant of the singers rang the frenzied yells of the possessed, the shrieks of the hammerer, and the inarticulate cries, the snarling and growling, the bellowing and miauling of the self-imagined beasts. And ever behind and through all re-echoed the perpetual and pitiless accompaniment of the drums. As I witnessed the disgusting spectacle and listened to the pandemonium of sounds, my head swam, my eyes became dim, my senses reeled, and I believe that in a few moments I must have fainted had not one of my friends touched me on the shoulder, and whispering that the mokaddem was desirous that I should leave, escorted me hurriedly to the door. As I walked back to my quarters, and long after through the still night, the beat of the tambours continued, and I heard the distant hum of voices, broken at intervals by an isolated and piercing cry. Perhaps yet further and more revolting orgies were celebrated after I had left. I had not seen, as other travelers have done, the chewing and swallowing of red-hot cinders, or the harmless handling and walking upon live coals. I had been spared that which others have described as the climax of the gluttonous debauch, viz., the introduction of a live sheep, which then and there is savagely torn to pieces and devoured raw by these unnatural banqueters. But I had seen enough, and as I sank to sleep, my agitated fancy pursued a thousand avenues of thought, confounding in one grim medley all the carnivorous horrors of fact and fable and fiction; and loud above all the din and dis-

cord the tale of the false prophets of Carmel, awakened by the train of association, rang in my ears, and I seemed to hear intoned with remorseless reiteration the words: "And they cried aloud and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them."

The facts which I have described, the absolute genuineness of which will, I doubt not, be vouched for by others who have had a similar experience to myself, speak for themselves. I have heard these and cognate exhibitions lightly dismissed as the outcome of jugglery or imposture. In this case I do not hesitate to affirm that there was no deception whatever; the means were lacking, even if the motive had existed, which it did not. Nothing is to be gained—on the contrary a great deal, from the point of view of science, is to be lost—by hastily ascribing to artifice that which is a most interesting and a very imperfectly understood manifestation of natural laws. These phenomena are in reality so closely allied to those produced in various and well-known states of hypnosis, catalepsy, ecstasy, and hysteria, as to deserve a more minute physiological analysis than they have so far obtained. The disorder, we might almost say the inversion, of ordinary sensations, complete insensibility to pain, mental delusions, violent muscular contortions, strong emotional excitement finding vent in wild utterances and extravagant gesticulations, all these are familiar symptoms of one or other of the affections named.—GEORGE N. CURZON, M. P., in *The Fortnightly Review*.

GEORGIAN AND VICTORIAN EXPANSION.*

SIR ROBERT REDE'S lecturer ought to be careful in the choice of his subject. He speaks but once, he speaks to an audience not purely academic, and yet he speaks in the Senate House of Cambridge. How to find a subject worthy of the Senate House of Cambridge, and yet not abstruse, and at the same time a subject which can be profitably treated in a single lecture.

A subject is at this moment occupying all minds which, being historical, falls within my own department. When we survey her Majesty's reign of fifty years, when we ask ourselves, has it been a happy and glorious reign, and how does the Victorian age look when it is compared with other similar periods of English history? we certainly ask a question which is historical. The Rede Lecture ought not, in my opinion, to be turned into a commemorative oration; I shall not appeal to your feelings. But I can hardly refuse a subject which is, as it were, presented to me. Not, indeed, that I would attempt to furnish a direct answer to this question of the year. If a panegyric would be out of place, anything short of a panegyric at this moment would shock your feelings. But I hope to say something on historical periods in general, on periods in English history, and more particularly on those recent periods which have a kind of family likeness to the age of Queen Victoria; to say something which may help you to discern where we stand at this moment and in what direction we are moving.

* The Rede Lecture, 1887.

In this particular age certain happy and bright features are more than usually manifest; but in general what can be more difficult and uncertain than to pass judgment upon an age, to pronounce it glorious or the contrary? "Glorious" is a relative term; we can have no right to award it until we have made a comparison between the age in question and other ages. Now the only age we can know well is our own, for it is the only one we can observe closely; but for the purpose of comparison we ought to know many ages; and to know many ages, even sufficiently is the boast of but few historical students.

We try to judge without a standard, to find our bearings without a compass. Who does not know how idle and empty are all those speculations, which used to be so fashionable, as to whether the old time was better or worse than the present? We smile now when we hear speak of the good old time; and not less unreal is the bad old time which haunts the brain of modern revolutionaries, an imaginary period when mankind were given over to monstrous tyrannies and superstitions. Both the good and the evil seem supernatural only because in the region of the past we are unfamiliar, because we lose the measure of things and the use of our judgment. In like manner about the Victorian age we may easily fall, when we try to form a general estimate of it, into vague exaggeration. If we are so inclined, we easily persuade ourselves that it far surpasses all former ages; on the other hand, those who are otherwise inclined—and at this moment of depression, confu-

sion, and anxiety there are not a few—might without much trouble dress up a paradox to the effect that all its glories are a vain delusion, and that it is in reality a period of dissolution and decline.

I do not, indeed, think that such a paradox could ever produce conviction. When the Queen began to reign, the world was full of St. Simonian doctrines, which turned on the idea of progress, of a heaven in the future of society, of a golden age before us, not behind us. The idea has now passed into a commonplace, into a fixed belief, which we may be in danger of exaggerating but are in no danger of renouncing. The older idea of a law of degeneracy of a "fatal drift towards worse," is as obsolete as astrology, or the belief in witchcraft. The human race has become hopeful, sanguine. Hence we are no longer easily frightened or depressed, and you might unroll a most dismal catalogue of the evils of the time, but you would never induce this present generation to admit that the course of things is downward, for they have come to regard it as an axiom—unreasonably, as it seems to me—that we move upward. Such a sanguine spirit "overcomes evil with good," sweeps the evil out of sight, leaves it behind, forgets to think of it, and in any case absolutely refuses to submit to it. Such a spirit has been favored in the present age by the extremely palpable, startling character of the progress made in certain departments. Discoveries in almost every branch of science that take our breath away, inventions that transform human life and that bring the whole planet

under our control, a rush of new ideas and views overwhelming the faculty of apprehension—all this converts the idea of progress into an evident fact. And, therefore, however much may be alleged by way of drawback, this age will, I think, continue to believe in itself. And when a French poet predicts that a hundred years hence it will be remembered as an age of brass, we shall answer that an age of mere material progress might deserve such an epithet, but that this is also an age of unparalleled scientific discovery.

It is also true, however, that after half a century we have grown accustomed to railroads and steamboats, and that the modern rapidity of movement, and also the modern abundance of sensation, have lost their first charm. We have passed, as it were, into a new world, but we find, now that we have had time to look about us, that it is fundamentally much the same as the old world, the same unsatisfactory mixture of good and evil. Everything is on a larger scale, but evil also is larger and more appalling. Every new light has its new shadow. By the side of national wealth we have national debts, reckoned in figures which we might call astronomical, by the side of the great inventions of convenience, portentous engines of destruction. If a nation grows, its army grows in still greater proportion, or its metropolis becomes a prodigious live reducing philanthropy and political economy to despair. The vastness of everything appals us. We seem threatened by wars and catastrophes for which history affords no precedent. Even good things come in a

deluge which threatens to drown us. We are hampered with new ideas which we have not energy to assimilate, new sciences we have no time to learn. There is even too much pleasure. Enjoyment, which used to be associated with idleness, has become now an exhausting industry. The literary sense perishes for want of repose; and all those delicate, sacred things, which ask time, habitude, quietude, discipline, reticence, abstinence, all such things as art, manners, idealism, self-sacrifice, religion, seem to inquire by what new arrangement they may be enabled to live under such new conditions.

This is what we learn from the second *Locksley Hall*. There the poet whose literary career measures out the whole Victorian age, and whose first works were full of the St. Simonian phrases, "the future man," "the crowning race," "the great race that is to be," acknowledges a certain disappointment. Reality at the best has something about it incurably common; it can never keep pace with poetic imagination. The most prosperous voyage, though it may take us into happy and rich regions, does not after all, as it seemed to promise, take us where earth and heaven meet.

But again does it not strike us that it is an English Jubilee we celebrate, and that all these wonderful changes, improvements, and discoveries belong to the world in general, and not to England in particular—to the nineteenth century, if you will—but not properly to the Victorian age? The movement of civilization in which we live is compounded of a movement which is

universal and a movement which is proper to the particular state. We are concerned now with the latter, not with the former. We keep our own Jubilee, not the Jubilee of the world. What, for instance, do we learn by reckoning up the scientific discoveries or the inventions that have been made within this period, even though a good share of them may have been made in England? It seems to me very idle when lists are drawn up of distinguished men who have lived and discoveries that have been made in the Queen's reign, and it is maintained that these lists are longer than any former age, even the most famous, would yield. The advance of science has little to do with any particular state. It moves forward over the whole civilized world at once. It is very slightly dependent upon the healthy condition of the individual state. The scientific discoverers of the Victorian age may be our legitimate boast; they prove that the race furnishes lucid intellects and persevering characters. But they prove little in favor of this particular age of English history, for nothing special to English society at this particular stage has produced them. They have been produced by the growth of science in general. Their roots are in the soil of universal civilization, not properly in our own English soil.

This remark has a somewhat wide application, and cannot be confined to scientific discoverers. It modifies our whole view of the subject, and makes us ask what after all is an age, when the word is applied to an individual state. I maintain that not everything, not even everything great, which happens

in England, belongs to English history. What do we mean by England? A strange materialism is prevalent on this subject. Our political controversies often betray that when we speak of England or of Ireland we are thinking only of a country. But what we have to deal with is no mere country. It is a community of human beings who have a common organic life, a common development, owing to causes much more vital than mere juxtaposition. It is not the country England, but the organism which for convenience we name after the country, that we ought to have in view when we speak of the Victorian age. And the question should be, not merely what notable things may have been done, or what notable persons may have lived within the four seas during this half century. No mere country, and, what is more, no mere population. Not a mere multitude of individuals, but a great organic whole composed of individuals. By the Victorian age we mean a stage in the corporate life of this great organism. The organs of this organism are institutions, magistrates, ministers, assemblies. They grow and are modified from time to time according to the needs of the whole. But its well-being depends upon the energy of its vitality, and this lies deeper than all institutions, and is to be studied in national character, in habits, in ideals, in beliefs.

Perhaps these observations may give a certain degree of distinctness to an idea which seems so vague. Nothing so easy, but nothing so useless, as to enumerate all the wonderful characteristics of the

nineteenth century, and adding to them all the remarkable things that may be found in half a century of English history, to label the sum total "Victorian age." On the other hand it is quite legitimate, and it is profitable, to ask how much development there has been, and of what kind, during this half century in that great composite whole, the English nationality, of which the development through some fourteen centuries is what we call English history.

Nevertheless even this is too large a question to be profitably treated in a single lecture. The greatest branch of this development, the reforming and transforming legislation of the period, I am almost afraid at this wild moment of party strife to touch. And indeed that unity I spoke of, that English organism or body politic, becomes more easily visible when we stand a little aside from the political fray.

The brightest side of the Victorian age undoubtedly is to be seen in the growth of the colonies and dependencies. At home, as I have said, there seems a shadow for every light. At home development is either impeded or made dangerous by want of room. Everywhere there is congestion, and not only in the East of London or in the West of Ireland. It is otherwise in those vast regions which have become the inheritance of our race. For them this half century has been a period of uninterrupted growth and almost unbroken sunshine. This brighter side of the Victorian age I should like to bring before your minds, but even here I wish to avoid both undertaking too much and

touching upon controvertible matter.

We are thinking of an age which lies between 37 and 87 of the nineteenth century. I will ask you to recall the corresponding part of the eighteenth century. Perhaps the period between 1737 and 1787 does not stand out with any great distinctness before your minds. In the sixteenth century the corresponding period stands out as roughly the period of the Reformation. In the seventeenth it stands out still more distinctly as the period of our civil troubles, for actually in 1638 the disturbances began in Scotland, and in 1688 took place the Revolution. It may hardly seem to you possible to give any description equally brief and striking of the corresponding years of the eighteenth century. In 1737 Queen Caroline died, and the opposition against Walpole began to gather head. That year may be called the beginning of the second part of George II.'s reign, and in 1787 the younger Pitt was almost at his zenith and the country was prosperous and contented. Between those dates lie no doubt two or three wars, for in those days European wars were sadly common; but had they any great importance, had they any unity, so that we should regard the period as a great and striking stage in the development of England? Perhaps you might not be disposed to think so.

I have been led to see just in this period a remarkable unity and importance, and I find in it a character in some respects strongly resembling, in other respects strongly contrasted with, our Victorian age. By dwelling a little on its principal

features, I think I may be able to bring out indirectly, through the resemblances and through the points of contrast, many of the leading features of our own age.

The occurrences of this period are apt to escape our attention, because they took place for the most part outside England. They were very imperfectly reflected in those parliamentary debates which form, as it were, the mirror in which England sees herself. They were indeed on a vast scale, but they were remote. If, as I have said, in the Victorian age the brightest side is the growth of the colonies, this period is broadly similar to the Victorian age. In history the Victorian age will be marked as the opening era of the Australian Continent, and the era of the foundation of the Dominion of Canada. In like manner the period now before us stands out as the age of the first conquest of Canada and of the creation of British India.

And here, at once, by the side of the resemblance a great point of contrast appears. For that period witnessed another event of the same order, equally vast and equally remote, but tragical for England—the great secession of the American Colonies. The Victorian age has seen no such catastrophe. A happy difference, yet a difference which brings almost into stronger relief the resemblance of the two periods. For throughout the Victorian age too the possibility of a new disruption has been contemplated, and for some time at least that possibility was regarded as even a probability, if not an eventual certainty. Thus in both periods the general conditions have

been the same; there has been advance in the same direction, and there has been apprehension of the same dangers.

In both centuries it is the same England acting on the whole in the same way, annexing easily vast regions beyond the ocean, but finding it less easy to hold than to grasp, to keep than to acquire. A law has evidently been at work. Nor did this law begin to operate in the eighteenth century, though then for the first time it operated on a vast scale. In the seventeenth century also it was at work, though hidden then behind civil disturbances and movements that affected us more strongly. For if the eighteenth gave us Canada and India, the seventeenth century gave us those great American colonies which we afterwards lost. From the time of James I. we have been colonizers of the New World. The propensity to colonize which first showed itself when the charter was given to Virginia in 1606, has since grown upon us. We have sent out successive waves of colonization, and in this respect the Victorian age does not differ from the ages that have preceded it since that time, but only surpasses them.

In this process of expansion I seem to distinguish four great waves.● Under James I. there were founded Virginia and New England. Under Charles II., New York, the Carolinas, and Pennsylvania were added. The third wave marks the period of the eighteenth century to which I have called your attention. This time, however, there is less colonization than conquest. The founding of Georgia is insignificant by the side of the

conquest of Canada and Florida, and the wonderful commencement of the conquest of India. The last and greatest wave belongs to the Victorian age, which has witnessed the full settlement of Australia and New Zealand; the growth of Canada into a Dominion spanning the American continent; the great extension of our South African settlements and the completion of the conquest of India.

When I compare these aggrandizements of territory to waves, I imply that the beginning and end of each movement cannot be precisely marked. The names of James I., Charles II., George II., and Victoria, mark, as it were, the crest of the successive waves. But the first wave began very evidently to swell under Elizabeth, in the enterprises of Gilbert and Raleigh, and did not subside until Maryland had been founded under Charles I. The wave which I name from Charles II. is first visible under Cromwell, when the conquest of Jamaica took place; and that on which I put the name of George II. is traceable under Anne, when Nova Scotia was acquired and the South Sea Company founded. In like manner the last wave, which we ourselves have witnessed, has only risen to its height under the Queen. It began in the acquisitions of the great war, viz., the Cape, Mauritius, Trinidad, and Demerara, and it can be traced through a series of settlements made under George IV. and William IV.

When we survey and compare together these successive waves of expansion, we discover, I think, another uniformity. They have been in all cases the after-swell of

some great struggle in which England has been compelled to put forth all her might. I have just remarked this of the last of the four. It is equally obvious to remark it of the first. The great Elizabethan war with Spain first turned our attention to the New World, which then belonged almost exclusively to Spain. It was not so much for trade, still less for colonization, that our adventurers first sought the New World. It was rather a war measure, and even a measure of defensive war. Hampered and hard pressed at home, we discovered, as the Dutch also discovered, that the weakness of Spain lay in this, that she was vulnerable everywhere, because her Empire was everywhere. In order to damage Spain, we struck blows which in the end enriched and aggrandized ourselves. And the quiet times of James I. reaped what had been sown in the stormy days of Elizabeth.

The same relation which James I. bore to Elizabeth was borne by Charles II. to Cromwell. The vast colonization of Charles II.'s time is the after-swell of our civil wars. We commonly contemplate those wars too exclusively in our own island. It is one of their characteristics—new then in English history—that the struggle extended into America and into the islands of the Atlantic, was waged with fleets as well as armies, and involved us not less with the Dutch on the sea than with the Scotch at home. By the side of Cromwell and his army there is Blake and his fleet, and the maritime development of force that resulted from the Civil War was really more im-

portant and more lasting than the army it created. Hence, as the Elizabethan struggle ended in a great expansion at the cost of Spain, the Civil War led to an expansion chiefly at the cost of the Dutch, and gave quite a new and most imposing character to our settlements in North America.

And what of the third wave of expansion, that which marks the middle of the eighteenth century? This, again, is the after-swell of the great struggle under William and Anne. In the New World lay the whole interest of the question of the Spanish Succession for England. The negotiations of William and the campaigns of Marlborough were undertaken to keep America open to English enterprise. The acquisitions of the Treaty of Utrecht—Nova Scotia, Gibraltar, Port Mahon, and rights of trade to Spanish America—were evidently calculated to prepare the way for a new expansion. This accordingly commenced in due time with the colonization of Georgia, and with that great attack on Spanish America which seemed to revive the days of Cromwell.

That attack was made in 1739, and the third wave of expansion fills, as I have said, with its swelling, culminating and subsiding, almost the very period of the eighteenth century which corresponds to the Victorian age in the nineteenth. And thus we see English history from Elizabeth to Victoria divide itself into four great struggles, followed by four great movements of colonial expansion.

But the third of these movements—that which belongs to the eighteenth century—has certain remark-

able characteristics of its own, and both on this account and as being chronologically nearest to the Victorian expansion, deserves peculiarly to be considered. The earlier expansions, as well as that of our own age, are mainly peaceful movements of population. At one time a *Mayflower* carries out religious refugees, at another time Australian gold mines attract adventurers. But in this eighteenth-century movement there is little emigration, little proper colonization. In place of it there is war and conquest. Florida is taken from Spain, Canada from France, an empire is founded in India. That generation saw with astonishment England making wide conquests in Asia and America at once. For the first time she seemed to be playing the part of a Rome or a Macedonia, which was the more surprising as she was not even a military state, as she scarcely possessed even an army. Could it be, they asked, that the remote descendants of the "British warrior queen" who had been crushed by the Roman power, were destined to reign in regions Cæsar never knew, and far beyond the utmost flight of the Roman eagles? It was quite a new and unexpected chapter in English history.

The period between 1737 and 1787 was divided between George II. and George III. For this and other reasons it was seldom considered as a whole; but if a predecessor of mine had stood here precisely a century ago to lecture on that period, he would have found it easy, by calling attention to the growth of empire, to exhibit the period as a single complete phase in English development. As this view was not

taken at the time, it has been overlooked since. The three great events of that period are more or less remembered, but the connection between them is missed, and we do not see that, taking all together, they form one prodigious event, which may be regarded as making the first chapter in the history of the English world-state. The three events I mean are (1) that confused war, partly with Spain, partly with France, which began off the Spanish Main in 1739 and ended at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748; (2) the war of 1756, the famous war of Chatham and Wolfe; (3) the disastrous American war, which closed in 1783 with the surrender of the American colonies. These wars, I say, we remember; we have our feeling about each. The first seems to us senseless, if not shameful, and we accept Burke's judgment, who tells us that it ought never to have been undertaken at all. The war of Chatham we remember with pride; the memory of the American war is humiliating to us. But we scarcely see that in English history they form one event, one great wave of expansion, which, exceptionally, took the form, not of emigration, but of conquest, and therefore gave such a strain to our colonial system that it gave way and collapsed in ruin.

Why does war in this period take the place of colonization? It is, in one word, because we have to struggle in this period against the alliance of France and Spain, against the united House of Bourbon. As earlier Louis XIV., as later Napoleon, so in this middle period we have one standing enemy, the French and Spanish Bourbons uni-

ted by a family compact. Spain was the old mistress of the New World, the colonial power in possession, France was the rising aspirant to colonial greatness, aiming to unite in one strategic line the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and at the same time intriguing for empire in the native courts of Hindostan. The close alliance therefore of these Powers changed the whole relation of England to the New World. She had now to penetrate by force of arms where before she had sent peaceful traders and settlers. The New World had become hostile, threatening, fortified against her, whereas before it had lain for the most part passively open to settlement.

Observe this common characteristic of three wars before us—it shows strikingly how they belong together—that France and Spain together take part against us in all three alike. In the first war Spain begins, but France later comes to her aid; in the second this order is reversed, France begins and Spain follows; in the third both alike come to the help of the insurgent colonies.

And if we examine the wars closely we find that they are not distinct from one another, as they seem in mere annalistic history, but inextricably tangled together. The treaty of Aix la Chapelle, as far as England and France were concerned was a mere truce, which held but eight years, and we ought not to say that in 1756 a new war broke out, but rather that the old war was recommenced. Even “recommenced” is too strong a word. In America and Asia there was no recommencement, for there had

been no cessation; in those parts the peace had not amounted even to a truce. Without real intermission from 1739 to 1763, that is for twenty-four years, the wave of expansion from Great Britain beat upon the barrier opposed to it by France and Spain. At first it threatened to overthrow the Spanish Empire in Central and Southern America, and the capture of Porto Bello and the settlement of Georgia seemed likely to be followed by a series of acquisitions made at the expense of Spain, but gradually the wave took a new direction and swept over the colonial empire of France.

Not less closely than the first and second of these three wars the second and third are entangled together. That project of taxing America which brought such disaster upon us at the moment when our colonial greatness had reached its height, is not to be considered by itself, as if it had been excogitated by Grenville in the mere wantonness of financial pedantry. It was almost inevitable from the moment that our expansion took a warlike character. Mere colonization, such as had been practised in the seventeenth century, was for the most part not only a peaceful but also an inexpensive process; England had not been taxed to found Virginia, nor New England, or Pennsylvania; but expansion by war was quite another thing. Chatham's war had shown at once how glorious it might be, and how prodigiously expensive it could not fail to be. An empire which for protection and extension had called on us to wage war for almost a quarter of a century, and which would require for the future more

expenditure than ever, this was a new item in our financial accounts! France was not likely to forget the loss of Canada, nor Spain that of Florida. A new and tremendous colonial war was probably at hand, and we were already involved in a debt which earlier Chancellors of the Exchequer or Lord Treasurers—a Walpole or a Godolphin—would have interpreted to mean national ruin. Grenville was the first English minister who felt the burden of a world-state upon his shoulders. Great Britain was there, and it brought a new, overwhelming, alarming problem, for it was not then a mere outlying territory which could be neglected by statesmen; it was newly torn from France and Spain; it was to be defended against the Family Alliance. And England had scarcely any army, and in the struggle from which she had issued victorious, she had strained her resources and her credit to a degree which seemed incredible even to herself.

Not wantonly, then, but in a kind of despair, not even blindly, though he saw the dark side of affairs more clearly than the bright, did Grenville adopt his new policy. His experiment was tried and failed. A dismal period set in; almost the whole fabric of empire which Chatham had raised so high crumbled away, and the debt, instead of being lightened, was increased by another hundred millions. The first chapter in the history of Greater Britain closes in disappointment and disaster.

Such in the slightest outline is the history of Greater Britain in the Georgian era. This is what happened in the half century be-

tween 1737 and 1787. Imagine for a moment that we are living, not in 1887 but in 1787. The French Revolution has not yet taken place; the American war ended four years since; Chatham has been dead just nine years, and the son of Chatham now holds the helm. We in this University are living under the Chancellorship of the Duke of Grafton, and you are assembled to hear, say, one of my predecessors review the period, which might seem at that moment of peace to have been consigned, whole and finished, to history. It is no very wonderful half century that is reviewed. Science and invention have made progress, but modest progress; literature has been, on the whole, languid; art has been a little more vigorous, and we have now for the first time great painters. At home there has been, at least in the main, tranquillity; our institutions have proved themselves stable. But in one respect the period is striking and wonderful. Abroad and beyond the limits of Europe we have plunged into strange adventures and undergone strange vicissitudes beyond all earlier example; we have assumed quite a different position in the world. Since Queen Anne there has been a Great Britain, but in this period there has sprung up a Greater Britain still. We have stood out as a world-power after the fashion of Spain under Philip II.; we have annexed remote territories; our armadas have swept the ocean; and now we have a great explorer, James Cook, who may be compared to the great Spanish discoverers. All this is new and strange, but at the same time it is most alarming; we can scarcely con-

gratulate ourselves upon it. Our disasters, defeats, and losses have been already as signal as our triumphs; we have lost our great colonies, and at the same time we have sunk deeper than ever in debt. We humbled for a moment our great enemy the House of Bourbon, but she has dealt us a terrible counter-blow, and the strife is by no means over. We are now in 1787. Are not other wars preparing? Shall we not, before the eighteenth century is out, struggle anew with France and Spain? Nay, even more is possible, for our preponderance at sea has created universal envy; we are regarded as maritime tyrants. Already there are signs of a great league against us, such a league as in former times has humbled other ascendancies. A Continental Grand Alliance may be formed against the ambitious island. The old Grand Alliance was directed by William and then by Marlborough; may not some great commander and statesman arise, say in France, destined to be as powerful perhaps as William or as Marlborough by wielding the resources of that great continental league? Happy, at least for the present, that the son of Chatham is at the helm! Never, perhaps, to those who can look below the surface did the prospect seem so black.

Such was Greater Britain just a hundred years ago. In the sixth year from that date it passed again under the cloud of war. It waged a more desperate war than ever, and again for almost a quarter of a century, for a time against a coalition of the chief Sea Powers, then later against a coalition of all the European Powers, until later still

the young United States also joined our enemies. From this struggle we emerged at last burdened with a debt six times as heavy as that which had thrown the statesmanship of Grenville off the balance.

And then opened for Greater Britain that new period which we may fairly call the Victorian era, because two-thirds of it fall within the reign of the Queen, and in this reign too its character has been most clearly marked. In contrast with that Georgian era which I have sketched some broad features of it, upon which assuredly we may congratulate ourselves, strike the eye at once.

What now has become of that great enemy, that Family Alliance, that United House of Bourbon, which in the eighteenth century altered for the worse the whole character of our colonial expansion. The House of Bourbon itself is not gone. It reigns still in Spain; it reigned in France till 1848, the eleventh year of the Queen. In the last years of Louis Philippe there was much question of the Spanish marriages, that is of maintaining the ancient family alliance of the two crowns. But all rivalry of France and Spain in the New World is over. It was brought to an end by the great war. On the one side the maritime preponderance of England was greatly increased, on the other France lost footing in North America when she abandoned Louisiana, lost her footing also in India, and was deprived of Mauritius; and Spain too in the revolutions of the great war lost her hold upon her great colonies, which broke away from her and somewhat later established their

independence. Holland too retired from the competition. And thus it has become a feature of English expansion in this Victorian era that it has never involved war on a great scale, war against a European power.

This is new; even in the seventeenth century we advanced partly by conquest. We took Jamaica from Spain, and New York from the Dutch. In the eighteenth century, as I have remarked, colonization almost ceased and conquest took its place. Whatever we acquired in those days was torn from France and Spain in the course of European wars. But the Victorian era has been an age of unopposed colonization, and on an unprecedented scale.

In this aspect surely the Victorian era has been happy, and with a happiness proper to ourselves. In the eighteenth century, nay in the whole period between the English revolution and the battle of Waterloo, Greater Britain grew, but at the cost of war after war, and by incurring a debt which at last seemed overwhelming. But in this era we have ceased to incur new debts, and we have paid off part of what we owed. Not much less than half the eighteenth century was passed in great European wars; this era has seen but two years of European war, in which England was concerned, in seventy-two years. But has our expansion stopped on that account, has Greater Britain ceased to grow, or grown more slowly, in this quiet period? On the contrary its growth has been more rapid than ever, and the diffusion of the English race about the globe has been greater still.

In the Georgian era we possessed not much more than the eastern fringe of North America; now the whole of North America belongs to our race, and in the northern part of it the whole breadth of the Continent is loyal to the Queen, while besides North America we occupy the whole continent of Australia.

Great growth and peaceful growth! But this is happy, not only in itself, but still more in its consequences. For that warlike struggle for expansion in the last century not only cost us sacrifices and involved us in debt; it is not only expense and debt that we have been spared; the same struggle also broke down our colonial system and led to the great schism in Greater Britain. As I said, the last of those three wars was intimately and most necessarily connected with the other two. Chatham's war, splendid as it was, could not but lead to the disruption which he himself just lived to see. For the loose connection of colony and mother country was not able in that early stage to bear the strain of frequent serious war. England could not afford to defend her colonies against France and Spain; the colonies in their unformed condition, in their unsettled relation to England, could not be brought into a common system. In other words that expansion, which for three centuries has seemed so natural to England, presupposed all along a condition of tolerable peace. Throughout the seventeenth century, in the decay of Spain, it could advance steadily, but when Spain and France were united, and all America, northern and central at once, bristled against us, our sys-

tem was not strong enough; it collapsed even in the moment of victory.

Here, again, the contrast brings out a leading feature of our own age—there has been no second schism. No; for the settlement of Australia, New Zealand, and the Canadian Dominion has not been made under the jealous eye of a House of Bourbon or of a Napoleon. It has not cost us battles by land or sea; a hundred millions added about every ten years to our national debt. Those were the conditions of our advance in the eighteenth century; they led inevitably to the American Revolution; and who does not see that either on our outside or on that of the colonies, separation would have been proposed very early in the Victorian era, had such conditions still obtained? But as the colonies have grown the burden of them has not grown; the expansion has been so easy that the weight of great continents has strained our federation less than formerly that of slight colonies.

Among the felicities of Queen Victoria this one is proper to her and her people. It is not a mere part of the felicity of the nineteenth century; it is an English felicity. In English history it is very unique, and stands out all the more against the background, in this respect so dark, of the Georgian era. How surprising to see that in this Victorian age we do not incur debt! In the Georgian era debt seemed a millstone that must always drag us down. Jacobites pointed the finger against our Revolution Settlement, as leading to interminable wars and ever new burdens. William was a glorious

deliverer, but he saddled us with a European war; Marlborough won victories, but the debt grew; the House of Hanover established itself, but the debt grew still; under Chatham we rose to new heights, but the debt grew faster than ever. Then followed our long struggle against the world in arms, and again we issued successful; but, alas! could Waterloo itself console us for the debt as it stood in 1815? After so long an experience the disease might seem incurable, and yet just that was the turning-point. Just then we ceased to incur debt. The old burden remains; but in seventy-two years since the pacification the burden has not been increased; it has been perceptibly diminished; and the old fatal propensity, which in the eighteenth century seemed irresistible, has been long left behind.

And therefore it is that our expansion over such vast continents has been smooth and secure. Easily, no doubt, this happiness may slip away from us. Let but another hostile league, like the Family Alliance, appear in the New World, and the eighteenth century might be upon us again. But the half century of undisturbed expansion is now added to English history—"the peaceful hours of still increase, days ordered in a wealthy peace." And the result is seen in the kindly feeling which now reigns between the mother country and its boundless colonies.

The same problem is set before us in this as in the Georgian era, the problem how to remain united. But this half century of suspense has diminished many difficulties, for it has introduced an age of vast poli-

tical unions, and it has afforded us ample leisure for deliberation and organization. We need not now repeat the errors of the generation which made the American War, for we are not beset as they were by foreign enemies, reduced to despair by financial difficulties, and pressed by want of time. *Our* union has not been for a long time the unhappy standing cause of war and debt, a relation which cannot continue as it is, but must be ended speedily if it cannot be mended. Read Mr. Lecky's impartial and lucid narrative of the American Revolution. How irrational the relation of the two countries! How hollow the rhetoric of the Assemblies! Only one thing is satisfactory, namely that our defeat was final and not long delayed, for assuredly had we won, or but for a long time hoped to win, we should have been ruined, so radically false was our position. Once more the Victorian era stands out in the light of contrast. In Greater Britain it is on the whole a period of sunshine, where assuredly we trace no gradual ripening of intolerable abuses, no growth of irritation and alienation towards war and disruption. What we trace is prosperous development, new communities devising for themselves institutions, now subdividing for convenience, now confederating for mutual help, without fostering religious discord, without unsatisfied political claims, without commercial grievances, without stain of slavery and all under one benignant sceptre! The state of things is not definitive, but much time has been granted us to devise a firmer system, and the respite continues still.

This long, woman's reign, without debt, almost without war on a great scale, this long infancy of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the Dominion of Canada, is now safely garnered up and added to English history. At home its Reform Bills, its growth of popular government, may be diversely estimated; so to some extent may its literature and art; its mere quantitative of growth, increase of population and production, may perhaps overwhelm and alarm, rather than delight us. But this smooth and prosperous expansion in Greater Britain suggests no such feeling; it is happy as far as happiness can be predicted of human affairs.

I have exhibited it in contrast with the age that preceded it, with the Georgian era. The time will come for another comparison. When a successor of mine, standing here in the year 1987, shall survey the Victorian era, he will see it in the distance "like a fruitful land reposing" behind another era of which as yet no man knows the aspect. He will compare it with that; he will try it by its consequences. What will be his judgment? It is vain to speculate, but I wish I could lift at least that corner of the curtain which covers the destiny of Greater Britain. In the Victorian age Greater Britain has no enemy. The question is, Will some enemy or league of enemies arise to assail Greater Britain in its vast extension and maturity, as the House of Bourbon assailed it in the former part, and Napoleon in the latter part, of the Georgian era? Perhaps the old colonial rivalry of the great European states is about to begin again.

Perhaps the twentieth century may resemble the eighteenth rather than the nineteenth. It may witness great oceanic wars, sea-fights in the Pacific, manœuvring about Suez and Panama.

I need not repeat here what has been so often said by alarmists about the changed condition of maritime warfare, about the prodigious maritime frontier which Greater Britain now exposes to an enemy, about the prodigious trade which would be endangered, about the dependence of these islands on foreign supplies; nor again is this the time to enlarge on our actual want of preparation, on official negligence, on the proverbial unreadiness of England at the beginning of a war, and on that dangerous rapidity of modern military operations which does not allow backward nations a second chance. As I said, the scale of everything grows vaster. If we choose to look at the darker side of the future, we may easily discern colossal shadows. If we choose to imagine a second struggle of Greater Britain against another House of Bourbon or another Napoleon, we must picture a struggle far more Titanic than that of the Georgian era, a far greater trial of endurance, and possibility of greater disasters as well as greater triumphs. But will not this happy half century, this rich seed-time of Greater Britain, bear fruit in such a time of trial? It has established between the mother country and the colonies a natural, unforced, rational, kindly relation. Why was the Bourbon League able to break that Georgian empire to pieces? Because it was wrong in

construction, held together on the one side by an unreasonable demand for protection, and because in that artificial partnership there had been accumulated a fund of ill-will, which, beginning in religious differences, had been augmented and embittered by all the cynicism and moral laxity of the age of Walpole. The Victorian era has witnessed another sort of accumulation, a deposit of good-will, beginning in the removal of irritating restraints, increased by the free operation of the feeling of nationality, and favored by all those influences which in this latter day heighten the sense of nationality and bring the ends of the earth together. Here is a natural and kindly bond, and it is strengthened by a vast trade which needs protecting and a vast emigration which needs regulating. The latest years of the half century have therefore witnessed experiments of organization, conferences, congresses, and we grow accustomed to a new kind of Pananglican debate very different in tone from those Georgian debates upon the Stamp Act. And thus the Victorian era may be found to have laid the foundation of a solid, permanent union, which no Bourbon League of the future will rashly provoke.

I have used the Georgian era mainly as a foil to our age. Those wars and controversies of the eighteenth century have indeed for me a deep interest; but one would hardly rank the period between 1737 and 1787 as a whole among the more glorious passages of English history. We do not much cherish the memory of Walpole, Pelham, or Lord North, or the

heroes of the War of Jenkin's Ears, or the American War. Nor was that by any means a Periclean age of genius and culture. But it had some of the virtues of an age of war. It founded under the elder Pitt a school of valor and heroism, and a conception of public duty raised above party, which carried us through our harder and longer trial. The Victorian era has not had so much occasion for such heroic virtues. It has been an era of culture, education, philanthropy, art, and science, not specially of patriotic heroism. It has had a serious morality, but this morality has not been of the Greek or Roman type. We have cultivated the private virtues, and we have thought much of duties to universal humanity. Devotion to the fatherland, duty to the State, have not lain so much in our way, though we sometimes show quite a religious sense of what we owe to our political party. If the times should darken again around Greater Britain, if we should again be called upon to hold our own against enemies, it might be necessary for us to form other habits of thought. A talent for holding our own is precisely what the world gives us credit for. When Frenchmen and Germans praise the English race, they ascribe to it the virtue of the mastiff—tenacity. I hope we possess this virtue still; it is indispensable for a great nation in circumstances like ours; but when we find occasion to refer to the classical examples of it, we shall find them in the period of the great war, that is in the latter part of the Georgian era. —PROF. J. R. SEELEY, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE GENESIS OF GOLD.

WE all know gold is "filthy lucre;" the "root of all evil;" "a snare and a delusion;" "common dross," etc.; and yet somehow, though we always admit that money doesn't secure any permanent advantage to us, we nevertheless feel with Sydney Smith that we are just on an average one guinea the happier for every extra guinea that falls into our pockets. Sad as it is to say so, that wicked metal still remains an object of obvious interest and desire to the vast mass of civilized humanity. Dross though it be, it forms the chief incentive of art and industry; filthy though we think it, yet as the circulating medium, fresh and clear from the Mint, it really possesses to the outer eye a certain illusory external attractiveness and apparent beauty. And since everybody in his heart wishes to get and keep as much as possible of it, consistent with the strictest honor and probity (or even sometimes otherwise), it is not unnatural to conclude that some slight inquiry into its origin and value, both as a metal and a medium, may possess a certain amount of curiosity and interest.

Unlike most other metals, the "root of all evil" usually occurs in the world at large in the pure or native condition only. The reason for this peculiarity is to be found in the fact that gold, though morally so vile and common a substance, is chemically and technically a noble metal, that is to say, one which enters but sparingly into combination with metalloids. Iron, as we all know, if exposed to air, or still worse to water, soon rusts;

or in other words, combines with oxygen. When found in mines, therefore, it usually occurs more or less under the form of an oxide, with a greater or smaller proportion of the two chief ingredients variously commingled. Still more are minerals like aluminium, calcium, potassium, and sodium, invariably found in a high state of combination. But copper, though usually met with as a compound with the metalloids, occasionally occurs in the pure condition; silver most frequently does so; and gold hardly ever appears under any other form. It is this remarkable chemical inertness of gold which gave it at first its value as an ornamental material, and so finally led up to its universal adoption as the medium of exchange, the enemy of virtue, and the chief standard of value in all civilized communities.

Gold, then, is a particularly inert and chemically stable substance, little given to entering into combination with other elements, and satisfied to remain in the virgin state without any violent elective hankering after a morganatic union with that all-pervading corrupter and demoralizer, oxygen. It is also, alas! as most of us know to our sorrow, a very rare and infrequent metal, being one of the elements which enter least in point of quantity into the composition of the earth's crust. So far as we can judge from the chemical examination of rocks exposed at the surface, the commonest metals in the shell of our planet are aluminium, calcium, magnesium, potassium, and sodium, which are largely present in the formation of granite,

clay, limestone, chalk, dolomite, gneiss, and most of the other best known deposits. It is a noteworthy fact, too, that these are also the lightest of all metals. After them in frequency come iron, manganese, and barium, which are far heavier, and whose compounds do not form nearly such large masses of material at the earth's surface. Rarer still are copper, tin, lead and zinc, occurring only in a few scattered spots; and rarest of all are silver, mercury, gold, and platinum, which are among the heaviest of all the elements, and are never found anywhere except in extremely small quantities.

What are the obvious conclusions to which such facts and others like them seem to point? Clearly these. The heavier substances composing the mass of our planet are mostly to be found where one would naturally expect them—at the bottom, or, in other words, near the centre of the earth; while the lighter bodies are equally to be seen where a sensible man would look to discover them—at the top, or, in other words, on or near the earth's surface. The outermost layer of all on our planet is composed of the extremely light gases which make up the atmosphere—oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid; the next layer consists mainly of water, composing the ocean; within that comes a stratum of not very solid rock, principally built up of the lighter metals, aluminium, calcium, magnesium, and so forth, combined with the lighter metalloids, oxygen, silicon, and carbon, in more or less loose and spongy compounds; while at the bottom of all—as far as our ignorance of the earth's

centre will permit us to guess—must lie first a layer of heavier materials, represented by the dense and ponderous lavas and basalts occasionally brought up to the surface by volcanic agencies; and inside that again, a still heavier core, composed perhaps of the weightiest metals and metalloids in a very close state of aggregation.

However this may be, and it seems natural to suppose that the heaviest matter should sink to the bottom, it is at any rate certain that gold, silver, mercury, and platinum are heavy metals which exist in very small quantities only at the surface, and that chiefly in the unmixed condition. Whether there is plenty more of them below or not is a question that can hardly be considered as coming, so far, within the range of practical politics. But the notion of sinking an artesian well into the earth's recesses, and thence pumping up molten gold, as men nowadays in America "strike ile," is a romance worthy of the Arabian Nights, perhaps to be realized in the thirtieth century.

The miserable and inconsiderable fraction of gold actually existing within workable distances at the present day in the crust of this planet is all dispersed in very tiny quantities over various parts of the earth's surface. A great deal of it is diffused in absolutely valueless amounts, mostly in the form of chloride, through the mass of other rocks, where it will never probably be worth the trouble of extraction. The remainder is chiefly obtained in larger but still very petty lumps, in veins of quartz or other rock, and in nuggets either on the beds

of modern streams or in the alluvial deposits of ancient rivers.

But where did the gold originally come from, and how did it get there? It can hardly be doubted nowadays that the ultimate source of all nuggets and alluvial gold is to be found in the veins of auriferous quartz. And how did the gold get into the quartz? Well, that question goes all of a piece with the question as to the origin of metallic veins generally, and must be answered on the same broad principles. For metallic veins are now almost certainly known to be masses of rubble, or dripping, so to speak, filling up gaps and fissures in the natural rock that spreads around them. The material that composes them got filtered into the fissure by flowing water, which brought the metal and other rubble in solution with it. Thus, in the last resort, we must account for the presence of gold in quartz veins by supposing that both the quartz and the gold were carried to their present position by the agency of water, and were deposited in the sides and walls of fissure until at last they filled it up entirely. If this view be correct, and it is the one held by great mining authorities, we must conclude that the final source of all our gold deposits, whether from pockets, placers, quartz veins, or gossans, is the minute quantity of gold diffused in the pure state, or as a chloride or other compound, through the mass of all the surrounding or underlying rocks. There must be very little gold in the laterally surrounding rocks, however, for there is not much to boast of even in the richest and most auriferous quartz. Prob-

ably whatever little of the precious metal exists at all dispersed through the granite and gneiss of the underlying crust must exist in extremely minute quantities, and perhaps in the form of diffuse chloride. This chloride might be dissolved out by percolating water, and so introduced together with the quartz into the gap or fissure.

Whether the gold and the quartz got into the veins (or, rather, the fissures) laterally or from below is still a moot-point among the learned in minerals. Probably both theories are more or less true. A certain amount of dissolved material may doubtless filter in under certain circumstances from surrounding rocks, and this may be the origin of a few mineral veins, both of gold or silver, and of more useful though less noble metals—nobility and usefulness being, here as elsewhere, roughly in inverse ratio to each another. But it is almost certain, according to Professor Geikie (who ought to know), that the mineral matter which makes up most metalliferous veins came from below. There is good reason to believe, indeed, that the minerals and ores which fill the fissures were introduced into their present home dissolved in steam or hot water, or even by igneous fusion and injection. It is known that at the present time mineral matters and metallic sulphides are so being deposited in fissures up which hot water rises. It is also known that one of the richest mines in Nevada, the Great Comstock Lode—a perfect Tom Tiddler's ground, from which fabulous quantities of gold and silver have been extracted—is closely connected with the seething hot

Steamboat Springs, in the same volcanic district, and is itself still permeated by almost boiling water. There is something highly refreshing to the orthodox mind in this modern notion that gold—that wicked metal—has thus an origin from below, and is so intimately bound up in its first beginnings with very warm regions and sulphurous exhalations.

However the gold got into the quartz, it is at any rate a matter of simple fact that all the known gold of the world has been derived, sooner or later, from just such mineral veins or fissures. A great deal of our existing gold supply is obtained by crushing the quartz and then treating it mechanically or chemically, to extract the metal; the remainder is obtained from alluvial deposits, ancient or modern, into which the gold has been washed out by the agency of streams or natural water power. What man now does on the small scale with his mills and stamps, his washing and his amalgams, nature long ago did on the large scale with her lakes and rivers, her freshets and her waterfalls. In treating auriferous quartz for gold, we always begin by crushing the vein stone that contains it with powerful machinery, and then subjecting the pulverized material to the action of water, which washes away the silica suspended in its stream, but lets the heavy metal sink by gravity to the bottom. Now, all the gold-bearing sands and gravels have been naturally subjected to just the same crushing process, spread out over those enormous periods of time which the geologist demands of

right for every part of his exacting science. The quartz here has been pulverized and washed by natural means; the greater part of the finely powdered silica has been carried away, and the lumps of gold have been left behind, more or less mixed up in the beds with sand or gravel. It is clear that gold-digging of this latter sort must be far richer in the precious metal than the mere quartz-veins; and it is such auriferous sands and gravels that make up the better part of the wealthy Australian and Californian gold-fields.

Auriferous gravels can of course only exist where auriferous quartz-veins existed before them. Without a bank to draw upon in the first place, you cannot possibly get your bullion. In California, the materials that make up the gold-bearing gravel beds were washed down by streams and floods in the Pliocene period from the mountain-tops above, and deposited in the basins of ancient lakes and rivers now no more. But Pliocene gravel would, under natural circumstances, long since have been washed away; it has been preserved in California to the days of Bill Nye and Jones of Calaveras by a peculiar accident which those amiable gentlemen would no doubt regard as "almost providential" for the mining interest. Towards the close of the genial Pliocene epoch, that usually well-conducted chain, the Sierra Nevada, suddenly burst forth "on the spree" into volcanic activity on a grand and generally Western American scale. Like the cow-boys who "paint the town red" in their simple joy, it covered the auriferous gravels with showers of

pumice, ashes, and pebbles, and finally capped the entire mass with a broad sheet of solid basalt and lava. Not only did this great prehistoric eruption overwhelm the mastodons, Pliocene lamas, and other extinct animals whose bones and teeth still pleasingly diversify the Californian diggings, but it also buried beneath its ash and lava the famous and much-debated Calaveras skull, which, if genuine, is the oldest fragment of a human body now known to exist anywhere. The capping of lava varies from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in thickness, and it has preserved from erosion the subjacent gravel which would otherwise have been swept away, and so rendered possible the very existence of the Californian diggings and the town of San Francisco.

Curiously enough, in Australia too, the auriferous gravels are of Pliocene date, and are capped and preserved in the same manner by a thick layer of volcanic deposits. It would seem as though gold-bearing gravels in general can only occur in any quantities where they have been preserved from erosion for long periods of time by the superposition of solid beds of lava or basalt.

Whenever a river flows through country occupied either by gold-bearing quartz-veins or auriferous gravel, it naturally washes out and collects here and there in hollows of its bed nuggets and scales and grains of gold from the surrounding deposits. These river diggings form of course the richest deposits of gold to be found anywhere, for they are the siftings of the siftings; and they can be worked with the

least trouble and expence, so that in all auriferous countries they from the earliest deposits to be exploited by miners. Gold collects in pot-holes in the river bed, and also behind little bars of rock, which serve as riffles to retain it from washing away. In the Yuba valley in California, after the gravel of the surface has been removed, and the solid rock on which it rests has been reached, the gold is found in a thin layer of grains and scales over the entire flooring of the prehistoric stream. But in modern rivers the gold more often occurs in loose nuggets, dispersed through the sand and gravel banks of the occasional pools and creeks.

Gold is dispersed over almost all the world, in one or other of these various forms, either in auriferous quartz, in ancient river gravels, in modern alluvium, or on the beds of streams. In Britain a certain amount of local gold is found near Dolgelly, dispersed through veins of quartz, but hardly in sufficient quantities to repay crushing. In Scotland, a few of the streams in Sutherland, tributaries of the Helmsdale river, bring down small nuggets from the neighboring drift. In Ireland, gold occurs in placers among the Wicklow hills, but none has yet been discovered in the natural matrix, though a few specks have sometimes been observed on rocks in different parts of the country. Europe as a whole, however, is poor in gold. A little has at times been mined in the Thuringian Forest; considerable amounts exist in Bohemia; Hungary and Italy yield fair quantities; and a moderate amount is found in the Ural Mountains, both in original deposits and in beds of river sand.

In the last-named case, the specks are too small to be separately visible to the naked eye.

In Asia there is far more gold. India has a vast amount, if you can only get at it—I do not wish to encourage reckless speculation—chiefly by crushing very solid rock. Siberia also contains plenty of gold, and other outlying countries come in for their share. But where Africa's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand, or, to be more precise, on the Gold Coast and elsewhere, still richer deposits have long been known, while the Transvaal just at present forms the newest Eldorado of adventurous miners and still more adventurous, not to say foolish, investors. In America there is gold in California, gold in the Rocky Mountains, gold in the Alleghanies, gold in Canada. And in Australia there is more gold still, though the yield of late years has steadily fallen off, and the mines of Victoria have begun to show symptoms of gradual exhaustion.

But the most interesting question of all about gold is, how did it come to be "the root of all evil?" What has made this particular yellow metal, above all other stones and minerals, the standard of value, the medium of exchange, and the object of all men's ardent devotion? In order to solve that curious problem, we must look at the origin of its use among mankind, and the gradual evolution of its employment as money.

Primitive man, hunting about in the rivers for fish and in the forest for venison, had other wants, philosophers tell us, than those of mere vulgar food and drink; the noble thirst for trinkets, the æsthetic de-

sire for personal decoration, which now gives rise to fashion plates and drapers' shops and jewelers' windows, was already vaguely alive within his swelling bosom. He adorned himself even then with necklets of bears' teeth, and shining fossils, and girdles of shell, and belts of wampum, all which things are found, in company with the white chalk and the red ochre that made primitive woman beautiful for ever, among the concreted floors of the Dordogne caverns. Primitive woman was not fair to outer view; on the contrary, she was no doubt distinctly dark, not to say dusky; but already she knew how to keep in the fashion; she loved gold, as Walpole long afterwards remarked of her remote descendants, and, when she could get them, diamonds also. Ages before any other metals were smelted or manufactured into useful implements, gold and silver had attracted the attention of our savage ancestors, and probably still more of our savage ancestresses. There was every reason why this should be so. They are generally found in the native state, they have glitter and brilliancy and beauty of color, they are soft and workable and easily pierced, they can be readily strung in ingots as beads for necklets, and, at a somewhat higher grade of culture, they can be hammered with ease into rude ornaments. Hence it is not surprising that from a very early age primitive man should have prized nuggets of gold and ingots of silver for personal trinkets, just as he prized the shells and pebbles, the garnets and carnelians, the jade and crystal, the ivory and feathers, from which he manufactured his rude adornments.

Primitive people probably never went further than picking up the pretty bright waterworn nuggets which they found at times in the streams or sands; but surface gold of this sort has been discovered in use among almost all savages the whole world over, and that too in many countries, such as the West Indies, where no gold is now known to exist in workable quantities. The native supply of the rivers and gravels was probably here long ago exhausted. Almost indestructible by nature, the gold has been hoarded and handed down from generation to generation, and it is therefore in use everywhere among savage tribes in amounts out of all proportion to its natural frequency. Hence it came in time to be considered, with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, which are also pretty and glittering, also rare, and also almost indestructible, as a means of barter and a measure of wealth among chiefs and great people. It is the decorative use of gold which first suggests its employment as a standard of value; a mere toy, but lasting and universally prized, it comes in the end to have a mercantile value quite apart from its original purpose, and with men who would care nothing at all for it viewed as a means of personal decoration.

But why should gold in particular attain this place as civilization rises, rather than diamonds, sapphires, pearls, or amethysts? The reason is clear. Because gold can be subdivided and reunited to any required degree to suit particular prices or bargains; its value lies in its weight alone, not in the size of its individual masses. A big diamond would be useless as a piece

of currency, because the value of diamonds depends largely upon their size; and if you cut a big one up into little ones, to meet special demands, you cannot get as much for all as for the lump they were first cut from. But the big nugget, "Welcome Stranger," which weighed 2,268 ounces, could be coined into currency at the rate of 1,869 sovereigns to 40 lbs. weight, without its value being in any way affected. Among savage communities, where real ultimate wealth consists for the most part in slaves, cattle, and perishable goods, there is no great distinction between gold, silver, diamonds, and other precious stones, so far as standard of value is concerned; all alike are objects of great worth, but their price is calculated in heads of cattle or other really useful goods. Even in civilized Eastern countries, realized property consists largely of jewels, which are almost as much a measure of value as gold and silver. But in all truly mercantile communities the importance of a standard which can be indefinitely divided and reunited is fully recognized, and gold or silver (or both together—but this comes perilously near the bimetallic controversy) are universally employed as the medium of exchange.

At first, of course, gold was so used by weight only. But the device of weighing certain pieces of gold beforehand, in convenient sizes, and then stamping them with a recognized die, is at once so simple and so useful, that it naturally suggested itself very early, and no doubt independently, in at least two places—China and India—to the human mind. The earliest

Asiatic coins were bean-shaped lumps of impure gold, just marked with an anvil mark, to guarantee quantity and standard; it was only slowly that the round shape and the definite design came to form part of the notion of coinage. Once gold assumed this first raw form of the coin, its future development into the "root of all evil" and the universal standard of value was quite inevitable. For such a purpose, indeed, it possesses almost every conceivable native advantage. It is rare, it is limited in quantity, it has an independent worth from its use in the arts, it comprises high value in relatively small bulk, it is infinitely divisible, it can be reunited at will, it corrodes but little, and it is not liable to any great fluctuations in price, owing to the comparative steadiness in the annual output and the small relation borne by yearly increments to the total stock at any time in existence. The only one weak point it possesses—that of being easily subject to wear and tear—can be and is practically overcome by alloying it with small quantities of baser metal, which give it the requisite hardness and indestructibility. Standard gold, thus produced, may be said to fulfil almost absolutely the economist's ideal of a measure of value.

Most of the gold ever mined or otherwise discovered by human beings is still probably in existence somewhere or other, either as coin, jewelry, or objects of art and domestic usefulness. It is a curious thought, indeed, that the sovereigns we each carry in our pockets (when we have any) may be coined out of gold which comes down to

us by infinite stages from some remote prehistoric past, through a strange succession of passing phases. It may first have been worn as one in a loose string of shapeless yellow nuggets round the dusky neck of some barbaric chieftain. Then it may have been beaten into an Etruscan corselet and exported by tawny Phœnician traders for purposes of barter to the coasts of Britain. Moulded into rude coin by Cunobelin or Carausius, it may have been stamped afresh under Alfred and William, Henry and Edward, Oliver and Anne, until at last, after bearing in turn all the foolish fat faces of the Georges, it obtained in the fulness of time the image and superscription that now appears upon it of Victoria, Queen and Empress. This sovereign here may have formed part of a Mexican ornament; that other may have dangled as a scarabæus charm on the pendent necklet of Pharaoh's daughter. Here is a napoleon that King Solomon's ships imported from Ophir; there is an Austrian ducat that once passed through antique mints as stater and daric; yonder is a five-dollar piece in whose material mingle Guinea gold and Australian nuggets, an Assyrian signet ring and a Roman aureus. Gold, in fact, being practically indestructible, the total stock existing in the world goes on perpetually in various forms from generation to generation, and makes a vast pool only increased, as it were by dribblets, through the tributary streams of each year's accession.

I ought to add that there are three ways in which gold gets actually lost for human purposes. One is by wear and tear; another is by

use as gold lace, gilding, and other irrecoverable forms; and the third is by the stopping of teeth, for which purpose a considerable amount is now said to be annually sacrificed, especially in America.

How strange to think that thousands of men should be toiling daily in picking to pieces solid rock, or wading through the bed of mountain torrents, or washing the gravels of forgotten rivers, at the present day, in dirt and privation, solitude and fear, all for the sake of extracting what?—some few grains of a yellow bauble, originally prized as a gaudy decoration for the naked necks of dusky savages, and thence evolved by a strange concatenation of circumstances into the main object of effective desire on the part of all civilized and commercial humanity! How strange, too, that gold and gilding, crowns and coronets, guineas and medals, golden sunsets and golden opinions, gold in every form and aspect and sense, substantive or adjectival, from the "golden age" to "Miss Kilmansegg's leg," should run through the very warp and woof of all our life, and thought, and art, and poetry; should tinge our ideas and mould our sentiments; should make an inseparable part, at every turn, of our living and our being, our thinking and our language—and yet that the gold itself on which all this vast superstructure rests should be one of the most uncommon, one of the least conspicuous, one of the most useless, one of the most insignificant of all the elements entering into the composition of this belated sublunary planet! Why, who on earth ever heard of barium? Yet barium is

believed to rank next among metals to iron and manganese in abundance as a constituent of the earth's crust, while the precious metal is simply nowhere. Aluminium and calcium are held by high scientific authority to be far the most frequent metallic substances of all; gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, zinc, mercury, and the other best known economic metals (excluding iron) when put together form less than one per cent. of the minerals composing the explored portion of the shell of this planet. Strangest of all, it is this very insignificance and scarcity of gold which gives it all its interest and value; if there were just a hundred times more of it in the world, we shouldn't hear one thousandth part as much about it. — *Cornhill Magazine*.

MODERN HISTORIANS AND SMALL NATIONALITIES.

No political fact is of more importance and interest in modern continental history than the tenacity with which the smaller nations of Europe preserve their pride of nationality in the face of the growing tendency towards the formation of large, strongly concentrated empires, supported by powerful armies. Why should Portugal utterly refuse to unite with Spain? Why do Holland and Belgium cling to their existence as separate States, in spite of all the efforts of statesmen to join them? Why do the people of Bohemia and Croatia, of Finland and of Poland, refuse to coalesce with the rest of the population of the empires of

which they form but small sections? Why, finally, do the new kingdoms of Roumania and Servia show such astonishing vitality? The arguments as to distinctive race or distinctive language fail to answer all these questions. The people of Portugal are of the same race and speak nearly the same language as the people of Spain; and the Russians and the Poles are closely akin to each other. It is not enough to say that these small nationalities simply preserve the traditions of their past independence to account for the existence of their national spirit at the present time. Centuries have passed since the provinces which now form the kingdom of Roumania, since Servia, Finland, Bohemia, and Croatia lost their independence; strenuous efforts have been made to stamp out the recollection of that independence, and yet the inhabitants of those provinces retain their national pride and patriotic feelings as tenaciously as Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, or Russians. Time was on the side of the great Powers who strove to crush out this national spirit, and in some of these countries it had at the commencement of the present century nearly ceased to exist. But it has now revived with redoubled vigor: Czechs, Finns, Roumanians, Servians, Poles, Belgians, and Portuguese are prouder than ever of their nationality and their history, and there is in the future very little probability that these races will ever lose their national pride and sense of independence, even if they remain, as some of them do still, subject to foreign rulers, and component parts of great empires.

This rekindling of the national spirit is the result chiefly of the development of the new historical school all over the Continent. Instead of remaining in ignorance of their past history, or, at best, regarding a mass of legends as containing the true tale of their countries' achievements, these small nations have now learnt from the works of their great historians what the story of their fatherlands really is, and what title they have to be proud of their ancestors. These great historians—Herculano, Palacky, Széchenyi, and the rest—who made it their aim to tell the truth and not to show off the beauties of a fine literary style, all belonged to the generation which had its interest aroused in the history of the past by the novels of Sir Walter Scott and the productions of the Romantic School, and they all learnt how history was to be studied, and then written, from Niebuhr, Von Ranke, and their disciples and followers. From these masters they learnt that their histories were not to be made interesting at the expense of truth; that legends, however beautiful or patriotic, were to be rejected, if found to be without foundation; and that the two chief qualities required by a modern historian were patience in wading through masses of documents, and critical insight in dealing with them. Studying history after this fashion must needs be laborious, and can never be adequately rewarded in money, but a life spent in discovering and compiling the true history of a nation is bound to meet its own reward at last in fame. Nowhere is such a life more honored and respected

than in such small countries as Portugal and Bohemia; and the earnest historians of those nations won their reward in seeing that their labors were appreciated, that their fellow-citizens took a growing interest in the records of their country, that they rejoiced with a new joy in past glories when the story was shown to be correct and not a concoction of myths, and that they felt more pride in their national heroes when they recognized them to be, not demi-gods, but human beings, who had lived, suffered, and died, and who had felt the influence of the same passions which swayed themselves. Students of the modern historical school have had the satisfaction to reap this reward to some extent in every country on the Continent, but it is only among the smaller nations that their labors have been of permanent political importance.

The truth of these general remarks will be best illustrated by an examination into the revival of the spirit of nationality and independence in some of the smaller nations of Europe, and the influence of the new school of historians upon it. In no country has this influence been more important than in Portugal, and it is worth while to dwell upon its importance there at some length, because the great modern historian of Portugal is entirely unknown in England. At the beginning of this century the old national spirit seemed to be dying out in Portugal; the people wished to rest after their exertions during the Peninsular War; but instead of being able to remain at peace their country was torn with civil strife. In the midst of these

troubles the opinion grew up, especially amongst the Portuguese Radicals, that what they called the ridiculous and unnatural separation of two such kindred nations as Spain and Portugal should cease, and that the two countries should be united. The favorite dream of these Radicals was the establishment of a great Iberian Republic to embrace the whole of the Peninsula, for they could not help comparing their absolutist pretender Dom Miguel with the Spanish Don Carlos, and hoped for the active aid of the Spanish Liberals against him. But it was not only the Portuguese Radicals who looked forward to the union of the Peninsula into one political whole. Even such a staunch supporter of the little Queen Maria da Gloria as the Marshal Duke de Saldanha professed a belief in the expediency of Iberian unity to the end of his life, and the moderate Royalist statesmen, almost without exception, regretted that there was no king upon the throne of Spain to marry their young queen regnant. The feeling that it would be advantageous to unite with Spain was particularly strong among the educated classes in Portugal. They felt that neither country could enjoy the peace and security necessary for the increase of material prosperity unless the other was tranquil, and they could see no reason why there should not be a union between them. Among the lower classes of the Portuguese nation the old rancorous hatred of the Spaniard still existed, but there was, nevertheless, among the *bourgeoisie*, and all classes above the very lowest, at the

close of the Miguelite wars, and during the troubles which followed the introduction of parliamentary government, a decided feeling towards a union with Spain, which found no open manifestation only on account of the internal troubles in Spain itself. That feeling has now entirely disappeared. No Portuguese Radical now dreams of an Iberian Republic; no statesman would now dare to advocate a union with Spain; the educated classes are once more proud of the country's glorious history, and of their own marked spirit of nationality; and this change of feeling has been chiefly brought about by the labors of the great Portuguese historian, Alexandra Herculano de Carvalho e Araujo and his disciples, and by the modern Portuguese poets, Joao Baptista Almeida-Garrett and Antonio Feliciano de Castilho.

A sketch of the life and career of Herculano will show best how he became a historian, and with what motives he entered on his arduous labors. Alexandra Herculano de Carvalho e Araujo was born at Lisbon in 1810, and was sent to Paris for his education. He there imbibed such revolutionary ideas that soon after he returned to his family in Portugal he was forced to go into exile in 1831, when the adherents of Dom Miguel, the defender of absolutism and the monks, became all-powerful. In the following year he served under Dom Pedro in the defence of Oporto as a volunteer for a short time, but soldiering was not to his taste, and he soon retired to England, where he spent a few months, and learnt to read Water Scott's novels in the original. From England he

went on to Paris, where he lived among the young and enthusiastic followers of the Romantic movement, directed by Guizot, Cousin, and Villemain, of which the poets were Lamartine and Victor Hugo. After the final overthrow of the Miguelites, and the Convention of Evora Monte in 1834, Herculano went back to Lisbon, and there started the *Pimorama*, a weekly political and Liberal journal, in which he published his first articles and poems. He had arrived in Lisbon an advanced Liberal and a believer in parliamentary government, but the perpetual and useless civil wars which succeeded each other between 1835 and 1851 nearly exhausted his patience, and sorely tried his political opinions. It was at this period that he began to turn from the contemporary troubles of his country to the history of its past glories. This feeling showed itself also in other young Portuguese Liberals of the time, notably in Almeida-Garrett, and Castilho, and all three vented their feelings in historical poems. The outpourings of Herculano's muse were confessedly inferior to his friends', and were published in 1836 and 1838 respectively, under the titles of the *Voz do Propheta*, or "Voice of the Prophet," and the *Harpa do Crente*, or "Harp of the Believer." Both these little volumes give abundant proofs of Herculano's admiration for Lamartine and the poets of the French Romantic School, and of his mastery over the Portuguese language; but it was evident from them that he had not yet found the most appropriate channel for the expression of his thoughts and opinions. In 1843, however, he

came nearer to his true vocation by publishing the first part of a historical novel, *O Monasticon*, under the title of *Eurico o Presbytero*. This historical novel showed the influence of Walter Scott as clearly as the poems showed that of Lamartine; but it showed something else besides—a singular power of comprehending the far distant past, and a fine style of historical description. It was at this period that he began to compose his History; he had for years worked hard among the archives at Lisbon, and had collected much valuable historical material for his *Eurico o Presbytero*.

He now began to marshal his facts into a consecutive narrative, and in 1845—the year before the horrible civil war known as the War of Maria da Fonte, or Patuleia—Alexandra Herculano published the first volume of his *Historia de Portugal*. The publication of this volume marks an epoch in the literary history of Portugal. There had been great chroniclers who had told the early story of the wars against the Moors, such as Ruy de Pina, Duarte Galvão and Acenheiro; there had been great historians—great rather in style than in accuracy—in the palmy days of Portuguese literature, such as Bernardo de Brito and Antonio Brandão; there had been distinguished writers in the seventeenth century, such as Jacinto Freire de Andrada, the author of the *Life of Dom Joao de Castro*, one of the most beautiful biographies ever written; there had been diligent collectors and editors of ancient chronicles and documents, such as José Correa da Serra and the Viscount de

Santarem; but there had never before been a scientific Portuguese historian. The second volume of his History, going down to the death of Alfonso III. in 1279, was published in 1850, with two dissertations or essays on the elements which composed the Portuguese people, and on the history of the municipalities of the country.

Weight has purposely been laid on the career of Herculano in order to bring out the sources from which he obtained his historical inspiration. He had been led to take an interest in the early ages of Europe by his study of Walter Scott and of the French Romantics, and he had learnt from these masters of fiction that the men and women of all centuries are alike human, and are never demi-gods or fiends in human shape. He was therefore ready to disbelieve in legendary stories, which made men more or less than human, while not neglecting the picturesque point of view in the lives of the men of past ages. But while it was from these masters that Herculano learnt his attitude towards the past history of his country, he derived his method of study from quite a different school. The influence of the German historical school, of which the most illustrious masters have been Niebuhr and Von Ranke, and of which the disciples are how numerous all over the Continent, had penetrated even to Portugal. Early history, Herculano learned, could only be re-written after an elaborate study of ancient documents and a careful comparison between them, and nature fortunately granted him the qualities of patience to wade through documents

and of critical insight by which to judge them. To this power of indefatigable study he added the gift of a keen perception of the picturesque, and the talent to tell history with clearness, conciseness, and eloquence. No wonder, then, that he became a great historian, and the founder of an historical school which was to have great weight in the politics of his native country. The very bitterness of the opposition of the Clerical and Conservative party against him showed what excitement the publication of Herculano's History had caused in Portugal; its influence was felt alike in politics and literature; no more was heard of a union with Spain; Saldanha's rising of 185 failed utterly; and patriotism being alive once more, the leaders of a political party, when defeated in the Cortes, tried to obtain their ends by peaceful and constitutional opposition, instead of by raising armies and plunging the country into civil war. To attribute this happy change to the publication of Herculano's History entirely would be ridiculous; but its influence counted for much, for it undoubtedly turned the minds of his countrymen away from the bitterness of their party feuds to think of the cause of their country alone, and made them take more interest in the history of their past glories. On Portuguese literature it had an even more important effect. It produced a school of new historians, contented to labor for the truth, and changed the minds of the young men of the time from the writing of melancholy poetry to the study of history and its attend-

ant sciences, political economy and critical jurisprudence.

The later career of Herculano was not of the same political importance. He published no more of his history after 1850, but in 1854 and 1855 appeared his work, *On the Origin and Establishment of the Inquisition in Portugal*, in which he proved how greatly the Roman Catholic Church was answerable for the degradation into which Portugal sank in the seventeenth century, and thus gave a helping hand to his friend Castilho's scheme of secular education. He remained an indefatigable writer on every sort of subject, though it is hardly necessary to mention more of his works except a collection of charming little historical novels published, under the title of *Lendas e Historias*, in 1851, and his essays, or *Estudos Historicos*, in 1876. Far more important was the work he did as an editor of old chronicles. Recognizing, as he did, that it was only possible to understand history by studying contemporary documents, Herculano commenced the publication of the *Portugallix Monumenta Historica*, an immense series of reproductions and editions, of which the cost was defrayed by the Portuguese Government. This series he divided into three sections: *Scriptores*, containing editions of unpublished chronicles and lives of saints, *Leges et Consuetudines*, and *Diplomata et Chartæ*. For producing these editions Herculano had great advantages from the position he held as librarian to the king, and upon them he bestowed the chief labors of his later life, thankful to see younger students

coming to his help, and admiring the works of those who were proud to call themselves his followers and disciples. In their admiration, and that of his countrymen generally, he felt that he had his reward; and his greatness as the founder of the scientific historical school in Portugal was recognized on January 22, 1858, by his election to the highest honor open to a European historian, that of corresponding member of the Institute of France in the section of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. Towards the end of his life he retired from Lisbon to live a hermit's life on a little property he possessed near Santarem, and was visited there by a Spanish author, Don Ricardo Blanco Assenjo, who describes him in eloquent if rather far-fetched language as a

"Cincinnatus, handsome as statue by Flaxman, with much of Cato's rudeness and Seneca's philosophy. His life was a desperate struggle, the grand protest of a soul indomitable in its greatness, which will have naught to do with the repugnant miseries of reality, as represented in this epoch by political quackery, religious hypocrisy, ignorant vanity, envy, and evil-speaking."

Herculano died on September 13, 1877, but the work he commenced has been continued, and, for a small country, Portugal can boast of an unexampled list of modern scientific historians. The result of their work has been to continue the impression which he made upon the minds of his countrymen, and there is hardly any nation in Europe more proud of its nationality than the Portuguese. Of these followers it is only possible to mention a few names, of which the most

distinguished are those of Luis Angusto Rebellos do Silva, whose History of Portugal treats of the years from 1642 to 1756; Simiao José da Luz Soriano, José Maria Latino Coelho, A. P. Lopes de Mendonça, and Francisco da Fonseca Benevides, whose *Rainhas de Portugal*, published in 1878, is one of the ablest modern works on the history of his country. It is interesting to note that the careers of these men do not justify the saying that a prophet has no honor in his own country; on the contrary, although the names of the new school of Portuguese historians are almost unknown out of Portugal, they are there honored for their labors. Herculano was for a time himself a member of the Portuguese Cortes, and both Rebellos do Silva and Latino Coelho held seats in the Cabinet at different times. All are proud of their work, and do not spare labor over it; and it is certain that the great influence which Herculano and his followers have exercised upon the politics of Portugal has been entirely good, and that it has for ever killed the notion of a union of the whole Iberian Peninsula under either a monarch or a republic.

It is a far cry from Portugal to Bohemia, and yet it is in the latter country that the new historical school has exerted a political influence second only in importance, if inferior at all, to that exercised by it in Portugal. The policy of the Emperors, ever since the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War, had been to stamp out the Czech nationality, and to Germanize the people of Bohemia. The Czech language was proscribed in legal and other

documents, it was not allowed to be taught in the schools or in the University of Prague, and the children of the Czech nobility were carried off to be educated and married at Vienna. The work, then, of the Czech historical revival of the present century was not, as in Portugal, to resuscitate a pride of nationality which had never become extinct, although dormant, but to call back the Bohemian people to remember that they had once been a nation at all. Herculano had had a difficult task; but that of Dobrowski and Palacky was still more difficult, for while the Portuguese language had never, even in the most debased days of Portuguese history, lost its form as a literary language, the Czech had for a century and a half been practically proscribed and regarded as a language fit only for the peasantry of Bohemia.

Franz Palacky is the central figure of the Bohemian historical revival, and his influence was even greater, from a political point of view, than that of Herculano. He was the son of the village schoolmaster of Hodslavice in Moravia, and was born in 1798. He was educated at the University of Pressburg, and while acting as a private tutor in Vienna made the acquaintance of Schafaryk, the Bohemian poet, with whom he collaborated in many works during the next few years. In 1823 Palacky established himself at Prague, and began his researches into the old Czech chronicles, which were to form the basis of his historical labors. He began modestly, by publishing articles and memoirs on special subjects; but his merit

soon became known, and in 1829 he was appointed national historiographer by the States of Bohemia. From this time he steadily worked at his great History, of which, however, the first volume was not published for some years, and he pursued his search after authorities and authentic documents, not only in the public libraries of Europe, but also in the archives of the old Bohemian nobility. During these years of preparation he published two volumes which deserve mention—his *History of the Early Years of Wallenstein*, and his *Life of Joseph Dobrowski*. Palacky felt that his own work was to some extent the sequel of that of Dobrowski. Dobrowski was rather a philologist than a historian, but Palacky recognized how great his merits were, and how great the services he had rendered to his country. Dobrowski had revived the study of the Czech language; it was reserved for Palacky to rewrite Czech history. In 1836 appeared the first volume of Palacky's *History of Bohemia*, published simultaneously in German and Czech. The book made its mark at once, and it was recognized in Germany that a great genius had risen. Palacky was essentially a disciple of the new historical school, a follower of Niebuhr. He had labored diligently among chronicles and documents to discover the truth, and, like Herculano, did not fear to destroy the legends which were most cherished by the Bohemian people, when he found that they had no historical basis. The success of his work among his fellow-countrymen was immense. In spite of the policy of Austria, the Czech na-

tional spirit had not been destroyed; the nobility and bourgeois had been to some extent Germanized, but the Slav feelings had not been extinguished. The work of Palacky completed what Dobrowski and Schafaryk had begun; it made known to the Czechs of the nineteenth century what manner of men their ancestors had been, and what great deeds in the past they had done for their descendants to remember with pride. Palacky no more caused the Bohemian revival of the present century than Herculano had caused that of Portugal, but he became the central figure, and the father of the new historical school there, which signalized the revival. Like Herculano, he did not bring his history down to modern times, but between 1836 and 1854 he published six volumes, going down to the end of the reign of King Sigismund. The publication of each volume was almost an historical event; in each, old legends were destroyed, and the early history of the Czech people, with its curious and interesting development, was for the first time truly and clearly narrated.

As has happened in Portugal, and in every country in which the new historical school has had a real influence, its leaders have played a political part, and a very important one. In 1848, the year of revolutions, troubles broke out in Bohemia, as in other parts of the Austrian dominions, and a large portion of the youth of the nation loudly demanded the absolute independence of Bohemia. Palacky, though he had done so much to encourage the growth of the spirit of Czech nationality, had studied

history too deeply to be lead away by this movement. He understood that by obtaining practical independence and local government the Czech nationality would gain all it wanted, that absolute severance from Austria would involve the little state in perpetual quarrels with the German kingdoms around it, and that a federal union with the rest of the Austro-Hungarian Empire would be a source of strength and not of weakness to Bohemia. With these views, he boldly combated the extreme Czech party, and even accepted a seat in the Bohemian Cabinet as Minister of Public Instruction. Austrian statesmen did not forget his conduct at this epoch, and in 1861 the great historian was made a life member of the Austrian House of Lords. In the united Austrian Parliament he became, with his son-in-law, the distinguished political economist Rieger, a leader of the Slav party, and steadily opposed the attempts of the more aggressive Magyar politicians to obtain for Hungary more than her fair share in deciding the policy of the Austrian Empire. But political affairs did not wholly absorb the energies of Franz Palacky's later years. He never forgot that he was a historian more than a politician, and that it was to his greatness as an historian that he owed his political influence. Like Herculano, he devoted himself after the completion of his History to the collecting and editing of ancient chronicles and documents. He knew that that was the only way by which early history could be truly studied, and spared no labor in such work. He superin-

tended all the editions of the various publications of this nature issued by the Academy of Prague at the expense of the Bohemian Government, and himself collected and issued a collection of documents on John Huss, the Czech reformer, which threw an entirely new light on the early career of the man who, with John Ziska, the blind general, shares the honor of making the Czech history for a period of the greatest importance to the general history of Europe.

Palacky himself died at Prague on May 26, 1876, but he left behind him a band of disciples, who have continued his labors, and have made the modern school of historians especially conspicuous and well represented in the little State of Bohemia. The publication of documents increases apace, and of the numerous series perhaps the most noticeable are the *Fontes Rerum Bohemicarum*, and the *Codex Diplomaticus et Epistolaris Moravice*; while among the followers of Palacky may be mentioned Gindely, Tomek, and Jaroslav Goll, the learned author of the bulletins on Bohemian history published from time to time in the *Revue Historique*. The labors of these historians and editors of documents have all tended in the same direction—to ascertain the true history and development of the Czech people. The result has been a revival of the Czech spirit of nationality, which in some instances is carried almost to ridiculous extremes. The division of the University of Prague into a Czech and a German university in 1882, and the encouragement of the teaching in primary schools of the Czech lan-

guage, literature, and history, is sufficiently praiseworthy; but the affectation of some of the younger Bohemians, who, while knowing German perfectly well, pretend only to be able to speak Czech, is simply absurd. Yet this very affectation shows how great an influence the Czech revival of the nineteenth century has exercised; this small nationality planted in the heart of Germany preserves its pride, and is determined to hold its own against the Germans on the one hand and the Russians Slavs on the other. Modern ideas will never allow another attempt to extinguish this national spirit, and Czechs in future ages, when they recognize the debt they owe to the leaders of the revival of the nineteenth century, will not fail to give the first place to the founder of the modern historical school in Bohemia—to Franz Palacky.

The influence of the modern scientific historical school is best illustrated in the cases of Portugal and Bohemia, and Herculano and Palacky are two great historians, whose careers and work are not generally known in England, and for those reasons more attention has been given to them than it is possible to give here to other small nationalities. Yet a few words must also be devoted to the effect of scientific historical work in Roumania, Finland, and Poland, in each of which countries it has had an important political influence. In none of these countries has an historian arisen comparable to either Herculano or Palacky in the depth of their historical researches or the excellence of their style, but in all of them sound work has been done in publishing

and critically examining ancient chronicles and documents. These editors and historians are all disciples of the new school of Niebuhr and of Ranke, and seem to have taken their inspiration to become diligent seekers after truth, instead of cultivators of an elegant style, from Ranke's *Kritik Neuerer Geschichtschreiber*, in which he pointed out the right method to pursue. If none of these historians can claim a place with Herculano and Palacky, they can yet boast of having possibly paved the way for the work of an equally great writer, and of having exercised an important influence over the minds of their countrymen.

The vitality of the new historical school in Roumania is particularly remarkable, for in the Danubian provinces, which form that kingdom, even more strenuous efforts had been made to stamp out the national spirit than in Bohemia. The extraordinary rapidity with which the Roumanian people has reasserted itself in recent years, is one of the most remarkable facts in modern European history, and it is largely due to the labors of its historians. Up till 1822 the Roumanian language was vigorously proscribed; the rulers of the Danubian provinces permitted instruction to the upper classes in the language of the rulers only, and while Slavonic, and, in the days of the Phanariots, Greek, was the official and fashionable language, used in educating the nobility and bourgeois, the peasants were left in ignorance. Four men, whose names deserve record, first endeavored to raise the Roumanian language to a

literary level, and not only studied Roumanian history, but tried to teach the Roumanian people something of their own early history. Of these four, George Schinkaï was by far the most remarkable. He was an inhabitant of Transylvania, a Roumanian province which still remains subject to Hungary, and he first thought of trying to revive the Roumanian nationality by teaching the people their history. He arranged the annals of his country from A. D. 86 to A. D. 1739 with indefatigable labor, during the last half of the eighteenth century, and, according to Edgar Quinet, in such a truly modern manner, after such careful weighing of original authorities, and with such critical power, that he deserves to be ranked with the creators of the modern historical school. It need hardly be said that Schinkaï's History was not allowed to be printed by the Hungarian authorities; who had no desire to see the Roumanian nationality re-assert itself, and the censor marked on it "opus igne, auctor patibulo dignus." It was not published until 1853, more than forty years after its completion, then only at Jassy, for the Hungarians still proscribed it in Transylvania. Schinkaï's friend, Peter Major, was more fortunate in his work, a *History of the Origin of the Roumanians in Dacia*, which, as it did not touch on modern society, was passed by the Hungarian censorship, and printed at Buda Pesth in 1813.

The two men who first taught Roumanian history in the provinces which now form the kingdom of Roumania were not such learned

men as Schinkaï and Peter Major, but their work was of more importance. In 1813 George Asaky got leave to open a Roumanian class at the Greek Academy of Jassy, under the pretext that it was necessary to teach surveying in the Roumanian tongue, because of the questions which constantly arose in that profession. in which it would be necessary to speak to the peasants in their own language, and in his lectures he carefully inserted lessons in Roumanian history, and tried to arouse the spirit of the people. George Lazarus imitated him at Bucharest in 1816, and the fruit of this instruction was seen when the Roumanians partially regained their freedom. The Moldo-Wallachian princes encouraged the teaching of Roumanian history, as they encouraged the growth of the spirit of Roumanian independence, and when the Roumanian Academy was founded, an historical section was formed with the special mission of studying and publishing documents connected with Roumanian history. The modern scientific spirit has spread widely throughout the kingdom, and such men as Odobescon, Papin Ilarian, the Bishop Melchizédek, and Alexis Xénopol, have done, and are doing, good historical work; while the publication by the Roumanian Academy of the series of documents extracted from the archives at Vienna, having reference to Roumanian history, shows that it is thoroughly understood that good work can only be done, and truth only be discovered, by the critical study of original authorities.

Though perhaps not to the same degree as in Roumania, it is curious

to note that the modern historical spirit has spread even into Finland, where it is concentrated at the University of Abo. The Finns have never coalesced with the Slavonic population of Russia, and while showing no sign of rebellion or discontent as long as their own institutions are not interfered with, they have of recent years experienced a remarkable literary development. At present the Finnish revival has been under the influence of Ahlquist, as much philological as historical, but the pupils of the great philologist do not follow exactly in his steps, and show by their publications a decided tendency towards historical study. The most curious point about this revival is that, except among some of the younger Finn students, who dream perhaps of a Finnish republic, most of the historical teachers and writers openly avow their belief in the expediency of continuing the union of Finland with Russia, in preference to being once more attached to Sweden. The dream of the Finnish national party at the beginning of this century was always for a reunion with Sweden, and it was on this account that Adolf Arwidson, its leader, and Professor of History at the University of Abo, was banished in 1822. The modern Finnish historical students feel, as Palacky felt in Bohemia, that as long as Finland preserves practically its local independence, it is rather an advantage for her than otherwise to form part, for purposes of foreign affairs, with a great empire like Russia. Yet while advocating the maintenance of the union, the Finns do not in any way renounce

their own feeling of nationality, but, on the contrary, the development of the new historical school in their midst has, as in every other country, only increased the pride of race.

In Poland, the interest caused by the development of the new historical school in Germany is far greater than even in Portugal, or Bohemia, or Roumania, but it has not yet produced any distinguished historian, and its influence has yet to be seen. The progress of the new treatment of history had particularly serious difficulties to encounter in Poland, because of the singular success of the various badly written histories which appeared during the first half of the present century. Such works as those of Chodzko and Mieroslowski were conceived in the worst style of the eighteenth century; eloquent they may have been, and patriotic to excess they certainly were, but they made no pretence of telling the simple truth. It is perhaps hard to blame exiles, who as a rule wrote and published in Paris, for these defaults, but none the less they have done most serious damage to the right appreciation and study of Polish history. Of recent years a natural reaction has set in; Polish historical students are publishing old chronicles and documents with bewildering rapidity, while there is a decided absence of real histories. This activity in the publication of historical material appears in Austrian, Prussian, and Russian Poland alike, but it naturally has its centre at Cracow. It would be impossible to name one-half of the numerous series of Polish documents which are appearing all over Poland, but

especially at Cracow and Léopol; but a good analysis of their progress is to be found in M. Pawinski's bulletin in the number of the *Revue Historique* for March, 1887. The most important of these series are the *Acta historica res gestas Poloniæ illustrantia*, in course of publication at Cracow under the editorship of M. Piekosinski, and the *Scriptores rerum Polonicarum*, also appearing at Cracow; while the historians at Léopol, headed by Kentzynski, are producing a grand series of *Monumenta Poloniæ historica*. Nothing more clearly defines how strong is still the sentiment of Polish nationality than this activity of the Poles in the study of their history. The historical workers there are keeping alive the spirit of independence, and while the fire is fanned there is little chance that the Poles will ever coalesce with the different empires to which they are attached. It is the wise policy of Austria to permit and encourage these historical studies, but it is almost a matter of surprise that they should be openly pursued in Russian and Prussian territory. The result has yet to come; meanwhile, many students, by working out the true history of their country, are rousing a more enduring love for her than the noisy parade of some of her former would-be defenders. The new method, it has been said, has hardly yet been fairly applied to the history of Poland; editors are many, but historians are few. M. Pawinski mentions a Manual by Professor Bobrzynski, but confesses that no real History of Poland, according to the latest lights, has yet been written. Yet some good work has been recently done after

the scientific method, and the names of Korzon, Kalinka, and Pawinski himself, may all be mentioned as among the leaders of the new Polish historical school.

Enough instances have been given to show how great has been the influence of the modern scientific historical school upon the smaller nationalities of Europe, and how the result of trying to write history with accuracy, instead of only with dramatic vigor, has been to revive the interest of the people in the story of the past. What has actually been done has been pointed out in Portugal and Bohemia, and what is being done in Roumania, Finland, and Poland. But it must not be believed that these are the only countries in which the new school is exerting its influence; they are only chosen as types. There are not, indeed, such men as Herculano and Palacky in the other nations, but most of the small nationalities can boast of some distinguished modern historians, who are content to labor long and arduously before they bring forth their work, and in most of them the Government, or else an Academy subventioned by the Government, is publishing valuable series of authentic historical materials.

It is almost invidious to mention names, but among leading historians in small nationalities, who show the impression of the scientific school, might be mentioned Altmeyer, Delepierre, and Theodore Juste, in Belgium; Geijer, Cronholm, and Fryxell, in Sweden; Erslev and Vedel in Denmark; Ljudevit Gaj in Croatia; and Constantine Asopios and Constantine Schinikas in Greece. There is of course

no use in comparing these local historians with the great masters of the modern school, with Ranke and Droysen, for example, or with Sorel and Chéruel, or Amari and Césaire Cantù; but it may be contended that the actual influence exercised by their works is far greater. Great nations are not in any danger of losing their individuality; small nations used to be in very great danger. Now that there has been a revival of the national spirit, it is not likely that the danger will recur; and if it is to the advantage of Europe, as is surely the case, that these small nationalities should preserve their feelings of independence, if only to act as buffers to the growth of great empires, all Europe, and not only the Portuguese, Czechs, Roumanians, Finns and Poles, should feel grateful to the local representatives of the scientific historical school, as represented by two of the greatest modern historians, Alexandra Hercolano and Franz Palacky.—H. MORSE STEPHENS, in *The Contemporary Review*.

THE HAREM.

In theory the Moslem classes his womenkind with the Holy of Holies of Mecca. The innermost shrine of his temple and the rooms with latticed windows are both called by the same name of *Harem* or "Sacred." The apartment is *harem*, and the ladies who live in it are *harem* for all but the lord and master. He may enter at will, but generally announces his coming beforehand so that he may not run the risk of meeting female visitors, who are

probably the wives of his friends. In well-regulated houses the husband intrudes only at fixed hours, perhaps for a short time after mid-day prayer, and does not else favor his harem till he retires to rest. Home-life such as we understand it can scarcely be said to exist for the Mahomedan. The man lives in and at his work outside and the woman amongst her slaves and friends in the harem.

In many respects the harems of Constantinople are allowed greater liberty than those of Egypt and Persia. The ladies of Stamboul are much addicted to walking, whereas those in Cairo are never seen in the streets on foot. At the "Sweet Waters" the harems stray over the meadows or picnic on the banks of the Kiaght Khaneh stream, with the fresh air blowing round them. The Egyptian dames, however, can never stir except in their carriages, and can only view the world and their neighbors from the windows of a brougham. The Bezestan of Stamboul is daily honored by great ladies who also think no evil of riding in the public tramcars between Galata and Pera; but an Egyptian harem who attempted to mix with the crowd in such promiscuous fashion would be promptly banned. In other ways, however, especially since the days of Ismail Pasha, the harem of Cairo has opened its eyes considerably to what goes on beyond its proper ken. The wives and families of foreign residents and travellers put down the various high harems on their visiting lists, and the bi-weekly promenades on the Shoobra and Gezireh avenues give the veiled ones an opportunity of see-

ing in the flesh the personages of whom they are perpetually hearing stories and anecdotes. It also gives the men a chance of having this and that *khanem* pointed out to them as they whirl past in their neat little carriages till each gets to know the other by sight at least tolerably well. The opera and the afternoon promenade are the chief excitements of Egyptian harem life. The Cairo Opera House, built by the late Khedive in a style commensurate with the lavish disregard of expense which marked his reign, is fitted with a dozen boxes on the second tier, whose fronts are framed with a gauzy screen enabling the occupants to watch the play and the house, and supposed to prevent the house from watching them. The sparkling of bright eyes and diamonds is nevertheless apt to attract discreet attention, and a powerful glass nearly annihilates the screen, so that the beauties in reality come not only to see, but to be seen, like their Western sisters round them. A separate entrance leads up to the Harem Boxes, and after the fall of the curtain the harem don their *habaraks* and steal out to their carriages by a back way, where it is whispered that many a note and bonbonnière await them on their passage.

The afternoon drive is also an imaginary contact with the world, though as a matter of fact the ladies might almost as well be at home. At four o'clock, or thereabouts, a natty little brougham, drawn by a pair of long-tailed Russian horses, drives up to the door, and the ladies, for they almost invariably drive two and two—a great

lady accompanied by a friend or a slave girl—are assisted into the carriage with as much care as if they were made of snow. The more scrupulous ones will even hold a parasol between their faces and the coachman, to prevent contamination from side glances. Most of them, however, start with full intent to be seen as much as possible, and after settling themselves down on the satin cushions, and assuring themselves that the mirror is well dusted, the cigarettes and matches in their places, the chocolate-creams or *nougat* fresh from the bakery, and the bouquet sweet and properly arranged, slip off the *habarah*, and are ready to front the gaze of the curious. The thinnest of *yashmaks* covers the reddest of lips and the chin and well-kohled eyes keep a smart look-out for exchange of compliments with passers-by. The wives of the Pashas do not wear the Turkish transparent *yashmak*, but cover their mouths and the lower part of the face with a cambric or cotton *burghoo* tied round the back of the head. The Shoobra and Gezireh drives are to Cairo much what the Row is to London, and all the young Beys and Pashas don their best, and either caracole forth on prancing steeds, or, more luxuriously, are driven in the train of the harems. If the lady is inclined to exchange flowers, notes, cigarettes, or even conversation, no hindrance is likely to be offered by the black janitor on the box-seat of the driver. But talking must be done in private, and some side-walk or otherwise secluded spot must be chosen for anything more than a flying passing compliment. For in the East every man

is the guardian not only of his own harem but also of everybody else's. A man may thrash his own wife to death with very doubtful chances of anybody intervening, but he may not look at his neighbor's harem.

The most interesting view of the home-life of the harem is when it is considered as the cradle in which Eastern manhood is reared. Schools of any kind are few and meagerly patronized, and boarding-schools are unknown. A few boys are sent to Paris, Constantinople, or Syria, to be educated, but the majority grow up amongst slave girls and servants, seeing a great deal which they ought not to see and learning very little of what they should. It is small wonder then that the better moral qualities, if any were ever inborn, are rapidly obliterated, and the boy grows up to the man saturated with vice and effeminacy. The women occupants of the harem are the wife or wives and the female slaves. Perhaps on no subject does greater misconception prevail than on this of harem slavery. The field, however, is too wide a one to be touched on more than incidentally. The name of slave as applied to the Georgian or Circassian girl is a misnomer. She occupies more the position of a friend, or at least of a lady's companion, if she does not, as is often the case, become an adopted daughter of the house. She is well and sometimes expensively dressed, and shares the small amusements of her mistress at the theatre, the moolid, or the promenade. Now and then the lady may fly into a passion, and soundly box the girl's ears or pull out a handful of hair; but a reconciliation soon takes place, and is usually cement-

ed with a present of jewelry or a new dress.

The principal diversions of harem life consist in the visits of friends and of a pernicious class of trading women, who hawk about articles of dress and gewgaws from one house to another, retailing the latest gossip and scandal with their wares, and assisting the ladies to get into all manner of scrapes. Wise-women who tell fortunes by cards and incantations are also in great demand, and their vaticinations are, as a rule, believed in by the ladies with much the same delightful and blind confidence as is given by farmers' daughters to the mysterious prophecies of the gypsies. Now and then condign punishment awaits these hags, as in the case of the notorious Ayesha, who, several years ago, was called for one night, hustled into a carriage under pretence of visiting a great harem, and has never since been heard of. But, as a rule, their sorceries, evil eyes, and charms are perfectly harmless, and when there is nothing better to do, they are called in to beguile the heavy hours. Nor must the men-singers be left out in the catalogue of delights of the harem—a delight, nevertheless, which is but sparingly indulged in, and can only be enjoyed to the full when the harem's lord is away.

A notion seems generally prevalent in Europe that, if only the harem doors were opened, a rush for liberty would immediately take place, and many are the sympathies wasted on the supposed prisoners of the Mohammedan marriage tie. reality, both men and women consider their state far superior to that of Europeans. The men argue thus:

—“ You are a slave from the moment you marry. You cannot go out to lunch or dinner or to your friends without taking your wife with you. You cannot even leave her alone for a few hours without giving an account of yourself. Such a state of things would be unbearable to me. I go where I like, and my wife goes where she likes. I pay my servants to look after her, and I am sure that she is not flirting with other men when I am not by her side. You are never sure of this,” etc. This is his line of argument. The woman says: —“ My religion forbids me to look upon other men but my husband. If I changed my religion, perhaps I should like to mix up with every fellow I came across; but as long as I am a Mohammedan I detest the thought of it. I cover my face from the sight of the world, as your women cover their bodies. As to being watched and guarded, it is a compliment which shows how much my husband cares for me. If he were to leave me to do what I liked, I should know he did not care for me and should feel deeply insulted.”

It is difficult for the Western mind fully to grasp the immense gulf between our ideas and theirs. Their reasoning is fallacious and almost ridiculous from our standpoint, but it is good enough from theirs. And therefore as long as the Mohammedan religion lasts, so long will the harem exist. And its existence is, on the whole, a happy and contented one, in spite of all the reasoning which may be brought to show that it ought to be miserable. Centuries of communion and contact with Europeans may possibly change the ideas born

and cultivated in the harem, but there is as yet no sign whatever of such a change. Up to the present no appreciable difference is noticeable in the domestic economy of the Moslem. The veils of the ladies may be a little finer and more gauzy, and their dresses and equipages more after the European model; but that is all. Here and there an instance may occur of an attempt to throw off the fetters of Mohammedan custom, but it always meets with instant suppression, and cannot be taken as a sign of any deep-seated rebellious spirit. Surface alterations are creeping into the harem, but they are merely in details of home management, and do not amount to transgressions of the sacred law. The men who go out and mingle in foreign society and the lady European visitors who enter the harem, both import scraps of new fashions and tastes. Knives and forks are now generally admitted to be preferable to fingers, and vases of flowers, with handsome engravings and photographs, are disposed with a straining after prettiness, in the reception-rooms of the best houses. The piano is usurping the place of the zither and 'ood, and European music disputes favor with the threnetic minor keys of Eastern melody. These are only trifles, but they mark an awakening. But, as must always happen in similar transformations, the early results are far from satisfactory. They merely bring about a heterogeneous mixture of barbarism and civilization, which clash instead of harmonizing; senseless luxury and repulsive slovenliness elbow each other; reckless extravagance produces nothing but

gandy display. The great question is, whether this advance will be progressive or will be forced to stop short before the bar of creed, leaving the harem the worse for its meretricious borrowings from European culture, and none the better for its backslidings from primitive traditions. The verdict will ultimately lie with the man and not with the woman; and time alone can decide whether the harem will live and die with the Mohammedan race, or whether the race will abolish the harem before its disappearance. The institution of the harem is, however, so inseparably a part, and one of the principal parts, of the faith, that it seems hard to imagine its elimination as long as Moslems exist.—*Saturday Review*.

ARTISAN ATHEISM.

The article on this subject in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century** has brought to its writer many letters, chiefly from clergymen, who say (with Socrates to Callicles), "I ask you not for a love of contention, but because I really want to know in what way you think that affairs are administered among us;" and in reply I cannot but think of the words (also of Socrates) to Alcibiades, "Did you ever know a man wise in anything who was unable to impart his particular wisdom?" though I do not mean that I have any wisdom to impart, but that my correspondents have, and by their office profess to have. One writes to me: "I should be really grateful to

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you if you would tell me what you exactly mean by 'preaching God as the living Ruler of the world,' and why doing so would be a special means of getting at artisans." Another: "I fail to understand what you mean by calling upon us to preach God as the living Ruler of the world apart from Bible, Church creeds, etc., or how we are to preach a declaration of God governing the world, a knowledge of whom is the kingdom of heaven, whose influence is found in everyday life, unless that knowledge is derived from sources given by God and applied by means appointed by Christ." A third: "We know next to nothing of the so-called atheistic artisan; there are insurmountable obstacles to any real sympathy between us;" and further: "How am I to know what the workingman really thinks and wants? What am I to read? What periodicals truly reflect his mind?"

There are many correspondents not clerical—one busily engaged in business, who proposes a practical solution of the difficulty by a radical method; that of spending 20,000*l.* for the collection, arrangement, and comparison of all that can be collected, arranged, and compared about the Scriptures, so that it shall be settled once for all what is their value. The earnestness of the writer commands all respect, and he has discussed at considerable length the merits of this proposal.

All this takes me back to my early life. I am in a famous city church, listening to a sermon I cannot understand; and walking home I ask my brother, two years my senior, whether, if I went to

the rector's house to ask enlightenment, the footman would kick me down the four white steps. As a practical compromise, the next Sunday we came out when the sermon began, and spent the forty-five minutes hanging on to the church railings, pretending to be omnibus conductors, and calling out "Paddington and Bank," then almost the only omnibus route. Had some Gabriel announced to me that the time was to be when rectors would write on crested paper with big seals, to ask guidance of me! I was then ten years old, and till I was twenty I lived in the same house, never sleeping a night out of London; but all that twenty years I never saw out of the church either rector or curate. But a few years later, in 1854, a clergyman does speak to me, as to so many others, "as one having authority, and not as the scribes;" I am one of the audience at St. Martin's Hall listening to Maurice as he delivers the inaugural lecture of the Workingmen's College, of which, from that, the first day of its life till now, I have been a member. What the lecturer, afar off, is talking about I have no idea; but that there is being revealed to me a new world, one until now utterly unknown, is quite clear, though I am at the very door, afraid (as well as unable) to enter. But though I get no nearer Maurice then, from that moment my life is altered, for it has a purpose; and from that moment till now, God and Maurice are inseparable to me—the thought of one brings with it the other. From that moment my faith has been, "There is but one God, and Maurice is his prophet." It has been said

by one of his most intimate friends that Maurice was not popular with the great body of artisans, despite his energy, earnestness, and power; that his lectures at the College were attended only by a few. Does not this show, what I so passionately urge—that the want of power to think, the cramping life of London, the monotony of daily town life, is the great enemy to religion, the almost immovable obstacle to that higher life of which so many talk, and which so few of us can reach, except in happier moments, unhappily so few and brief? But, also, were not the few that did come to Maurice so far exceptional that every one has become in his way a centre of real free-thought, chiefly by the spirit they caught from him?

As one of the working committee, I was surprised by the comparatively small number of real artisans who came to the College; and I knew it was meant especially for them, for at one council meeting it was discussed whether the students might not have some kind of gown to wear over their working dress, there being always a vague idea that workingmen would come straight from their work and leave their tools at the door of the classroom. I went over the whole roll of students, some 2,000 in number, and made two discoveries: that one-third only were real handicraftsmen, and that the vast majority of these lived in South London. From this sprang the idea of the South London Workingmen's College, which has become the South London Free Library and Fine Art Gallery, and which staggers along under every possible discouragement.

ment, but with the consciousness that it is doing needful work which no one else is doing.

In South London, therefore, it seems we must look for the great artisan body of London. If you stand on any of the bridges, from London to Westminster, any morning between six and nine, you will see a vast exodus from south to north; in the evening, about the same hours, the great army of workers return to the endless array of brick walls with little square openings, amongst which, in one-tenth of the space covered by London, a third of the population lives, or rather spends so much of its time as is not occupied in work. Let a prophet, then, stand on one of these bridges and declare aloud to these workers that "God is the real living Ruler of the world, a knowledge of whom is the kingdom of heaven, whose influence is found in the daily life even of the poorest." Let him declare, further, that all science but shows how great is God's power, that all noble art is inspired by Him, that all noble literature is the expression of divine inspiration. Then, if some secularist says, "Has God then forgotten South London; or is it the last place made, where all the rubbish was shot? If art, science, and literature are so important, how is it that in all our part of the town we have neither pictures nor books, that not one brick of public building is with us to elevate our thoughts? Has God forgotten us, as our brethren seem to have done; or have His appointed servants, who claim us as their sheep, forgotten to deliver His message? Some of us read Dar-

win, and have a dim idea of what is meant by survival of the fittest (which phrase about sums our knowledge of Herbert Spencer), and we ask what is the daily life best fitted to our surroundings?"—what will our prophet of God, declaring all men to be brothers, say to this? Will he point to the architectural glories of London, the finest city of the world, and say, "All this is yours as Londoners. The endless array of museums, picture galleries, libraries, are for all"? Let him stand on London Bridge and compare King William Street with the Borough, the Royal Exchange with the Borough Market; then on Southwark Bridge—to the north he will see Guildhall, to the south a brewery; on Blackfriars Bridge, and compare Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill with Blackfriars Road and the New Cut; on Waterloo Bridge—on the north Somerset House, on the south a flour mill; on Hungerford Bridge, and compare Charing Cross with Belvedere Road; on Westminster Bridge, look one way at Whitehall, the other at Westminster Road; on the one end the Palace of Westminster, at the other the Hospital, which is at the west what Guy's Hospital is at the east—the place to repair the broken-down workman for his work. Then ask how many of the women and children of Camberwell or Bermondsey are likely to see much of the British Museum or National Gallery, South Kensington Museum or the Zoological Gardens; and how much their daily life is a preparation for the full use of these even when seen.

Will not the dull plodding workman, the man who is content to be

a mere machine, find existence more in unison with his monotonous sordid surroundings—will not the man who wants to live as well as work, to live in his work as well as by it, find his aspirations, his ambition, so out of place that they will soon be crushed, and he will slowly, with desperate struggles it may be, find the lower level? Will not the number who feel this desire to be each a living soul grow smaller and smaller by Darwinian laws of heredity and environment? How, then, can God's prophet, declare he his mission ever so nobly, hope to have a prompt and full response? When he speaks in passionate language of the fullness of heaven's peace, the power of good over evil, is he not like a man talking the deep truths of geology to a man who has never had an elementary idea of the science?—like one who speaks of the brilliant stars to a very shortsighted man? I remember that quite thirty years ago I was walking at midnight with a man now known all over Europe, who had been telling me of some wonderful astronomical discovery; and when I said, "How very bright Orion is! have you ever seen it brighter?" he replied, "I have never seen it at all, or any other star; I'm too shortsighted." So when one speaks of religion to the ordinary artisan, he may say, "I have never felt it; my sympathies are too shortsighted." But my clerical critics will at once denounce, in general chorus, the idea that religion is a matter of mental power; will declare, with a unanimity not common on all points, "It is just the poor and struggling, the grieved and troubled, that find God

most readily. It is not the earthquake nor the fire, but the still small voice, that makes its way to the heart." And many artisans will reply, "That still small voice we often hear; but it does not speak the same language as you use. It does not speak of creeds or formularies, or tell us that church is the only place where we can find God. Moreover, our education—that of the workshop—if rough and ready, is vigorous and practical as far as it goes; and it seems to us that all we find in our lives is at variance with your theories. So far as we can understand you, God and heaven are something belonging to some other world, and we feel that it is here that we want Him. And those who have read history for us, tell us in lectures and periodicals how the clergy have in all times and in all places been the enemies of free thought, burning and banishing all who presume to think for themselves."

Here is the ordinary handicraftsman, placed between his secular club and paper on the one side and the clergy on the other. If he listens more readily to the one than to the other, why is it so and to which does he incline? One clergyman, a man of wide experience of east and west London, tells me he thinks there are very few secularists; probably these few go from club to club and make a great show with scanty materials. Another, living in South London, tells me he thinks education has so widely spread that there is scarcely a secularist to be found. It may be so. My only knowledge is derived from my own experience, during some thirty-five years spent in

London, in addition to my early life; and of this the greater part has been spent in the work of the Working Men's College and the Free Library, and during the last five years in lectures in various parts of London. What this experience is I have said in the previous paper.

If the workman is a reasonable being, influenced by the light and leading the clergy give him, why is there so much said about the spread of infidelity? Why do clergymen write to me, not denouncing me as a blunderer, but asking what they are to do? A friend in high official office, one who cares with intense earnestness for both clergy and artisan, writes, "The many letters you have from the clergy show that they are in earnest, that there is in them what Tennyson calls a 'divine despair,' out of the depth of which they are calling." If they are so successful, whence this despair? If, on the other hand, the great body of artisans do not listen to the clergy so willingly, do listen, if at all, to the secularist lecturer and read the newspapers and periodicals least devoted to the Church, why is it so? The clergy have great advantages—leisure, ability, knowledge, and an official position which gives them the respect and help of the middle and wealthy classes. The secularist lecturers have great disadvantages; in many cases they have but little ability or knowledge as compared with the importance of the subjects of which they speak. But their earnestness, the real living faith they have, the response they find in the minds, rather than the hearts, of their hearers—these seem to be the

sources of their influence. They are, moreover, in many instances, men who have been Sunday-school teachers, and they speak with all the zeal of converts, or perverts. In a letter from an old Sunday-school teacher, an earnest evangelical Christian, who has given some attention to science, I have this: "There is nothing more remarkable in this age than the ignorance of our spiritual teachers. The one book they do not *study* is the Bible; their whole aim being at finding pretty analogies for the comfort and edification of the elect, and awful warnings of damnation for everybody else. I am deeply in earnest when I thank God that my hopes of finding the truth, and of future and present happiness, do not depend upon the parsons (of course, I speak of them as a body). Here is a man intensely anxious for religious faith, who has not become a secularist, or anything like it, but this is the outcome of his many years' experience of the Church.

To come back to our South London artisan and his surroundings. Architecture, if not represented in much else, is strong in board schools, edifices often with some pretensions to taste, roomy, well ventilated, and well furnished. There are several of these near the South London Art Gallery, New Road, Battersea Park, and hundreds of children come in daily to look at the pictures, engravings, etc., and in the evening the elder boys and girls come in to read. They have also their lectures. Seventy boys came to a lecture on Mr. McCallum's large painting of the Siege of Jerusalem. Regularly every Monday they come to hear fairy stories, not read, but told to

them. They come in every variety of rags and dirt. Some are clean, and come with the approval and help of the parents; some come with grimy faces and rags that scarcely hold together. Perhaps the greatest simplicity of costume was reached by the young gentle man who approached so nearly to the "smile and shoestring" stage of dress as to wear only a piece of a shirt, a part of a pair of trousers, and a fragment of one brace. But this was somewhat exceptional. To send them out to wash means either that they smear their faces in the nearest puddle, or that they hold an indignation meeting at the door-post. Their customary language may be inferred from that of an elderly gentleman of about three years, not yet promoted to knickerbockers, who in pure gaiety of heart and without the slightest ill-feeling, invited me to "come outside and he would punch my b——nose." I am speaking of a thoroughly artisan neighborhood, one of the newly developed "building areas," where all the tiny houses are but a few years old, where are no backslums, but a great many broken windows, much drinking, and language of which the one specimen I have given is a fairly representative brick of the whole building.

We have had nearly twenty years of board schools and of payment of teachers by results; at least one generation of children have become themselves parents of school children. I have the profoundest sympathy with the teachers, for I know what their difficulties are; I have all possible respect for the earnestness of school managers and school boards; but is

it not one result of all this work that imagination and fancy are, if not extinct, quite dormant?—let us hope only dormant. Take a hundred artisan children at random, and ask how many know the story of Jack the Giant Killer. I found only three. Well, what then? Fairy tales can go with other superstitions; our children will find in science a hundred stories more marvellous and, moreover, true. Talking dragons and walking trees are not facts; we are better without them. Let them go with other superstitions. But do other superstitions go? Two days ago I brought into an invalid's room a fine bunch of snowdrops, and the nurse, a young woman, and one above the average, cried, "Oh, how can you? a sure sign of death!" The next moment I pulled up the blind that the invalid might see the bright stars and the newest of new moons. "Oh, dear, you shouldn't look at the new moon through the window! Open the window and turn your money in your pocket."

Let the fairy tales go; the board schools provide better reading. But what if the hard work, mental strain, and brick-wall surroundings of large town schools deaden the desire to read, often associate books with ideas of unpleasant and enforced work? I am told by a high authority that it is found in examinations that the town children of town parents cannot hold their own with the children who have come to London from villages, though it has always been supposed that London children have boundless advantages in intellectual sharpness. Education is not a mechanical pro

cess; and if a hundred children can be properly taught on one acre of ground, it by no means follows that two hundred children can be properly taught on two adjoining acres. So it by no means follows that what is taught in school is the whole of education.

But what if fairy tales have a real bearing on religion? What if the loss or decay of imagination is one great factor of artisan atheism? What if our young men are incapable of regarding the Bible as anything but an official record of historical events; if they are incapable of regarding religion as anything but barren belief in the occurrences of these events? No teacher can teach what he does not know; neither can he teach what his pupils cannot understand. It is as hopeless as lecturing on Italian poetry to a child knowing nothing of either Italian or poetry, to expect lofty thoughts when the mind has been dwarfed by sordid surroundings and the sympathies atrophied by disuse.

But if fairy tales should have even a more direct connection with religion than this? What if they can help us to understand some parts of the Bible which it seems hopeless to understand in any worthy sense. There are many parts of the Old Testament seldom, if ever, spoken of by the clergy; just the very passages selected by secularists when criticising the Bible. The clergy seem anxious to forget these passages, to evade them, to put them on one side as not really important; the secularists insist on taking them as representative, and judging the Bible

by them. Is the story of Balaam true? Did his ass possess the gift of speech and better eyesight than his master? Was Jonah swallowed by a whale? Is it not known that a whale could not swallow a child, much less a man? (That the Bible does not say anything of a whale is a mere detail) Did the sun and moon stand still? Is the story of the Flood really true? To talk of any but the most literal interpretation is to speak of what a large number of young men, from mere intellectual atrophy due to sordid surroundings, cannot grasp in any fulness.

But if the fairy stories of talking animals can be traced back at least to the age of Balaam, probably to far greater antiquity?—if they be, not pretty stories for children, but survivals of national literature, of a primitive character indeed?—Is this to degrade the Bible, or to raise fairy stories to their proper level? But it will throw a side light on the story of Balaam which will surely be a gain. What if Red Riding Hood and other stories of devouring, such as Qoug and Qat, one swallowing the sun, the other cutting it out with a piece of red obsidian; the Negro story of the child swallowed by the snake and rescued by its mother alive,—what if these can be traced to remote antiquity—will not the story of Jonah be read in a new light? Cinderella is said to be found in every European language, though in strangely diverse forms; and Jack and the Beanstalk can be traced in every Aryan nation, to the Zulus of South Africa and Indians of North America. The Negro legend of the small crustaceans who, indignant

at being trampled on by the careless elephant, bored so many tiny holes in the earth that the waters rose and flooded the world, together with the Canadian legend of a great flood, and the Ojibwa legend of the man who was swallowed, canoe and all, and with him all the rest of mankind but one,—may all probably be traced to a common origin as old as our Biblical legends, which will surely be read with a new interest; and the New Zealand legend or myth of Maui being swallowed by his grandmother, and of his escape by means of a bird singing, may possibly eventually connect the story of the Flood with that of Jonah. The New Zealand legend of Maui and his miraculous jawbone, if followed up, will surely give a ray of illumination to the story of Samson; and the legend of Maui and his miraculous fire, coupled with the legend of Prometheus, will surely give new light to the account of the Fall of Man. That New Zealand should give us light by which to read what we so fondly call our own Bible will surely give a deeper sanctity to our words when we speak of the brotherhood of men. And who can read the Hottentot legend of the lame god without a hope of some help towards understanding Jacob's change to Israel?

I am offering no opinion whatever on the rising science of mythology; I am not a partisan of either school of interpretation. These matters I speak of only as helping to explain why the clergy and the artisans do not understand each other, if (as I think) they do not. Nor am I now concerned with the attitude of the Church towards the new science (a friend in the supposed form of

an enemy), but rather with the use made of the scraps of this new knowledge by the active secularists. Just as the new astronomy, the new geology, the new biology were each in turn used against the Church (secularists say the Church abused its power to keep the world ignorant, in every instance), so now the same experience comes in the new struggle; and such scraps of mythology in its new aspect as come to them are eagerly used as missiles by the active opponents of what they suppose to be Christianity, and used to pelt the clergy, who as usual are not first in the field, using for religion what is misused against it.

After this long digression I may come back to my correspondents who have paid me so high a compliment as to ask my advice. I recognize in this, to use the words of a friend, "an anxiety to do the work committed to them, at any sacrifice of the conventionalities and proprieties." To turn, then, to the first question—"what I exactly mean by preaching God as the living Ruler of the world." The knowledge that so many regard Christianity as simply a belief in the events recorded in the Bible, regard God as having chosen the ancient Hebrews as the *only* means of revelation, as the only people to whom a knowledge of Himself was given, as a kind of patronage committee of the world and all its future inhabitants, suggested the words I used, made me feel how great a work could be done by the Church if it would preach the truth that England, as much as Israel, is God's kingdom; that the same inspiration that raised Moses and Da-

vid above the average of mankind in their days has raised every great man in all times, from Marcus Aurelius to Luther, from Oliver Cromwell to Burke and Gladstone; that the Bible is not to be read as a record of mere occurrences, the accuracy of which must be literally accepted as the one condition of finding salvation. My friends, who honor me by writing, will say they do not teach this, and many will wonder that I should pen such absurdities; but what if a large number of people believe they do? Then they will say, if these people would go to church they would know better. And why do they not go to church? Because they have these opinions about the Church and its work; because so many of them believe that the clergy do not care for anything but their position and their incomes. If there be this gulf, who is to fill it? Even now, Socialist "church parades" give the church an opportunity, and is it being made use of? One of the anti-Christian papers speaks thus of the parade at St. Paul's on the 27th of February:

"The dignitary who occupied the pulpit at St. Paul's told his congregation, on the authority of Jesus Christ, that there would always be rich and poor—a statement which they naturally resented. But he forgot to tell them that Jesus Christ also advised the rich to sell all they possess and give the proceeds to the poor. Christianity is a pick-and-choose sort of thing after all . . . a Christian can always find texts to suit his interests."

If the artisans could have it somehow brought home to them that Christianity is a real holy war against wrong of all kinds; an active crusade against selfishness in any,

rich or poor; a real protector of the weak against injustice; a corrector of the mistakes and wrongs inevitable in an old and complex civilization, inevitable even if every one were absolutely innocent of any selfishness! Politicians and philosophers may talk of immutable laws of this or that science, but the Church has a divine function of bringing human action into unison with the laws of God as well as with the laws of man's partial knowledge, which we dignify by the name of science. Unfortunately, the description by Shaftesbury of his tutor is too nearly that which is given by many secularists of the clergy; and if we grieve at such want of truth we must also grieve at the want of knowledge which makes it seem to be true, and must also ask why are not the clergy better known, so that such wrongful judgment might be impossible? Shaftesbury spoke of his tutor as being "moderately learned, a great lover of money, having neither piety proportionable to the great profession he made, nor judgments and parts to support the good opinion he had of himself;" and this, with more terseness, is the judgment passed on the clergy in almost every lecture at a secular club. Since I wrote my first paper I lectured on Shelley at an East-end club, and the best speaker, a young man of much earnestness and some education, complained that the clergy did not know their own Bible, for "we had a gentleman here last week, a minister, who did not know where to find two passages we quoted. We read the Bible more than the clergy do." Every secular club has a few earn-

est men as leaders, men whom the Church should value for their earnest desire for truth, and whom it should help to better knowledge; but in most cases the Church has somehow driven away (of course unintentionally) these very men, who, if they could find in the Church the champion of right and justice, would be amongst its best missionaries. But not only have they left the Church, they declare themselves open and active enemies of it. And why do they denounce the Church as the enemy of truth, except that it has somehow worn that aspect to them.

We may say that some men prefer reigning in hell to serving in heaven; as an old farmer once said to me, "When I go to church I am only a miserable sinner and no one takes any notice of me; but when I go to chapel I am an elder." Let it be that vanity and love of distinction, no matter at how low a level, have some part in the secession of these young men; could not the Church have found work to suit them? or is it that there is some truth in the feeling that the Church minister is too apt to look with disfavor on anything but abject submission, that there is what a friend calls the "parsonic mind," which makes the owner not only a prophet of God's law but also a judge raised above it? I remember expressing to an old farmer surprise that a village clergyman should have refused a liberal offer of co-operation in a good work, and his reply: "Ah, it would put him too much in the background." In the current number of one of the secular periodicals there is this:

"One of the worst things about the Bible, one of the worst in the average religion, is that it demands the sacrifice of self-respect. Every man is compelled to admit, before he can become a Christian, before he is fit even for conversion, that he is wholly and thoroughly depraved in thought and act, in mind and flesh; and in addition to this he must give up and throw away the fruit of his experience, observation and reason."

This reminds me of the second question I have to answer—what I mean by "preaching God as the living Ruler of the world apart from Bible, Church creeds, etc.," which is the rendering given by one rector of my phrase, "a church clergyman who should preach, not the Bible, not church-going, not creeds or catechisms, but God as the living Ruler of the world." My correspondent continues: "How are we to preach God as the living Ruler of the world, a knowledge of whom is the kingdom of heaven, unless that knowledge is derived from sources given by God and applied by means appointed by Christ?"

When I find a village clergyman complaining that his parishioners do not come to the Holy Communion, that they use the vilest language in ordinary conversation, that there is no use in trying anything in the village; then, when a boy of ten years or so, who spends his whole day in a field at work, comes to the hedge to ask an onion or a potato to eat with his bit of bread, his only dinner, and looking across beyond this Christian I see the comfortable rectory and hear the dinner-bell calling the minister of this and other Christian souls to his bread and potatoes, I cannot help saying to my dog (who is a

very discriminating judge of character), "If my work be to bring certain people to the Holy Communion and to induce them to lead decent lives, and I find it 'is no use in trying anything in the village,' is the fault in the work or myself?" If it were not difficult, would it be necessary to have an educated gentleman to do the work? Is it that the Christian ministry is really only the performance of a set of ceremonies—a routine work to which the ministered must adapt themselves—or is it to take certain people just as they are, and, with whatever means may be needful, bring them to a sense of God's love? Is non-attendance at church, vile language, indifference to religion the condemnation of the parishioners or of the minister who undertakes the cure of their souls? If their lives are not Christian, why has not he, undertaking the work, found out how to make them so?

But if the secularists regard Christianity as the mere assent to a set of rules, as being only a declaration of belief in certain statements of fact, merely as facts—is it not because too often creeds, catechism, and church-going are so treated by the clergy as if they were the beginning rather than the end of entrance into Christian life?—because these forms and formularies are preached rather than God as a living Ruler? If we expect men to have the living faith of a Moses or a Gideon, we must teach them to find God in all things to see through the processes of nature, to find God in the blazing sunset, or in the fields, as well as in the church, where we have sur-

rounded them with the works of man, and shut out the heavens by a carved, a painted, or a whitewashed roof, and if possible made the windows so that even God's very light is colored and lowered to a "religious dimness." If we expect men to believe in God as an Isaiah or an Ezekiel believed, we must give them such real free-thought, such fullness of life, that like these prophets they can see beyond and through the creeds and formularies, and which shall be glorified into the very image of God, the real representatives of the Almighty. And this is impossible in South London, with nothing but the dull monotony of daily life. God must be declared as a living reality, a knowledge of Whom will put life into the creeds and forms; not as a mental abstraction to be found only by means of certain sets of words.

One of my correspondents asks, "What am I to read? What periodicals truly reflect the mind of the working man?" In my previous paper I gave some extracts from the then current numbers of the three periodicals best known to the ordinary artisan. I will now speak briefly of two numbers just published. One begins with an engraving, "The Holy Spirit Shop: It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life. *John vi. 63.*" The engraving represents an eager apostle pointing the way to an ordinary public-house, and away from an ordinary butcher's shop. It is very easy to be shocked at this; it is shocking, horribly shocking; but

the real horror is that men in the richest city of the world should find this enough to their taste to buy it in sufficient numbers for it to be published every week. If God and Christianity be so misunderstood, to whom do we look for a full knowledge of it? The first article is devoted to the recent earthquake, and asks how could God allow it? The next is on "Bible Giants;" and here we find a faint trace of the new mythology schools: "It is quite possible that some of the stories of giants and dwarfs are connected with the traditions of hostile tribes;" and at the end is the usual stone at the Bible: "The stories of giants, like those of witches, devils, gods, and sons of gods, must be classed in the vast category of Bible superstitions." Then, in a collection of "Acid Drops" (i. e. absurdities of religion), we have a reference to Mr. Gladstone's letter speaking of "sin as war against heaven;" and the comment thereon is, "We will back Great Britain against heaven any day. Our generals would beat the archangels hollow, while our troops would settle the heavenly squadrons before breakfast." There is also mention of a mission-room at Harrow, where single-stick and boxing are encouraged; and the comment is, "By-and-by we shall see Jemmy Smith holding a distinguished place in the Christian Church, and boxing for Jesus in front of the altar. There will be few empty churches then, unless the gate-money is too high." There is a long article, "The Incandescent Infidel;" and one, "Random Notes from Christ," the tone of which may be inferred from one

sentence. The article is supposed to be a communication to the editor from Jesus; and we have this:

"Father's old-established concern does not seem monotonous to him, but I seize with gladness every opportunity of again being on my travels, and am pleased to give him any pleasure by performing the same old stale trick of infantile incarnation, and adult crucifixion, and ascension, in any planet he may send myself and my virgin mother to."

Horrible profanity! some will say, But it is not so horrible that one should write this as that so very many should find pleasure in reading it, and it is more horrible still that they should somehow be left without the education that alone can raise them above it; and this education must be something beyond school-board teaching in South London, or any other large town.

But this is the poorest in tone and ability of secularist publications. A second, at a higher price, has literary ability and genuine earnestness. The editor allows his advertising columns, in press notices, to speak of him as a "scholar, a dialectician, a thinker, and a poet," and also as "the only gentleman of real genius the secularists have." I think the description of him as a scholar and a gentleman is a just one. So far as I have any knowledge from correspondence and criticism, he has been utterly candid and courteous, and allows in his pages a liberty of criticism very uncommon in "religious newspapers." But that his opinions mislead him and that he misleads his readers is apparent in every article. In the number now before me he has only a column of poetry, of real power and feeling,

the leading paper (usually written by him) being an American contribution, by a well-known writer, who begins by saying, "The Protestants denounce idolatry, and yet they have made of the Bible an idol;" and ends by formulating a kind of creed:

"Happiness is the only good.
The time to be happy is now.
The place to be happy is here.
The way to be happy is to try to make others so."

An article, also by a well-known writer, on the Bible, ends with "Is the Bible the *fons et origo* of England's greatness? Do we owe to it our liberty, our large commerce, our secular education? Are our Bishop Lauds, Winters, and Sharps the exponents of that great moral law which exalteth a nation?" In the short paragraphs there are many things spoken of, from Mr. Gladstone and *The Christian World* to Buddha and the School Board. In one paragraph is this sentence: "Modern thought is upheaving the crust of orthodoxy, and in their alarm Christians are rushing here, there, and everywhere for safety. Will they find it under the roof of Christianity? During the recent Riviera earthquake the people of Bajardo crowded into their church. The building fell in and crushed them. Ghastly calamity, but how eloquent a parable!"

A conclusion like this to a sermon would be thought very fine. Is it of less power because not in a sermon? Then comes a selection of extracts from various writers, including Shelley, Shaftesbury, Lecky, Bain, Richter, Coombe, Carlyle, Locke, Farrar, and Addison. This shows two facts: one, that

secularists are more catholic in their reading and references to authority than most clergymen give evidence of in their sermons; the other, that the readers of this paper, who have no knowledge beyond, come to the conclusion that these great writers are all so many secularists.

These papers I have spoken of in answer to the question, "What are we to read to understand the secularist opinions?" If they are but unprofitable, if one especially be very painful, still surely a person who undertakes the cure of souls should be as careful to ascertain their condition as he who undertakes the cure of bodies. Think what revolting tasks surgeons have in their practice; and what would be said of one who prescribed for a sick man but refused to look at his body as too horrible a sight?—and remember that a surgeon does not, like the incumbent, insist that he is the only person properly qualified for a given parish. As I am writing these words, I receive a letter of fourteen closely written pages from a working man in a large North of England town, quite a stranger, who writes, having read the February article. From this letter I copy these:

"I have seen a good deal of the artisan and the artistic and higherpaid skilled working man, but in both alike the hatred of the Church and parson is frequently extreme, and the causes thereof are in all respects just as you have described." Again: "My friend also assumes an acquaintance with science, and tells me that theology is nowhere now that — has 'pricked the bubble.' I desired him to tell me what scientific works he had read. His confusion was very apparent, and he had to confess that the——(one of the periodicals I speak of) supplied him with all

his scientific reading." Again: "His opposition to the Old Testament was based on the incredibility of Joshua's command to the sun . . . and that the Jews were accustomed to tear out the entrails of their enemies and tie them round their waists, that they were commanded to do this by their priests, and that this is to be found in the Bible." Lastly: "His contempt for the Church is great, but he despises Dissenters the more, and this feeling is very general."

It is noticeable that while many clergymen ask what I mean by the last sentence but one in my paper, not one makes any reference to the last sentence, in which I speak of the necessity of "declaring God in terms that bring Him home to the least educated; or rather the poorest must be educated enough to understand the declaration and to have their minds capable of what is really free-thought." If anyone doubts the earnest desire of the artisan to be educated, when once he realizes the value of it, let him consider that every secularist club is open to any clergyman as a lecturer, that he will be received with courtesy, listened to with attention, but criticised without fear and with some ability, and then ask in what church or church schoolroom a secularist lecturer would be allowed to state his views. Even further: a harmless person like myself, whose only right to speak at all in this matter comes from my having a long acquaintance with working-men, would not be accepted as a lecturer in any church or church school, with a few exceptions, though secular clubs are open to me not only readily, but apparently with pleasure. I have received invitations to lecture, in consequence of my paper, from societies, if not

secular, "containing many secularists," but no London clergyman has offered me his schoolroom, except those most generous friends who have so earnestly made a committee to consider if some definite work cannot be done on the lines I have suggested. If this paper should bring any additional correspondence, I may say that letters sent to the Free Library, New Road, Battersea Park, will reach me without trouble to the publishers.

One lady, well known for wide and deep scholarship, generous help in all good work, and womanly sympathy, says, with some despair in her tone, "I was disappointed to find, from your account, so little taste for reading or any form of intellectual culture, and fear, if such is the case, that they will not derive so much benefit as I ventured to hope from Free Libraries." When the South London Free Library was first opened in Kennington Lane, no thought was given to children; but they came in such numbers that the rooms were opened specially at hours suited to them, and have always since been so. They came in crowds; and the behavior was bad and the language horrible. But that good was done, that the children were influenced for good, were softened in manners, and a little toned down in language, was very apparent. When the Library was removed to Battersea, in a newly built neighborhood, thoroughly artisan, the experience was very striking. At first there were crowds not so much of children as of yelling fiends, who threw fireworks into the room, smeared the windows with mud, used lan-

guage that made us shudder, and generally gave striking evidence of what can be done by education on the lines of "payments by results" in a neighborhood like South London, where school education is the beginning and end of culture. Now, as I have already said, they come in crowds really to use the pictures and the books. Last evening a boy about twelve closed his Dickens's *Christmas Carol* and gave it back with a face flushed with pleasure and interest, saying, "That is a fine book!" This same boy read *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* during the last fortnight. Another boy, about thirteen, is wading through a four-volume *History of the Russian War*, and does not pass a new word without inquiry about it. Three years ago it was impossible for me to go out in the street without a yelling mob at my heels, and in most cases a cabbage-stump at my head, but as an expression of neighborly recognition, never of ill-will. I have never known what may be called wilful mischief for the sake of the mischief, only for the sake of the fun. It is difficult to find books enough for the young people, and also the old ones, and if my friend thinks Free Libraries will not be used by artisans, it may be worth while to say that the work of this one is done by a committee of workmen; a railway porter, a mason, two carpenters, with others, all genuine workmen, form the committee, most of them being secularists, more or less, but all earnestly trying to widen their own knowledge as well as that of others. Much of the work of the place is done by them after their day's work, and they struggle on, with an increasing

debt, year after year. One great result is, that since the Library was opened, the two adjoining parishes, Wandsworth and Lambeth, have adopted the Free Libraries Act, and it is intended, if possible, now to open a branch in the eastern part of South London, intellectually still undiscovered land. In all this the clergy of South London have been, as I said in my former paper, "very conspicuous by their absence," the actual work being done by working people.

No one realizes more than myself the importance of the subject on which I write; no one so completely realizes as I do the unimportance of the writer. But the attention so readily given to my paper shows how earnestly the subject is considered, and how readily any help, however poor, is accepted by many. If Christianity be not a routine of formal observances, but the devotion of the whole life to the teaching of Christ, then it is essential that the minds of men be broad enough to grasp this truth, and their sympathies sufficiently alive for it to come home to their inmost being. And therefore I ventured to say that it is needful to preach God as the living Ruler of the world, a knowledge of whom is the kingdom of heaven; and this I believe the Church can do more successfully than any other religious body.—WILLIAM ROSSITER, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since this was written Battersea has also adopted the Act, so that we feel the duty of breaking fresh ground in South-east London, but wish still to keep open our present place for the children, who would not be admitted to ordinary Free Libraries.

THEOCRITUS IN SICILY.

THERE was once a garden, says an ancient Eastern fable, planted by an old-world king deep in the sands of Arabia Felix, once seen, and only once, by mortal eye. An Arabian, wandering far into the desert, saw on a distant horizon the tree-tops of an oasis that he had never marked before. Here, entering in, he found the closes stately still, with birds of strange voice and wing singing in the thickets, though the lawns were smooth no more, and thistles strove with rare plants, though the creepers dripped from the rims of shivered urns and the terraces ran wild with wood. Then, whether the drifts overwhelmed it and buried it fathoms deep in sand, or whether the magic that had guarded it so long from intruders re-assumed its ancient sway, no one could tell; only it was never trodden again by mortal foot, never seen again by mortal eye.

This lost and unrecognized place of delight symbolizes in life the magic of some forgotten art, some incommunicable secret, perished, so to speak, before our eyes—for maybe we can lay our finger in history upon the very knot of craftsmen among whom it was last known to flourish; and most of all, it stands for each of those splendid solitary figures which move like bright points crossing and glimmering in the gathering dimness of the past. Such as Catullus, or Lionardo da Vinci, or Shelley, or Blake, and scores more, each of them suddenly appearing with a strong individual emotion, with no local or temporal bias, doing what they did spontaneously, not fashioning their method

of expression on any that went before them, not falling into their place in a logical sequence of development, but standing out as strong, unclassified souls, with a breath of divinity about them.

One of these lonely figures is Theocritus. By most of us he is viewed through a host of followers and imitators,—one might almost say mimics. The master's mien and figure is obscured by the uncouth gestures and antics of his companions, yet all their affectations only serve to accentuate alike his strength and their own weakness. It is often partly just that the founder of a school should be blamed by implication for the vagaries of his disciples; a luxuriant growth of folly bears witness to the absence of salt in the original creed. But no one was ever more clear from this imputation than Theocritus. Through each renewed travesty his simplicity emerges sweeter and more wholesome; among the din of Pastorals and Amœbean odes, Bucolics and so-called *Æglogues*, the woodnotes are audible as true as ever. Among the vapid chatter of Strephon and Chloe, the limp compliments of Dorinda and Melibœus, you may hear the shrewd recriminations of Battus and Milo, and catch the magic of the true Lycidas smile. Of Theocritus it may truly be said—"He struck a new vein, ransacked a new province; his secret perished with him; he could not, or he would not hand it on; no one could force it from him—he died and stands alone."

In each succeeding century, when emotion was keen and the wish to speak dominant, poet after poet has

flung himself into the same region, and returned laden with spoils which he has flung down before his admiring compeers. Year after year those treasure heaps have crumbled silently away; the admiration of a generation has been all that they have extorted, only to appear unutterably vain and hollow husks to men of later date—the real refuse of the Poet-world. We also hanker after exceptions. The critic of the nineteenth century puts the local lays of his Laureate side by side with the Theocritean original, condemning all the intervening schools. The critic but follows the irresistible bent of his time. The literary student feels it too, but he must refrain from all dogmatism in the placing of his own coevals and compatriots; he is looking through a refracting medium that he can neither allow for nor correct; he may be right—he is far more probably wrong. It was asserted once and implicitly believed that the unprejudiced man must prefer the *Henriade* to the poems of Homer.

It is hardly worth while to concern ourselves with the authenticity of the collection that has come down to us under the name of Theocritus. We should be sorry to think indeed that it was all the work of one person, as it is always distressing to find a first-rate writer condescending to second-rate work. But there is no evidence either way; and if the author of the little country-pictures, so delicately tinted and natural, found himself ill-at-ease and constrained in frigid panegyric, we can hardly wonder at it. As to whether the poems

were composed by Theocritus, or by another man of the same name, or by the same man with another name, it need not concern us. What we have to do in dealing with an author about whose identity tradition and history are silent, is to gather from what he has communicated or betrayed of himself in his work a picture to carry away—and this can be found in the *Idylls* with as much certainty as it can be found in the hundred and nineteenth Psalm.

Is there then any character throughout the book (taking the fifteen country idylls by themselves) which gives us a special impression of intimacy, if the word may be used in that connection? It is almost an invariable rule that when a writer brings a set of characters upon the stage he is apt to creep on among them himself, half-concealed perhaps by the mask or the actor's robe, but every now and then betraying himself by a movement, or a gesture, or a sympathetic trick of the eyes. Even Shakespeare, that most spectatorial of men, the most capable of isolating himself from his own bias or prejudice, or personal feeling, and of creating a consistent character in which no false note shall sound;—who can repeat the words that “the king of Syria speaketh in his bed-chamber”—even he, it must be confessed, drops the mask for a moment in *Hamlet*.

Well, we have not far to go. There is an autobiographical poem, put into the mouth of one Simichidas, not merely a dialogue like the rest, but a narrative of a hot summer's afternoon—a walk to a country festival and certain adven

tures by the road. Read it, and the impression gains strength every moment. Lycidas, the wandering poet whom they meet by the way and who contends with the narrator in a singing-match—there is an indefinable atmosphere of personality hanging about him which cannot be mistaken.

The scene is laid in a green Sicilian lane. The elms and poplars through which they walked are things of the past now. Sicily has lost her trees. Alders and olives, almond-trees and walnuts, are all that you would find now, and these only in scattered clumps and marshy bottoms: then they met overhead in a green colonnade. Simichidas, the narrator, and two friends are walking from the town to spend the day at some village festival. They had not gone half way: the old tomb of Brasidas by the road-side, that marked the middle point, was not yet in sight: a tomb probably such as we still see at Girgenti, foursquare, of reddish sandstone, with Ionic columns at the corners and tufts of rue and wild fennel at the top:—when they come suddenly upon a man, well-known apparently, if not through the country-side, yet to all professed lovers of song and pleasure such as are Simichidas and his friends.

The figure that saunters up to them out of the sunshine and under the green shadows is the personification of the Theocritean spirit, the genius of pastoral poetry. A goat-herd every inch: the skin over his shoulders, with the smell of rennet still about it: the tunic with its broad girdle and the gnarled oak-staff in his hand. His steady, unflinching smile, the lips

where laughter seemed to dwell, the quiet banter with which he touches on their hurrying on in the heat—"the very lizards," bright-eyed darting things, "are asleep on the stone walls, while the nails of your human shoes sound sharply on the boulders in the path, such is your haste."

So he speaks, and stands with his eternal smile—for is he not half a child, with mourning still in his heart? He is alone, for though welcome to all true men he meets, he has no need of company: he is ill-clad, for, like the lilies, he gives no thought to his vesture: he is alert in the swooning heat, for he has the freshness of the hills about him. As he came along the road his eyes and ears were everywhere: he saw the lizards dozing in the cracks, or heard the sharp click of their feet speeding up the valley. And while they are going to the feast he has his back turned upon it, for his merriment is of a purer kind. Next morning while the jaded city folk are drowsing on the quays, yawning over their unwonted exertions, or sleeping off the fumes of the night's revellings, he will be high on the hills, herding his obstinate flock with their tinkling bells, or brooding over some sweet cadence of his lazy Æolic speech.

But now Simichidas replies with a burst of conscious superiority—the superiority of the civilized townsman over this wandering minstrel, the man of the world condescending to the dreamer of the field. He invites Lycidas to a singing-match, the prize to be a staff, or carven pipe, courteously deprecating his own skill,—“They tell me

I have no master, but I'm not credulous: there are better men than I."

And Lycidas, still smiling, gives him, even before the contest, the twisted staff he bears; and then without prelude strikes into his dainty strain—the *Ageanax*, the threnody of all absent friends, drawing at the end into a note of gladness at the thought of what the meeting shall be.

And we may be sure that the fizards and the bees and the poplars listened, as they did to Orpheus, so tender and true a lay it is; while Simichidas fidgeted and hummed over to himself a few cadences of his meditated performance—to his own mind so infinitely superior to this untutored strain, and so much more certain to take the fancy of his city-bred friends sprawling round him on the turf.

At last the melody rings its changes out and the last chord is struck. No comment, no word of praise: Simichidas begins—a love song, pretty enough, but cold and barren: passion, not love—sentiment, not emotion.

And that too closes; and Lycidas with the smile where humor and good-will interfuse, with perhaps a touch of pity too, gives him the staff and strikes off to the left and so passes into the deep country again from which he came, alone but not lonely; and Simichidas and his friends complacently pursue their way, and spend a sweet summer afternoon in rural plenty, and describe it very prettily too—but give not another thought to Lycidas—blindly passing by the very

God that they doubtless pray day by day to see.

The hint here given, the idea thus foreshadowed, is repeated day by day and in every life. The stepping close to an ideal and never suspecting it to be so—the blindness that the self-satisfied spirit acquires, which makes it overlook the very thing it proposes to seek—all this is here. And what strengthening types it contains for genius knowing itself misinterpreted, wilfully and ignorantly passed over! There is no assertion here of superiority—no claim to be recognized. "You don't realize who I am," says Simichidas. "I made this ditty on the hill," says Lycidas. That is the way to meet calumny or contempt—the humorous smile, the anticipated surrender of life's conveniences—as Lycidas gives the staff away before the contest closes—the quiet turning to the left, leaving rivalry and hurry behind, into the hazy country-side and all the glad loneliness of the hills.

If Theocritus himself had not known the crowded, hurrying life of courts, and the wrangle for place; if he had not suffered, in heated rooms and thronged cloisters, the unwilling parade of the very notes that were born in Spring and meet for the silence of the down, he could never have attained to the deliberate peace, the microscopic love of simple things, which so characterize him. And indeed we know for a fact that he spent some weary years in the intrigue of Hiero's court, in the high-walled city jutting into the bay, whose huddling churches still look out on

the left hand to the open sea, and on the right hand over the breezy harbor and the immense marshes of the Anapus and the long limestone table-land of Epipolæ: the city consecrated with immemorial slaughter—one huge monument of death and struggle, of abortive designs and placid decay.

And from this corrupt world of the courtier's life, Theocritus stepped back into the country again. He took with him a little melancholy and a little cynicism, and a great supreme content. He has all the keen directness of a man who has prostituted his gifts and been ashamed of the fall, and won his way back again with all the added tonic of the struggle. And yet he has the indefinable fund of knowledge, the fascination of experience, that made the country lovers who watched him as he played and sang, wonder at the curious mystery that was in his eyes, and the fascination that the plain face with all its weariness had gained—so that they pressed their simple loves a little closer to their sides to reassure themselves, fearing lest this mystery should unwittingly beguile their tender hearts.

And so day by day the poet lived among his kindly race, and sketched their loves and hates, their differences and reconciliations, their laughter and tears—which charmed them as simply as a drawing of a well-known peak will please a dweller in a mountain farm with childish delight of recognition, yet carry sublime thoughts and soaring fancies to men of other lands and of less unsophisticated spirits. And then

these country scenes which he transcribed penetrated again into the tired world, and brought with them the freshness and spring of the open air, and along with these all the fuller and delicious regrets that linger about such child-like experiences, even in the heart of those who have quite abandoned them and would be ill-at-ease among them.

Sometimes it was the reaper in the tall meadow-grass, or the shepherd among the hills, or the rude soldier and his mistress coming from the city to spend a day of rough dalliance and prodigal plenty in their native farm, or the old fisherman in the wattle cabin on the edge of the creeping sea. Sometimes for the delight of his rustic hearers he would draw a picture of the festival days in the great African city over the southern sea, and describe the silly chatter of two vulgar women of the town, pushing and scrambling among the crowd to get a good place for the show—grateful to no one, pettish with children and slaves, regarding all mankind as uncourteous and violent like themselves, and eaten up with paltry interests, the temper of their husbands, the breadth of their gowns, the comparative situations of their houses. And at this the shepherd-folk would laugh, half envious all the time, and only half understanding how things went in the city by the sea. And this sketch when it penetrated to the great city pleased them best of all, for they saw themselves as in a mirror; and such is the vanity of men, that they would rather see themselves in a convex or a concave

glass, distorting beauty into horror and making every feature and line grotesque, than not see themselves at all. Though they were here satirized and mimicked, drawn to the life with shameful accuracy,—yet with the world's broad good-nature and self-blindness they laughed till the tears ran down

Sometimes he would send a gift into the city—a spindle of rude make, with a tender poem introducing it—the lines for his friend, the gentle poet-physician Nicias, and the gift for the kindly, careful wife whom he had known in older days.

And then the little-volume comes to an end with a few dainty epigrams, each embalming the emotion of a moment into a tiny drop of verse—the dew on a bunch of roses, a glade with sheep feeding up and down it, a white statue on a lawn, lines to be engraved on some tomb by the wayside or among the thickets. And there it lies like a bundle of faded papers redolent with memories of other lives and exhaling the fragrance of a forgotten day.

Surely it is worth while to have been rapt into dreamland for a little—the loves and struggles, the fears and hopes of our predecessors on earth, so wearisome, so complicated when they close about us, win a glory perhaps not their own from their remoteness;—and we come back dazed at encountering the ordinary light and the familiar thoughts, from pacing with Theocritus along the lanes, or listening to his melodies among the hills of Sicily.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

MIXED OR SEPARATE CHURCHES FOR WHITES AND BLACKS.—This question was mooted at the Meeting of the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, held at St. Louis, May 19, 1887. It came up in connection with a motion looking towards a union between the Southern and the Northern divisions of the Church. The opinion seems to have been nearly unanimous against "mixed" Churches. The Rev. Dr. C. R. Vaughan, of Virginia, said:

"On the question of a mixed Church of whites and blacks, we are in absolute and unalterable opposition to the Northern Church. This doctrine, in the words of the *Herald and Presbyterian*, is, 'an independent African Church is not proposed.' Our doctrine, in full accord with the views of colored brethren themselves, is, 'an independent African Church.' Colored ministers are now received into our Presbyteries provisionally, waiting for the independent organization in due time. Colored ministers are in full and permanent union with the Northern Church courts. Now this question can never be any menace to the peace, or property, or social life of the Northern people, because the Negro is not a factor of any importance in Northern society. With us it is different. The numbers of the colored race in the South will often give them the constitutional control of the property and the constitutional government of the Church, if organized on the principles of a mixed Church. There will be no possible avoidance of this result. It will also be followed by a certain amount of social mixture, which, in the lapse of time, will be followed by a mixture of blood, with all its degrading and disastrous consequences. It is absolutely inadmissible to place our relations to the negro race in the hands of a Northern body, as organic union will do. The necessity is so imperious that we cannot even discuss it so long as their principle of a mixed Church is maintained. The pretext on which that principle is asserted will not bear investigation. It is not required by the unity of the Church of Christ. The unity of the Christian Kingdom is precisely conditioned on the same thing with the unity of any other kingdom. The principle of unity in every kingdom is *submission to the Crown*. The Roman Church conditions unity on a single

official under the Crown. The Episcopal Church conditions it on an order of officials under the crown. These theories are as absurd as it would be to condition the unity of the British Empire on the Prime Minister or the clerks in the War Office. The unity of the Kingdom of Christ is in the Crown of the King, and not in any form of organization of its human subjects. If this be so, then the organization of human beings into a part of the kingdom preserves its unity untouched by means of its adherence to the Crown, and the method of organization is a matter merely of expediency, not of essential principle. No Christian ought to allow his conscience to be disturbed by the thought that he violates the unity of the Church by insisting on an independent organization for the colored race. The distinctions of race are drawn by God himself, for reasons not known to us, but worthy of His wisdom. His reasons for fixing them are better than any reasons man can have for breaking them down; and any design or policy which leads, however remotely, to destroy them, is both foolish and wicked. He has enforced them by consequences which no wise man can disregard, and by personal antipathies which can never safely be denied."

Still more emphatic were the utterances of Rev. Dr. Palmer of New Orleans. He said:

"The Negro is in position to-day to be far more an element of strife and contention than he was in 1861. Enfranchised, equal with us before the law, animated by an aggressive spirit in all matters, it is impossible for our relations with him to be determined for us by the Northern Church, without endangering the whole social structure throughout the whole Southern land. You cannot put men side by side, equal Presbyters in courts, and equal teachers in pulpits, without involving social relations. So long as only two or three are there, it makes no difference; but as soon as the thing enlarges its proportions, ecclesiastical relations draw after them social relations and social equality. The color line is distinctly drawn by Jehovah himself; it is drawn in nature and in history in such a form as to make it a sin and a crime to undertake to obliterate it. Before the Flood, when there was but one family, wickedness rose to such heights it

could only be purged by universal destruction. After that judgment it was necessary to restrain sin within tolerable bounds. This was done by the confusion of languages. Race distinctions were probably developed at the same time, and for the same purpose. The attempt to obliterate the color line by amalgamation of the White with the Negro, or Mongolian or Malay race is a crime against the wise orderings of God. The very moment it is advertised through the country that this organic union is accomplished, and the power is placed in the hands of a Northern body to control our relations to the Negro race, you will endanger the very existence of the Southern Church. We cannot confide in the Northern people on this subject. As some of their ecclesiastical leaders have expressed it, 'Do not press us on this point and on that, for we have an unmanageable constituency.' We cannot trust that unmanageable constituency. The moment it is even seriously threatened you will find your people not yielding to the threatened absorption into the Northern Church, but bolting bodily into the Methodist and Episcopal Churches. We trust they will not be precipitate. The Southern Presbyterian Church is going to be continued, if it is reduced to a single Presbytery and a bare quorum. We shall be able to stand alone as the Wisemans and the Fishers did in the Old Scotch Church, and planted in their weakness and isolation the seed of a true and strong church in the future. We shall be able to raise our testimony to the last for Christ's Kingdom and for Christ's Crown."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TAILS. Mr. Grant Allen holds firmly to the doctrine of evolution; but the doctrine, as he propounds it, is not altogether a comforting one. He says that although "on the whole, evolution is always producing higher and still higher forms of life," yet, "contrary to the general belief, evolution does not, by any means, always or necessarily result in progress or improvement; nay, the real fact is, that by far the greatest number of plants and animals are degenerate types; products of retrogression rather than of any upward development." Thus, the Crab is merely a degenerate Lobster—sadly degenerate indeed, for every crab has lost the tail—the most important organ which

it possessed in its original lobster existence. In his *Evolutionist at Large*, he says :

"The Crab lives on the sandy bottom, and wags about on its lesser legs, instead of swimming or darting through the water by blows of its tail, like the Lobster, or still more active Prawn or Shrimp. Hence the Crab's tail has dwindled away to a mere historic relic, whilst the most important muscles on its body are those seated in the network of shell just above its locomotive legs. In this case again, it is clear that the appendage has disappeared because the owner had no further use for it. Indeed, if one looks through all nature one will find the Philosophy of Tails eminently simple and utilitarian. Those animals that need them, evolve them; those animals that do not need them never develop them; and those animals which once had them, but no longer use them for practical purposes, retain a mere shriveled rudiment as a living reminiscence of their original habit."

That is to say, the Crab has lost its tail because it, or some of its remote ancestors, had forgotten how to swim. Commenting upon this theory of Mr. Allen, the Rev. Dr. Geo. D. Armstrong says, in the *Presbyterian Quarterly* :

"Mr. Grant Allen decides, but gives no reason for such decision, that the Lobster is the original, and the Crab its degenerate evolute. That is, applying his philosophy that at some time in the long-past-millions of years ago, as Darwin would say—there lived an indolent old Lobster that did not use his tail for practical purposes, as most other lobsters did; and so his tail shriveled somewhat, that his offspring inherited not only the shriveled tail, but also the indolent spirit of their progenitor; and so, in the course of time, the tail in this family of Lobsters became a 'mere historic relic,' and they themselves degenerated into Crabs. But why may not the evolution have been in the opposite direction—the Crab being the original and the Lobster the evolute? We have but to suppose that 'once upon a time' a frisky Crab lived who, dissatisfied with his original means of locomotion, and feeling the need of a tail, began to use the posterior portion of his shell as a tail, and so started its development; and then that his offspring, inheriting not only his rudimentary tail, but

his frisky disposition (and dispositions are subject to the law of heredity), this tail gradually developed, and in course of time the Crab became a Lobster."

VICTOR HUGO.—Speaking of *Choses Vues*, the new volume of Victor Hugo, the *Athenæum* says :

"All his life long the great poet was addicted to attitude; all his life long he was a *poseur* of the first magnitude. In that time of 'apocalyptic epigram,' which to him was style, there was not room for quiet and sobriety. That this grandiosity was unnatural and unreal is proved to admiration by the publication of *Choses Vues*. When Hugo wrote for himself he wrote almost as simply and straightforwardly as Alexandre Dumas. The effect is disconcerting. One rubs his eyes in amazement. It is evidently Hugo; but Hugo plain, sober, direct: Hugo without rhetoric; Hugo declining antithesis, and content to be no greater than his neighbors; Hugo expressing himself in the fearless old fashion of pre-romantic ages. A page of commonplace by Mr. Meredith, a book for boarding-schools by M. Emile Zola, were not more startling."

THE POPE AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.—In the *Spectator* we read :

"The Pope, through his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, has addressed to the Nuncios a remarkable circular defining his attitude toward the Temporal Power. While admitting the great evils both to the Church and to society which flows from the present condition of violence in Italy, the Pope denies that in seeking a cessation of the conflict, he in any sanctions the facts accomplished against the Church. 'The Roman question must be settled in such a manner that the Pope may have complete independence and liberty, and that it may not be in way the power of the Italian Government to change these conditions.' This seems to point to a guarantee by Europe of the Pope's independence and sovereignty within a defined quarter of Rome, large enough to contain his residence and the great administrative bodies of the Church. At all events, it would not be inconsistent with that quite possible solution."

BISHOP BERKELEY.

ENGLISH literature was surely tardy in rendering justice to Bishop Berkeley and his philosophy. Previous to Professor Ferrier of St. Andrews no British thinker of eminence can be said to have undertaken the requisite intellectual labor of mastering the problem which Berkeley proposed for solution; and it is now impossible to avoid astonishment at the misrepresentations of that problem which for more than a century passed current, not only in the general, but even in the philosophical literature of England. The valuable essays which Ferrier contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* about forty years ago, and which have since been republished in his "Philosophical Remains," first stemmed the tide of misapprehension which had been allowed to flow without check; and the current of criticism was fairly started in the right direction afterwards by his brilliant *Institutes of Metaphysics*. Still another service had yet to be rendered to Berkeley's memory; the story of his life had yet to be written by a biographer of sufficient industry to go in quest of all available materials; and his works had yet to be collected by an editor of competent knowledge and critical power. It is now nearly fifteen years since Professor Fraser's splendid edition of Berkeley's works appeared, with its elaborate biography; and it seemed then as if everything had at last been done for the neglected philosopher that could be demanded by the gratitude and respect even of his most ardent admirers. But the little monograph which Professor

Fraser has more recently contributed to the series of Blackwood's "Philosophical Classics for English Readers," shows that he still continues to work in the field which he has made peculiarly his own, and that his labor has again been rewarded by the discovery of fresh material. Other works show that the interest in Berkeley's philosophy must be on the increase, both in this country and on the Continent. It is an especially gratifying sign of the current of thought at our universities that Professor Fraser's volume of *Selections from Berkeley* for the use of students has reached a third edition. After the exhaustive researches of the Professor it is scarcely probable that anything of importance will be added to our knowledge of Berkeley; and an appropriate occasion is thus offered for reviewing the personal and philosophical character of the idealist, as he is now finally made known.

The family of the philosopher was traditionally reputed to have some connection with Lord Berkeley of Stratton, though it is impossible to find any satisfactory ground for the tradition. There is also a story that Swift introduced the philosopher, when a young man, to the Earl of Berkeley with the remark, "My lord, here is a young gentleman of your family. I can assure your lordship, it is a much greater honor to you to be related to him, than to him to be related to you." The playful form of this introduction, however, though probably enough it expressed the serious conviction of Swift, prevents us from regarding it as implying any

closer relation between the philosopher and the nobleman than that of identity in name. But, until the operation of heredity is better understood, those who owe intellectual stimulus to Berkeley will not be deeply disappointed at the failure to connect him with any noble family; or even at the failure to roll back the clouds which have gathered probably for ever between us and his distant ancestry.

For whether it is matter of regret or not, the ancestry of Berkeley, like that of many another man, cannot be traced beyond his grandfather. Family tradition represents the grandfather as a royalist who had sacrificed his fortune in the service of his party, and was rewarded at the Restoration by some Government office in Ireland. But the search into the history of Berkeley's family does not reach firm ground till we come to the bishop's father, William Berkeley, somewhere near Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny. How he came to be there, or what he was doing there, it seems now impossible to discover, even if it were worth while to spend any labor in the discovery. It was in this neighborhood that William Berkeley's son, George, in whom we are specially interested, first saw the light. The date of his birth is given as March 12th, 1684. The place in which he was born is named in the old biographies Kilerin or Killerin; but there is no place of that name in the neighborhood of Thomastown, and the tradition of the district points to Dysert Castle as his birthplace, which was certainly the residence of the Berkeleys not long afterwards.

All that is known of Berkeley's childhood and boyhood may be summed up in very few words. When he was about eleven years of age, as is still certified by the school-register, he entered Kilkenny School—an academy which has been called the Eton of Ireland and which, it is worth remembering, had, about seventeen years before, educated Berkeley's eminent countryman and friend, Jonathan Swift. Here Berkeley remained nearly four years, and then he proceeded, as Swift had done before him, to Trinity College, Dublin. In addition to these facts in Berkeley's outer history there is fortunately also preserved a revelation of the inner man, which rises like a snow-drop out of his earliest life, showing the preparation of the soil for that spring-time which came with the immediately subsequent years, and in which was sown the seed that ripened into the splendid fruit of his philosophy. Among the biographical materials which Professor Fraser has had the good fortune to recover, there is a commonplace book in which Berkeley had been accustomed to jot down memoranda of his studies at college. One of these memoranda tells us how early the bent of his mind had been formed: "From my childhood," he says, "I had an unaccountable turn of thought that way." Though the meaning of this record is somewhat indefinite, it seems to be interpreted by another: "I was distrustful at eight years old, and by nature disposed for these new doctrines." There is a charming simplicity in the frank pride with which the young philosopher recognizes in himself the

workings of a distrustful spirit at an age when everything is supposed to be accepted with unquestioning faith. But we may see in those childish doubts the beginning of the intellectual efforts of his manhood, in which his persistent aim was to make men question the meaning of that fact of existence, which, in all thinking short of pure philosophy, is taken upon trust.

Berkeley entered Trinity College just as the eighteenth century opened, and the records of the college still enable us to follow him through the different stages of his career till he obtained a fellowship on June 9th, 1707. Fortunately, also, his commonplace book gives us a pleasing insight into his mental development during this period. We now know that the idea which lies at the root of his philosophy had been caught sight of in those early student days, and that it was being examined on all sides with the fresh enthusiasm of a discoverer who, in his first wonder, can express himself only in half-articulate ejaculations. Again and again, through these fragmentary jottings this idea appears under the name of a "new principle" which is to revolutionize the sciences; and almost every memorandum is warm with the passionate eagerness with which the student watches this radical idea shooting forth its stems and branches—shaping itself before his exultant mind into a complete philosophical system.

The commonplace book also makes known to us the reading by which Berkeley was assisted to his peculiar point of view. During his

life at college he had evidently made himself familiar, not only with Locke's Essay, but (which is more to the purpose) with the subtle psychological analyses of Hobbes, as well as with the intensely theistic hypothesis of sense-perception developed by Malebranche, while several memoranda show that he had studied the writings of Spinoza.

Among the men likely to be of intellectual influence in Dublin when Berkeley was at Trinity College there are fortunately some whose services in philosophy and theology have not been forgotten yet. In the scientific circles of the city a prominent figure was Locke's friend, the barrister Molyneux, who had evidently speculated to some purpose on those very problems of perception, the solution of which has made Berkeley illustrious; and we know that the young idealist was on intimate terms with the barrister's family. The provost of Trinity College was then Dr. Peter Browne, whose contributions to metaphysical theology form a reasonable ground for the conjecture that he must have left his mark among the young metaphysicians of his college. Berkeley himself in later life appeared as a hostile critic of Browne's views on the analogical and negative nature of all our notions with regard to the Supreme Being; and Browne has also been signalized as anticipating, in his theory of causation, that doctrine of Hume which resembles Berkeley's occasionalism on its empirical side. Another man of prominence in Dublin at the beginning of last century was the archbishop, Dr. William King; and it is just

possible that the young student from Kilkenny may, from sermons or otherwise, have caught the spirit of idealistic optimism animating the great work *De Origine Mali*, which has given the prelate a place in the history of modern theology.

We have seen that Berkeley was promoted to his fellowship in 1707. In the same year he began his literary life by the publication of a small Latin work on arithmetic, with some mathematical papers appended. This publication is now of interest less on account of its scientific value than for the sake of the insight which it gives into the bent of the author's mind; for the very drift of the book is an evidence that his predominating interest in mathematical studies was not that of the mathematician deducing inference from assumed data, but rather that of the metaphysician speculating on the assumptions which form the starting-point of science. This evidence was confirmed in Berkeley's later life by a controversial work entitled *The Analyst* which retorts a skeptical argument against the fundamental principles of religion by showing that a similar skepticism is equally legitimate against the assumptions lying at the foundation of mathematical analysis. The merit of these speculations on the philosophy of mathematics it is needless to discuss here; but it is a significant indication of Berkeley's power that the controversy raised by *The Analyst* called forth the energies of men with the mathematical renown of Jurin and MacLaurin.

It would be interesting to recount the various revolutions in science

which have been brought about by books with all the immaturity, but with the purifying fire of young genius. In such a record a prominent place would be assigned to Berkeley's *Essay towards a New Theory of Vision*. When this work appeared in 1709 its author was only twenty-five—the age at which, about a generation afterwards, Hume produced his *Treatise of Human Nature*. Berkeley's essay cannot exactly be said, like Hume's treatise, to have “fallen deadborn from the press;” but the progress of its influence has been slow, and the principles of psychological analysis which it involves are coming to recognition only in our own day. To break down the apparently indecomposable simplicity of visual perception, to show that it is not the immediate and inexplicable revelation of a thing outside of all intelligence, was to open up a path for psychological discovery—a path to profounder insight into the nature of knowledge and reality, such as had scarcely ever been trodden before. It is true that, quite recently, the originality of Berkeley, and even his ingenuousness in claiming originality, have, probably for the first time, been impugned, and that by a fellow of his own college. In his valuable book on Descartes, Professor Mahaffy maintains that Berkeley's theory of vision, down to its very illustrations, is anticipated in Descartes's *Dioptric*, a work of which “it is impossible that Berkeley can have been ignorant.” Now, for the charge of disingenuousness it is unfortunate that all through the opening paragraphs of the *New Theory of Vision*, the very points to which Mr. Ma-

haffy refers as contained in Descartes's work are noticed by Berkeley as facts which he "finds acknowledged" by writers on optics, while his originality is evinced in the fact that the main part of his book explains precisely where the theories of his predecessors are inadequate, and therefore fall wide of his own. Since the time of Berkeley, indeed, additional light has been thrown on the problems of visual perception, especially by the stereoscope teaching us more fully the value of having two eyes instead of one. But notwithstanding the vast stride implied in passing from Berkeley's *New Theory* to Helmholtz's *Physiologische Optik*, it is not too much to say that the course of recent discovery with regard to vision has simply followed the track on which inquiry was started by the young fellow of Trinity College more than a century and a half ago.

But it must not be supposed that Berkeley was all this while engaged merely in a curious speculation which had no bearing on the living issues of human thought. The speculation, which was explicitly confined to vision, implicitly took a wider sweep, and was seeking a deeper foundation for all philosophy—seeking thereby to bring into clearer view the eternal truths on which morality and religion rest. By the time his *Essay on Vision* was published Berkeley's commonplace-book shows that he had wrought out his explanation, not only of the knowledge given by sight, but also of the knowledge which we receive through all the senses. His explanation of sense-perception was first given to the world a year after

the essay, in his *Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*. Neither of these works received any flattering attention at the time, in spite of all the efforts of Berkeley's friend, Sir John Percival, among literary acquaintances in London. Both books were published in Dublin, and that was then probably unfavorable to an author's reputation. This it may have been that induced Berkeley, about three years later, to cross the Channel and seek a London publisher for his next book, the *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*, in opposition to skeptics and atheists. In the management of its matter, as well as its language, this work shows the most artistic finish of all his productions, and may be recommended as, on the whole, the most satisfactory exposition of his philosophy. In these dialogues the names of the interlocutors are as allegorical as those in the *Pilgrim's Progress*; but the scholar with his academical culture was too much dominated by the literary fashions of his time to venture on those homely appellatives of the Bedford tinker, which have since entered into such general use for picturesque description of character. Berkeley attempted no innovation on the practice, which seems so excessively artificial to more modern tastes, of dubbing with classical names the persons drawn from contemporary life who are introduced into literature. The names, however, which he adopted, though drawn from classical sources, express the sides taken in the discussion by those who bear them. Hylas argues for "Hylê," matter: Philonous is the champion of "Nous," the intellectual principle in

the universe, his name being apparently a coinage of Berkeley's, though the feminine form, Philouë, is met with in mythological literature.

To describe the philosophical teaching of the *Dialogues* in all its wide reaches is impossible here; but the misapprehension of its general drift is still so commonly current that a few expository remarks may not be out of place. This work, like the most important of Berkeley's other works, is implicitly or explicitly directed against skeptics and atheists; but strange has been the fate of the speculations whose tendency is thus announced. The great body of British critics of all schools have agreed to pack Berkeley into the same group with David Hume as a thinker who has inconsistently stopped short in the road which the great skeptic followed to its termination; while Hume himself thought that the good bishop's writings contain the best lessons in skepticism, inasmuch as his arguments never convince you and yet cannot be answered. The arguments to which Hume alludes as unanswerable though unconvincing are, of course, those adduced by Berkeley to prove that the real material world is not an unknowable substance such as philosophers believe in, but merely that sensible world which all men perceive. In truth, however, these arguments were for generations seldom treated with seriousness. Dr. Johnson, representing the unreflective dogmatism of unphilosophic opinion, characteristically enough refutes Berkeley by kicking a stone, and exclaiming, "That's matter, and there's an end on't."

But even Dr. Reid, at the head of a philosophical school, thinks that idealism is at once knocked out of a man's head if he happens to run against a lamp-post; while Byron dismisses Berkeley with a pun, which was perhaps too obvious to have any strong flavor at the first, but has become one of the stalest of jests from its being perpetually quoted by those who own no other knowledge of the idealist.

All this is but an illustration of the fact that ordinary thought, unwilling or unable to undergo the toil of comprehending a philosophical system, fastens on any superficial trait that obtrudes itself with special prominence, and seems capable of an obvious interpretation. *The Clouds* of Aristophanes represents what was probably a prevalent conception of Socratic teaching among the populace of Athens, as it is essentially identical with the indictment on which the philosopher was afterwards condemned. All the great schools of Greek thinkers were subjected to similar misrepresentations in popular gossip, as is evident from the anecdotal sketches which are scattered through the pages of writers like Diogenes Lærtius. The Cynics are vulgarly pictured as men who took an insane delight in insipid indecencies: a thorough skeptic was supposed to be a man who would not turn out of his straight road to avoid a precipice lest he might commit himself to a belief in the law of gravitation; and the character of Epicurus has been so bespattered with the fabrications of a gross fancy, that his name has become a bye-word in all the languages of the modern world,

though his hostile critics themselves describe his life as dignified by an almost stoical contempt of sensual pleasure, and by an almost stoical heroism in the face of bodily pain. By the same tendency, in the popular gossip of English literature Berkeley passes current as the author of a paradox which men may amuse themselves with but will never seriously discuss, denying, as it does, the real existence of our common material world.

Now, to the sympathetic student of Berkeley at the present day it is scarcely necessary to say that the question of the idealist is not whether matter exists, but what is meant by its existence. No sane man, idealist or materialist, can or does doubt the reality of the material world as a fact of experience. The world that unfolds itself throughout the immensities of space and the ceaseless successions of time—that is precisely the fact which philosophy is called to explain; and idealism claims to be, not of course a denial, but an explanation, and the only rational explanation of which the fact admits.

Without going into a detailed exposition of Berkeley's idealism, it may be briefly described as having a negative or polemical, as well as positive or constructive side. In the former aspect the doctrine of Berkeley is an attack on what he conceives with too much justice to be the common opinion of philosophers, that material things (the things which make up the world of our conscious experience) have no real existence, but merely represent an underlying existence which can never by any possibility be known. These representations in

consciousness of the unknown substance of matter were commonly called *ideas* in the philosophical literature of Berkeley's time; they are now more commonly named *phenomena*, and, indeed, were so named by Berkeley himself in his later days, though he points out that men in general call them *things*. Now, in opposition to this doctrine Berkeley reiterates, with infinite variety of illustration, that sensible ideas, as philosophers call them, that is, the things we perceive by our senses, are not mere images—not the mere show of a world, but the real material world itself, and the only material world that exists; for the unknown and unknowable and unthinkable substance, of which the world we know is said to be an appearance, is a mere fiction of abstract thought which is strangely supposed to have a substantial existence.

To Berkeley the existence in our consciousness of a material world with all its intelligible order is not philosophically explained by referring it to some substance or force which is absolutely unintelligible. What then, it may be asked, does the existence of matter mean, on Berkeley's theory? As we have seen, the real material world consists, according to him, of the things which are known by our senses: it has no existence for us except in so far as we know it; for us and for all intelligences its very existence consists in its being known. But, he goes on, it is not a matter of choice with me whether I shall see when I open my eyes, or hear when I open my ears: the sights that I see and the sounds that I hear are seen and heard,

whether I will or not: they exist, therefore, independently of me. In fact, all things in the universe take their course, unresisted by the efforts of men; and their existence is, therefore, independent of all human minds. But their existence, independent of man, must mean that they are known by some other mind; and consequently the absolute existence of the universe implies that it is known by an Infinite and Universal Mind.

Such is something like the course of Berkeley's reasoning, so far as it can be represented in very brief outline. Behold then the view which he takes of the world around us. To him that world is not a mere piece of splendid mechanism moved by unconscious forces: it is the really existing ideas of the living God speaking to us through all our various senses. You read some production of poetic genius—some production of the creative imagination, as it is often called—and before your mind are unrolled, more or less vividly, the ideas of the other mind with which your own mind is holding intercourse through its works. Open your senses to read the book of Nature, and it is as if you were reading a book produced by a Mind, of whose works the works of all other minds are but the feeble imitations. There rush in upon your mind, through the channels of eye and ear and every other sense, ideas so vividly real, that all others are felt to be merely their faint copies. Accordingly, on this doctrine, the face of Nature is, without straining a figure, the Face of God: the sounds of Nature are the Voice of God; for there is not an impression which we re-

ceive through any of the senses, which is not to be interpreted as a symbol, as language conveying to us some information about the universal order—some thought of the universal mind. To Berkeley, therefore, God is not a Being whose existence needs to be proved by arguments. He is a living Person whom we see every time we open our eyes more clearly than we ever see any other—a Person whose actual thoughts are spoken to us at every moment more distinctly than the thoughts of any human being.

These are the doctrines which lie at the basis of all Berkeley's philosophy, and which formed the guiding principles of his life. There is scarcely a work he has written which is not glowing with this consciousness of the never-failing presence of the Infinite Mind, who knows all things and who imparts to our minds what of His knowledge their limited nature enables them to receive. At this earlier stage of his authorship the main positions of his philosophy are unfolded most fully in the *Dialogues*. This work, as we have seen, had appeared in the year 1713, when he had gone to London, mainly perhaps for the purpose of finding a publisher. Between that year and 1709 had appeared his *New Theory of Vision* and *The Principles of Human Knowledge*, as well as a *Discourse of Passive Obedience*. The student of English literature knows what a memorable epoch these years formed. They were the years of *The Tatler*, *The Spectator* and *The Guardian*, and the years, too, of Swift's letters to Stella; so that we have numerous

materials for helping the imagination to picture the life of London town in the days when it was first seen by the young philosopher from Dublin.

There are few readers of English who have not had a glimpse of that old time, as its figures have been conjured before their delighted imagination by those kindly companions of our reading hours. When you come home of an evening, unfit for severer work, take down a volume of these or of kindred books, and the past hundred and fifty years seem to become annihilated. You step into Will's coffee-house, the gathering place of London literary men for many years during that period; and, if it be late in the evening, you are almost sure to find yourself amid a company of wits who are noisily praising or damning the play from which they have just returned. You may hear what men thought and said about the plays which they took their wives and daughters to see, while we blush to read them in private: you may listen to the talk which is created by Addison's *Cato*, as it is enthusiastically applauded during its run of thirty-five nights: you may listen even to the imperial Addison himself, as he draws every eye and stops every tongue in the coffee-house, while you can see in fancy the calm smile that gleams over his luminous face, and catch, amid the silence, the very tones of the voice in which his fine criticism flows, as his intellect and imagination become quickened with wine.

If you want some more solid entertainment than the gay talk of Will's affords, turn from Covent

Garden to the Strand and enter the Grecian, the oldest coffee-house in London—so named because it was opened by a Greek, not, as you might at first suppose, because it is a favorite resort of the scholars of the period. There, if you do not meet the great Bentley himself, you will certainly hear his name brought into controversies, which his learning and critical genius and wit were then quelling, though not without some stormful outbursts of opposition. You may still see something of these dead contests, and laugh over them, in Swift's *Battle of the Books*. In the St. James's coffee-house, you will hear all the political questions of the day discussed, and perhaps catch the enthusiasm kindled at the news of Marlborough's latest victory. Or, if you are in a mood for nothing but the most passive enjoyment, leave the coffee-houses for the open air. A stroll down St. James's Street will show a number of dandies who certainly rival, if they do not surpass, their descendants of the present day in the devotedness with which they sacrifice every human interest for the benefit of their tailors. Follow that young gentleman whom you see, with his head sunk under a great periwig "like a mouse under a canopy of state," stepping out of a chair on the west side of the street. That building opposite which the chair has stopped is White's chocolate-house, where every man of fashion about town is bound to be familiarly known. Enter for a few minutes and you will scarcely be able to conceive that time has moved at all since then, as you learn what is the

latest prettiness that has become a foible among the beaux, or join in the laugh at the last jest which has been provoked by the new style of Belinda's head-dress or the prodigious dimensions of Celia's hoops.

Such was London when Berkeley came to see it in 1713. He had evidently no difficulty in finding an introduction to the literary society of the time. We know from the *Journal to Stella*, that he became acquainted with Swift now, if he did not know him before; and Swift could put him on terms of familiarity with all the men of literary eminence in the city. At a later period Berkeley becomes unintentionally connected with one of the pathetic episodes of Swift's life; for the celebrated Dutch lady, whose name was Latinized into the poetical Vanessa, broken-hearted over Swift's marriage with Stella, cancelled a will making him her heir, and bequeathed the half of her fortune to Berkeley, although he was, to use his own words, a perfect stranger.

Berkeley had not been long in London when he received an invitation to accompany Lord Peterborough in the capacity of chaplain and secretary, on an embassy to the Italian States. This gave him an opportunity of seeing some of the principal places of interest on the Continent; but before ten months had elapsed the death of Queen Anne brought the ambassador and his secretary back to England. The struggle of parties on the death of the queen seemed unfavorable to Berkeley's prospects of preferment; and accordingly he accepted an invitation to travel as companion to a son of

Dr. St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher. On this tour, some sketches of which are preserved in his journals and letters, Berkeley must have spent six or seven years, as he did not return to England till 1721. During the three or four years immediately following his return it is impossible to trace his movements with certainty. We know that he was appointed dean, first of Dromore, afterwards of Derry; but whether he entered upon the active work of both or either of these livings cannot now be ascertained. All at once, however, in the autumn of 1724, he becomes clearly visible again in the light of a splendid enthusiasm. A few months after he received the richest deanery in Ireland, he is eager to be released from it, in order that he may invest all his means, and spend the remainder of his life, in the establishment of a University for the extension of Christian civilization on the American continent.

It appears, from a well-known letter of Swift's, that this scheme must have taken some shape in Berkeley's mind very soon after he returned in 1721 from his long continental tour. At that time he found the whole country in consternation at the ruin of the South Sea Company. How deeply he was impressed by the evidence of social corruption which this disaster furnished, is shown by the pamphlet which he wrote on the occasion, with its ominous title, *An Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain*. The hopes, which his enthusiastic nature had cherished of intellectual and moral reforms, were doubtless rudely

dashed by this outburst of a force of evil which he was not prepared to encounter. He then apparently began to despair of seeing his youthful anticipations realized in the Old World. Inspired, perhaps for the first time, to utterance in verse, he expresses disgust with the effete civilization of Europe; and convinced that,

“ Westward the course of empire takes
its way,”

he foresees another golden age

“ In happy climes, the seat of innocence,”

into which the fancy was able still in those days to transform the unknown wildernesses of the New World.

Whether this was the course of thought by which Berkeley's scheme was suggested, or not, he threw into it all the passion of his energetic nature, and carried it out, as far as it could be carried out, by his own efforts. But it was only in so far as his own efforts availed, that anything was done. Having obtained, in addition to a number of subscriptions, from private friends, a promise of 20,000 pounds from the Government, he set out on his westward voyage. His original destination had been the Bermudas; but he settled temporarily at Newport, in Rhode Island, till he should be in a position to complete his scheme. Here he remained for two or three years in expectation of the Government grant. The amount promised had been guaranteed by lands in the island of St. Christopher; but nearly the whole of the funds raised from that source were given away in a

dowry to the Princess Royal; and Berkeley, on a significant hint received through one of his correspondents from Walpole, returned to Europe, doubtless a sadder and less hopeful man.

With a character like that of Berkeley, and a scheme so calculated to strike the imagination and the finer sentiments of men, it is natural that there should be little but reprobation for the unimaginative and unsympathetic minister by whom Berkeley's project was crushed. But a word of justice remains to be spoken, even here, on the side of the prosaic practical sense by which the business of the world is carried on. The truth is, that Berkeley's project never commended itself to the practical tact of men. From the first announcement of it in Swift's letter to Lord Cartaret down to the callous mockery of Walpole's advice, the project is treated very generally as a visionary's dream, which is not to be laughed down simply out of respect for the visionary's character, and for the purity of the motives out of which his dream arose. Even Blackwell of Aberdeen, and the other scholars who at first proposed to act under Berkeley in his new University, all drew back at the last, and left their principal to go out as a lonely pioneer. Berkeley's scheme, in fact, ignored one essential condition of success: it was altogether unnecessary, for the work he planned had long been carried on by men better fitted to cope with all its requirements than the best selection of scholars from the Universities of the Old World. The Puritan settlers of New England had, soon after their arrival, recog-

nized the importance of the work which Berkeley's biographers sometimes give him the credit of having been the first to conceive. Harvard College was started nearly a century before Berkeley left England, and even Yale dates back to his boyhood. It seems strange that, before entering on his romantic task, he either did not find out, or did not appreciate, the nature of the work which these institutions were already performing in the field that was to be cultivated by his own labors. It is evident, however, that his interest was attracted to both colleges, as he not only presented to their libraries a large number of the books he had taken with him to New England, but after his return to Europe he raised subscriptions among his friends for additional benefactions of the same kind. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to conjecture that the abandonment of his scheme did not produce the unmitigated disappointment which might have been expected if he had thought that he left, as he seems to have thought that he would find, the young colonies without the means or the prospect of Christian civilization. At all events he writes, probably about the time when his failure became evident, and perhaps with some reference to it: "Events are not in our power; but it always is, to make a good use even of the very worst. And I must needs own, the course and event of this affair gave opportunity for reflections that make me some amends for a great loss of time, pains, and expense." And so the romantic missionary enterprise of the philosophic idealist takes its place among the efforts

of mistaken enthusiasm, leaving to men no legacy but the memory of a noble endeavor, which is usually more fruitful than a success that has never shone with any moral splendor. In loftiness of purpose and failure to attain his immediate end, Berkeley may perhaps be allowed to take rank with some of the early French missionaries in Canada, who have made not a few places in the New World illustrious by romances of heroic self-sacrifices, beside which even this interesting episode of Berkeley's life reads like an insipid tale.

But to this exile we owe *Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher*, which appeared shortly after his return to England: the second title, a term used by Cicero, being suggested as an appropriate name for the freethinkers of the time. Being directed against a contemporary sect, *The Minute Philosopher* sketches more vivid pictures of prevalent thought and conduct in England at the time than we meet with in the *Dialogues*; and contemporary literature affords proofs of the truthfulness of Berkeley's delineations. Among such proofs, it may be interesting to cite one from Addison's comedy, *The Drummer, or The Haunted House*. In this play there is a minute philosopher introduced; and though he is hunting after the fortune of a widow with a comfortable jointure, and has, therefore, little occasion for acting as an emissary of freethinking, yet he gives at times specimens of the flippant talk which was to be heard in the coffee-houses of the period, even on subjects which the earnest mind can approach only with subduing reverence. The widow is

amazed to think where "so fine a gentleman" could have got all his learning. "To tell you the truth," he frankly replies,

"I have not time to look into these dry matters myself, but I am convinced by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a coffee-house I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses, that the world has been in error for some thousands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting these two or three worthy gentlemen, are imposed upon, cheated, bubbled, abused, bamboozled."

In these words one can scarcely fail to catch a somewhat lively echo of the language put into the mouth of Crito and Lysicles in the opening dialogue of *The Minute Philosopher*, as that language itself has probably received a color from the Platonic, or pseudo-Platonic, sketch of the sophists in *Hippias Minor*.

But the dramatic truthfulness of Berkeley's portraiture of contemporary freethinking is further justified by comparing the ethical skepticism of the time with the chilling unbelief in goodness professed by his minute philosophers. Berkeley in his day represented, perhaps more nearly than any other man, the Carlyle of our time in the gloom with which he uniformly painted the condition and prospects of moral culture in his country. "Other nations have been wicked," he says in his *Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain*, "but we are the first who have been wicked on principle." This statement, startling though it is, met with a significant confirmation shortly afterwards in a book which made a good deal of noise in the world for some years before the *Minute Philosopher* appeared. The

author, Bernard Mandeville, was already known in literature as a freethinker when this book attracted public attention, and its drift is sufficiently indicated by its title, *The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices made Public Benefits*. It would be a relief if we could look upon the work as an ironical satire upon the immorality of the age—a jeering exposure of the prevalent vicious practice by flaunting it in the outrageous extravagance of a theory; but the whole manner of the book, taken along with the appended *Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue*, is incompatible with such a supposition. The author has, therefore, been generally and justly interpreted as maintaining seriously a doctrine which is in flagrant antagonism alike with all the history of political society, with the results of economical science, and with the high Hebrew morality on which Christianity founds—the doctrine that the vices of individuals are economically beneficial to society, that it is unrighteousness that exalts a nation, while godliness is a reproach to any people.

This is the kind of infidelity with which we are brought face to face in Berkeley's *Minute Philosopher*. When this work appeared, nearly twenty years had elapsed since the publication of the *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*. During these years Berkeley had traveled much, had mixed more with society, had seen all varieties of men and manners in the Old World and in the New. This, combined with his prolonged study of Plato in the interval, may account for his having overcome the difficulties of the dia-

logue more thoroughly than in his earlier work. The *Three Dialogues*, perfect though they are as an exposition of Berkeley's theory, are deficient in the dramatic charm which may be imparted even to a philosophical conversation. Hylas and Philonous are mere personifications of different philosophical theories, which have no obvious connection, even in the form of their enunciation, with any individual character belonging to the speakers. In *The Minute Philosopher*, on the other hand, the characters all stand out with clear individuality, and keep up the conversation with a dramatic liveliness that is seldom attained in philosophical dialogues.

As in the works of the ancient Athenian idealist, the deepest problems of life are, in *The Minute Philosopher*, linked on to life's daily concerns. The scene of the discussion is an English farm belonging to Euphranor, who, in the spirit of ancient sentiment with regard to the dignity of agriculture, was in the habit of relieving his mind by agricultural pursuits, and of relieving his body from the fatigues of labor by occasional studies. Dion, a friend of his, is called by business into the same part of the country, when he spends a short time with Euphranor. One Sunday a neighboring gentleman, named Crito, comes to dine at the farm; and inquiries are made about two guests of his, who had been seen with him at church a week before. These turn out to be Alciphron and Lysicles, freethinkers from London, who had gone to church only to see what kind of congregation could be got together in a country

parish. The honest farmer, who knows little of what has been going on in town, but is anxious to increase his knowledge in every lawful way, sends through Crito an invitation to his guests to spend a week at the farm, in order that he may have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with their principles. You never forget, while you listen to the conversation of these different persons, that they are all present with their distinct individualities of character, that you are in the midst of beautiful English scenery, and surrounded by the quiet rural life of England.* You sit with the speakers in the farm library beside the collection of good old books left to Euphranor by his uncle, the clergyman; you stroll with them through the garden or over the fields: you turn with them into a summer-house: you recline with them under an old oak on the hill-side, and look out on the white sails that glisten on the distant sea: you are disturbed by a confused noise of hounds and horns and roaring country squires, in pursuit of a fox which runs into the adjoining thicket: you sit down to dinner with the sun-burnt hunters in their "frocks and short wigs and jockey-boots," and you see them getting drunk over their loyal and orthodox toasts; and while

* This is not inconsistent with the fact that the scenery of "*The Minute Philosopher*" has reminded Berkeley's American readers of the country around Newport, in Rhode Island, where the work was written. It is not the colonial, but the English life of his time that Berkeley pictures; and in his descriptions of scenery there is nothing to conflict with the imagination of the whole dialogue going on in England.

these old forms of the changeful life of time flit past, they shoot out scintillations of light into the eternal questions with which human life in all its forms has puzzled human minds, not more in England than in Athens and Rome, and on the banks of the Nile and the Ganges.

The remainder of Berkeley's life may be briefly told. Soon after his return from America he was presented to the bishopric of Cloyne, in Ireland. This was done through the influence of the Queen, at whose literary parties, when she was Princess of Wales, he had always been a favorite. In those days it must have been a comparative exile to retire to that distant diocese; but Berkeley became attached to his work there, and refused to be tempted away by more brilliant offers, one of which seems to have pointed to the primacy of Ireland.

Only once more does the enthusiasm of earlier days make its appearance, and this time it breaks out in a strange direction—in the advocacy of a novel panacea for the human race. When Berkeley was at Cloyne, tar dissolved in water had come to be accepted by many as a certain specific against most of the ailments of mankind; and now that chemistry has discovered in coal-tar substances with the curative properties of creosote and carbolic acid, we can interpret more accurately the phenomena by which Berkeley's contemporaries were led to attach an extravagant medicinal value to tar-water. The philosopher had always had a lofty, if at times somewhat visionary ideal of practical benevolence. It is not therefore surprising that

he threw himself with something of his youthful enthusiasm into the advocacy of tar-water, and few of his friends who complained of any ailment escaped the prescription of the abominable soup. To the defence of this cause he brought one of the last applications of his philosophical culture; for his *Siris, or Reflections on the Virtues of Tar-water* is a contribution to the literature of philosophy rather than to that of medical theory. Starting from the virtues of the favorite drug, the reader of this extraordinary essay is insensibly drawn into speculations on the powers of Nature, of existence in general, and becomes conscious of the wide excursion he has made only when at the close he is carried to a lofty discussion on the doctrine of the Trinity.

But we are now nearing the end of Berkeley's career. He had been obliged to superintend the education of his son at Cloyne, and was desirous of continuing the superintendence after the young man became old enough for the university. Accordingly, as he was unwilling to encourage clerical non-residence, he proposed to resign his bishopric. The proposal excited astonishment, as well it might in those days of ecclesiastical degeneracy; and the King became curious to know from what eccentric churchman the proposal had come. On learning that it was his old friend Berkeley, he insisted that the philosopher should die a bishop, though he might live wherever he chose. But Berkeley did not long enjoy the liberality of the Government. He was already an old man of nearly seventy years, and in a feeble state of health, when he removed to Oxford in the sum-

mer of 1752. One Sunday evening in the following January he was sitting listening to a sermon of his friend Sherlock, which his wife was reading. His daughter rose to fetch him a dish of tea, but on presenting it she found that nothing but his mortal form now filled his chair.

The man, who had passed so quietly away from the companionship of his fellow-men, takes rank for ever among those rare spirits who are at once great and good. His life, indeed, makes no conspicuous figure on the field to which history has been too exclusively confined. But we turn from the din and the glare of political and military conflict in the earlier half of the last century to the unobtrusive purity and culture of Berkeley's life, with a feeling not unlike that with which the spirit quits the palaces of imperial Rome of eighteen centuries ago, to find, in words of wisdom spoken and in deeds of love done among the villages of Galilee, the Power which really sways the world.—J. CLARK MURRAY, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

PERSIA.*

Persia, apart from the special importance which its proximity to India and the aggressive policy of Russia must one day give it in English eyes, has a more general interest for mankind, as the most

*Persia as it is. Being Sketches of Modern Persian Life and Character. By C. J. Wills, M.D. 1886.—Persia, the Land of the Imams. A Narrative of Travel and Residence, 1871-1885. By James Basset. 1887.

perfect existing type of Oriental Mohammedan life in the Middle Ages. Ancient Persia—Persia of the Bible and the classics—has vanished, leaving few traces of its ancient grandeur. But the mediæval Persia—Persia of the *Arabian Nights*—still exists, shorn indeed of most of its splendor and almost all its military power, but preserving in its social and political structure the spirit of the Middle Ages. It no longer produces great poets and romantic tale-writers, but the immortal compositions of the men of other days are still the delight of the poorest of its people. The poisoned cup, the dagger, and the bow-string are by no means obsolete methods of smoothing out troublesome complications of the State or the harem. Persia of to-day is the Persia of a thousand years ago in decay—very much in decay—but still the same. No new civilization has swept away its mouldering institutions, no fresh growth of ideas has choked its antiquated customs, as yet. But this cannot continue. Already Russia presses heavily against the northern frontier, and makes her influence felt throughout the neighboring provinces, which, indeed, lie at Russia's mercy, and will fall into her hands whenever it suits her convenience to take them. When that happens it is not unlikely that England will be compelled for India's sake to assume the protectorate of the southern half. At all events, European influences, spreading simultaneously from the north and from the south, must before long work a complete change in the social and economical condition of the people.

The era of reform must soon set in. Barbarous punishments, arbitrary justices, domestic slavery, the harem, will yield more or less to Western ideas. But with them will disappear, too, the peculiar charm which its lingering mediævalism gives to Persia above all other countries of the East.

Whether, therefore, we regard Persia of to-day with the antiquarian's fondness for survivals of the past, or with the statesman's desire to forecast the future, the social condition and the capabilities of its people are well deserving of more attention than they have received of late years. Fortunately we have a considerable number of exceptionally excellent modern descriptions of the country and its people. Visitors to Persia, out of curiosity, are even now comparatively rare, considering its accessibility, and of these very few can ever speak a word of the native tongue. Persia has thus fairly well escaped vulgarization and misrepresentation at the hands of the globe-trotter, with his worthless "impressions"; and has been left to be dealt with by those who have resided there some time, and have had sufficient opportunities of observing the customs and ideas of the people. Thus it happens that we have Morier's delightful *Hajji Baba*, Malcolm's philosophic and almost equally charming *Sketches of Persia*, and the quite recent graphic description of Dr. Wills, besides numbers of others, valuable in their way, and more or less readable. Amongst the latest of these is Mr. Bassett's *Persia: the Land of the Imams*, a painstaking but rather dull account of its author's travels

and observations, mixed up with scraps of Persian history.

All these sketches agree pretty well in depicting a state of society which, bad as it is, looks much worse at a distance than it really is in practice. Slavery exists, polygamy exists, corruption and tyranny in the administration of justice and barbarous punishments exist; the whole government of the country depends on the caprice of a single man, who holds all but absolute power over the rights to life, liberty and property of every man and woman in his kingdom; no one is secure against the tyranny and oppression of those in authority over him. And yet it may be said with confidence, that notwithstanding this precarious tenure of happiness, the Persians are a light-hearted and contented people, who enjoy life thoroughly, and have fewer cares and troubles and worries than the average civilized European. We English particularly need to remember the cautious and philosophic observations of Sir John Malcolm, our envoy to the Shah for the first ten years of the century:

"Because men continue, like their ancestors, to live under an arbitrary monarch, and have not the precise qualities upon which we value ourselves, we hasten to the conclusion that they are slaves and barbarians, whom the force of habit and prejudice alone saves from being as miserable as they are degraded. Viewing them in this light, we waste a pity upon them which they neither value nor understand. I have travelled much, but have found little difference in the aggregate of human felicity."

Speaking of the condition of the people, the same writer observes that, amongst the peasantry who

dwell in the villages, he saw "no actual poverty;" and, "though often loud and bold in their complaints of their superiors, they appear a cheerful and robust race." In the larger towns, "the inhabitants are generally well clothed, and their whole appearance indicates that they live in comfort. There are in all such towns numerous schools, and in the principal ones, colleges. At Isfahan almost every man above the very lowest order can read and write, and artisans and shopkeepers are often as familiar as those of the higher ranks with the works of their favorite poets." In illustration of their quickness and boldness of repartee even to their rulers, Malcolm tells the following anecdote. It was told him by the well known Grand Vizier Hajji Ibrahim:

"A shopkeeper of Isfahan, he said, went to the Governor to represent that he could not pay a certain impost. 'You must pay it, like others,' said the Governor; 'or else leave the city.' 'Where can I go?' asked the man. 'To Shiraz or Cashan.' 'Your nephew rules the one city, and your brother the other.' 'Go to the king and complain, if you like.' 'Your brother, the Hajee, is Prime Minister.' 'Then go to hell,' said the enraged Governor. 'Hajee Merhoom, the pious pilgrim, your father, is dead,' retorted the undaunted Isfahaneer. 'My friend,' said the Governor, bursting into a laugh, 'I will pay the impost myself, since you declare my family keeps you from all redress, both in this world and the next.'"

Probably, to English eyes, slavery will appear the worst feature of modern Persia. Most certainly we are not going to defend this institution; but in justice to Persia it is necessary to point out that slavery as practiced there is absolutely different from the American

form of it, from which our ideas of slavery are chiefly derived.

In none of the best modern descriptions of Persia have we found any grave instance of cruelty or ill-treatment of slaves, or any sweeping condemnation of the institution. Most of them unconsciously represent the slave as a very happy and contented person, actually enjoying a considerable amount of personal liberty, and not at all inclined to complain of his lot. As for Dr. Wills, whose opportunities of judging were perhaps inferior to no other writer's, he calls Persia "the Paradise of slaves," and if his account is not a gross misrepresentation, the title is fully deserved. The power of life and death, nominally belonging to the master, is never exercised. Cruelty is absolutely unknown.

"The worst punishment that can be inflicted on an idle, drunken or peculating slave is to turn him adrift to work for his own living. The slave considers himself in a far higher position than the paid servant's. Slaves often amass considerable wealth, and could purchase their freedom if they would; but freedom is the last thing they desire. After a few years' service they have generally the offer of manumission, and very rarely avail themselves of it."

The usual expression for a slave is a "black brother." He is never employed in field labor, and seldom in any form of exhausting toil. Slaves, in fact, are, generally speaking, luxuries to be found only in the houses of the wealthy, where they are employed as domestic servants, carefully fed, comfortably clothed, and on terms of friendly interest with their masters and mistresses, such as used to be found amongst old family ser-

vants in England in the good old times. If an owner of slaves becomes too poor to keep his slaves, he does not sell them; he sets them free. The slave is treated almost as a child.

"The servants have to take their chance; the warmest corner, the best food, the most solid and stylish clothing are kept for the slave. The people look on them as equals. The law is the same practically for them as for others. Mothers are not separated from their children, or husbands from their wives. They soon become absorbed by marriage among the Persians; and I can fancy no happier lot for the enslaved black than to be sold in Persia."

We confess a suspicion that Dr. Wills has colored his picture a trifle too brightly; but even allowing for that, it is obvious that Persian slavery is a wholly different thing from American slavery, and that its mildness speaks well for the natural humanity of the Persians.*

There are no white slaves, no large slave-dealers, and no slave markets in Persia. But for all that, Africans, in numbers sufficient to meet the demand, are imported, in spite of our gunboats, by way of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Has Dr. Wills estimated the amount of suffering and waste of life which one such cargo represents? If he has, he says nothing of it. We agree with him that if a negro must be a slave, Persia is the country in which he should pray that his lot may be cast. But those who aim at abolishing slavery in Persia are entitled

* One notable provision of Persian law is in striking contrast with Christian practice—that by which a female slave is freed when she becomes a mother.

to point to the horrors of the slave trade, which exists only to supply the demands of Persians and other slave-holding people.

Moreover, the account given by Mr. Bassett, who is both a careful observer and a conscientious recorder, does not agree in all respects with Dr. Wills's. He corroborates the statement that there is no public market. But he says slave-dealers frequent the principal cities and bring parties of slaves, who are kept in private houses, where they are stripped naked and inspected by purchasers. He admits that white slaves are rare, but some of the Kurdish tribes sell their daughters for domestic servants. But Mr. Bassett makes no complaint against Persian slavery, and on the whole his account does not contradict Dr. Wills's.

Another test of the humanity for the Persians and of their aptitude for receiving Western civilization may be found in their treatment of women. As in all Mohammedan and most other Oriental countries, women are secluded; but Persian women have far greater personal liberty than the Hindoo women, for instance: after the first year of married life a Persian lady may go out in the public streets as much as she pleases, providing only that she dresses as public opinion dictates—namely, the veil and cloak—and is accompanied by a suitable companion. They visit each other, freely give picnics, go to masques, and so on.* Ladies in the higher ranks

* But, of course, in all formal social entertainments there is an entire separation of men and women.

can read; they sometimes write poetry; they sing and play; do all kinds of beautiful needlework; but, above all, they excel in cooking and confectionery. In fact, in "accomplishments" the Persian lady is probably rather superior to her English sister of the first half of the present century, and in household utility she could give any number of "points" to the young Englishwoman of to-day.

"Taken altogether," says Dr. Wills, "they are virtuous, economical, cleanly, and do all they well can do to make their homes happy. In most cases they are idolized by their husbands and children." The husband often has more than one wife—he may have as many as four, the limit allowed by Mohammedan law—but they all live together in tolerable harmony under the rule of the first wife or the husband's mother. Divorce is theoretically in the power of the husband to pronounce at any time, without recourse to any other authority. "Yet practically," says Dr. Wills, "to obtain a divorce in Persia is almost as difficult as in Europe." The explanation of this is to be found in the excellent law relating to married women's property, by which, in case of divorce, the wife is entitled to receive back the sum named as her dowry in the marriage settlement. This sum is always much larger than that actually brought by the wife to her husband; so that if he divorces her, he must not only restore all that he received as her dowry, but must add a considerable sum from his own property.

The political importance of Per-

sia ought by no means to be ignored by English statesmen.

As a military power Persia by herself is not formidable; but in alliance with either England or Russia she might become so. Her regular army is small, badly armed, undisciplined; but all competent observers declare that the raw material for the manufacture of soldiers exist there now, as formerly, in abundance, and of first rate quality. What is wanting is regular pay, however small; proper food and clothing; capable officers, and efficient weapons. Sir Justin Sheil, for ten years (1842–53) our envoy to the Court of Persia, in a very careful note on the army, says:

"The Persian soldier is active, energetic and robust, with immense power of enduring fatigue, privation and exposure. He is full of intelligence, and seems to have a natural aptitude for a military life. Half-clothed, half-fed, and not even half-paid, he will make marches of 24 miles day after day, and when need be he will extend them to 40 miles. Unlike a sombre, apathetic Osmanli, who, brave as he is, hates the regular military service, the Persian soldier is full of life and cheerfulness. Somewhat addicted to turbulence, he nevertheless always displayed the most complete submission to his English commanders, for whom he has always had a special veneration. . . . I have seldom seen finer-looking soldiers than those of Kelhor." But unfortunately, "As the Persian soldier is good, so the officers are the reverse. . . . Favor and bribery are the groundwork of promotion. A person who has passed forty or fifty years of life in a pursuit wholly unmilitary is suddenly metamorphosed into a full colonel or brigadier, occasionally into a general or even a commander-in-chief."

Sir Henry Rawlinson, who actually served in the Shah's army for five years, gives it as his deliberate opinion, that "if the Persian ma-

material were placed at the disposal of a European power, who would encourage and take care of the men and develop their military instincts, a fine working army, far superior to anything Turkey could produce, might be obtained in a very short time." Dr. Wills, who, although not a military authority, has had ample opportunity of examining the stuff of which the Persians are made, and of observing how things are managed, or rather mismanaged, declares that the country is still "the finest recruiting ground in Asia." "Upon dry bread, with an occasional bit of cheese or a basin of curds, the Persian will think nothing of marching his 30 miles a day for days in succession. . . . If not perhaps as tall as our ordinary linesman, he is as heavy and as strongly built. Only feed him and pay him, and the Persian sepoy, essentially a mercenary, will be as faithful to his colors as any soldier in Asia. . . . As for the cavalry, as irregulars they are probably the finest in the world. No rocky pass is too steep, no march too long."

We could multiply indefinitely opinions like the above. All agree as to the wonderful power of endurance of the Persian soldier, but there is not such complete agreement as to his bravery. Mr. Morier, for instance, concludes his eulogy on Persian soldiers with the remark, "They are greatly deficient in the soldier's first art, the art of dying;" a sarcasm which Sir Justin Sheil thinks does a great injustice to the profession of arms in Persia, and one which the writer would never have indulged in had he studied the history of the wars of Nadir

Shah. But who could wonder at or much blame Persian or any other troops for giving way to panic sometimes, when they are commanded by men whose incapacity is notorious, and in whose integrity they have no confidence? French soldiers have done the same in less trying circumstances, but no one impugns their bravery and military aptitude.

As to numbers, it is difficult to get any exact estimate of the Persian army. Sheil says that in his time about 40 years ago—the nominal strength of the regular infantry was 100,000, and its actual strength 70,000. The cavalry he does not give, but he mentions that one province—Azerbaijan, the extreme north-west corner of the kingdom—supplies 6,000 irregulars. Wills speaks of "tens of thousands of fearless horsemen" which the wandering tribes could supply, and says that, although the standing army in peace is only 30,000, "twice as many more hardy fellows, and amenable to strict discipline, are available at a moment's notice."

As for cost, the Persian cavalry is said by Sir Charles MacGregor to be "the cheapest in the world." Dr. Wills tells us the Persian soldier would be well content with his pay of less than £3 a year if it only reached him. His rations consist of twopenny-worth of bread per diem. By working as a laborer he is able to get a basin of savory soup for his evening meal, and to find himself in little comforts. His uniform costs a pound; and a dozen mules to carry the light tents are all that the Shah provides for the transport of a whole regiment. A cavalry man provides his own

weapons, and gets 7 lbs. of barley, and 14 lbs. of chaff for his horse. We can hardly wonder that he sells half this fodder, if he is lucky enough to get the whole; and so his horse is generally reduced to skin and bone.

It is clear, then, that Persia has a very considerable store of first-rate raw material for the manufacture of soldiers, at a moderate expenditure of money, under skilled direction, such as England or Russia could supply. Lying as she does on the flank of Russia's route to Central Asia, it is inevitable that her northern provinces will be annexed, and their military resources exploited, just whenever it suits Russia. We are far from blaming Russia. The necessities of her situation, and the exigencies of the great game she is playing against us in Asia, inevitably compel her to some such course. But the same considerations may compel England also to take up a fresh position.

It is of incalculable importance to us that the southern provinces of Persia, and, above all, the Persian Gulf, should not fall into Russian hands so long as Russia threatens India. If indeed we could have any reasonable assurance that Russia would renounce her designs, and once for all abandon the intention of some day trying conclusions with us for the sovereignty of India, then indeed we could look with indifference, or even with friendly sympathy, on Russia establishing herself on the Persian Gulf, and finding there a much-needed outlet for her trade. But what chance is there of such a happy consummation? Failing it, we must prepare

for the inevitable evolution of the Russian power. And the first and most obvious reflection is, that as tools of Russia the Persians can be very formidable enemies to England. To prevent, or at least to minimize, the readiness of the Persians to assist Russia against us, we ought to do all that prudence and foresight can suggest. Have we done or are we doing this? It is impossible to feel any comforting assurance on this point when we find abundant testimony to the loss of our influence and prestige, and to the growth of that of Russia. "Our influence in Persia, thanks to ourselves," says Dr. Wills, "is next to nothing. . . . England to the Persian is a mere phrase: Russia a power; a power to bow down to and to fear. Russian subjects are protected; English ones take their chance as a rule." It is only right to say that this seems to be in no way the fault of our present representative, Sir Ronald Thomson, who by all accounts is the right man for the place: able, energetic, and firm, with an unrivalled experience of Persia extending over close on forty years, and personally both liked and respected by the Shah. But it is uphill work striving with very limited means to maintain English influence against Russian. We do not bribe; we cannot, if we would, intimidate; and be it remembered that "a Persian, from the king to the meanest of his subjects, is ever open to a bribe." The Russians understand and practice the fine art of bribing. Moreover, England is far away and unaggressive; the great white Czar is unpleasantly near, and is not supposed to be

averse to a good excuse for over-running the Caspian provinces. The gift of Herat is the one great boon it is in our power to grant the Shah—if indeed it is any longer in our power. “This bait, the fear of Russia, and the personal affection and respect of the Shah for Sir R. Thomson, together with the yearly income the king derives from the telegraph, are the only causes of our toleration in Persia.”

There was a time when English influence was a reality. Less than forty years ago Lady Sheil could find consolation for the constant annoying reminders of the inferiority of her sex in Persia in reflecting on the proud position of her husband, “when his word was as valid as the most formal document, and the name of Englishman was respected from Bushire to Aras.” At an earlier period (1810) the reigning Shah created the Order of the “Lion and the Sun” expressly to do honor to our envoy, Sir John Malcolm, who proudly declined the order of the “Sun,” on the ground that it had recently been bestowed on General Gardanne, Napoleon’s envoy.

For all that, and notwithstanding the very decided opinions we have quoted, we are inclined to believe that our loss of influence is more apparent than real, more on the surface and in little things than in matters of high policy.

Englishmen resident in foreign countries are almost always abnormally sensitive to the honor of old England. They are over-apt to cry “Ichabod!” The truth seems to be, that as a military power England never had much

influence with the Shahs of Persia. They had in fact little to fear or hope for from England, as compared with what they had to fear from Russia. But as individuals, Englishmen have always been, and still are, at least as much feared and admired as any other Europeans. They are even capable of inspiring sometimes a deep and genuine affection in the breast of the Persian, as the following anecdote, told by Sir John Malcolm, shows:

“When poor Suffer, who had been fifty years a servant in the factory, was on his deathbed, the English doctor ordered him a glass of wine. He at first refused it, saying, ‘I cannot take it; it is forbidden in the Koran.’ But after a few minutes he begged the doctor to give it him, saying, as he raised himself in his bed, ‘Give me the wine; for it is written in the same volume, that all you unbelievers will be excluded from Paradise; and the experience of fifty years teaches me to prefer your society in the other world to any place into which I can be advanced with my own countrymen.’”

That the modern Englishman inspires respect and confidence in Persia is clear from Dr. Wills’s pleasing picture of the “Telegraph-jees.” These men are generally non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, and as soon as one has picked up a smattering of colloquial Persian he is sent off to an out-station to look after the telegraph line which connects England and India. He is probably the only European in the whole district.

“Gradually the solitary makes friends—real friends, not mere acquaintances: strange to say, these friends are often from the priesthood, the most fanatical among the Moslems. And these Oriental friends always confess that what origin-

ally attracted them to their new ally is the strange fact that an Englishman doesn't lie. . . Little by little the influence of 'the man who tells the truth' begins to spread: disputes are referred to him; for is he not the only judge in the place who does not hunger for a bribe? . . . Soon the English solitary finds himself a man of importance. He is a welcome guest at the house of the local governor, who may even return his calls. On his visiting-list are several khans, perhaps even a prince or two. . . . He has become one of the local magnates—a sort of greybeard, as the Persians say. Should he feel inclined to sell a bill, the local bankers would honor it to a very heavy amount. This fact is known to the Englishman, and appreciated by him as the really strongest proof of the value of his reputation."

But the Shah's jealousy of English interference, or more probably his fear of exciting Russian jealousy, has led him to restrict the telegraph staff to the minimum required for working the line.

What, then, ought to be our policy towards Persia? At present it can only be one of passive but vigilant observation. We ought not to intervene until we see substantial and urgent reason for doing so in defence of our legitimate interests, which are confined to Southern Persia. There is no need to revive the barren and costly policy, which we tried during the Napoleonic wars, of sending expensive missions and paying subsidies to the Shah. Persia took all we gave, asked for more, and did very little for us in return. She would do still less now, Russia being so much nearer and so much more powerful in Central Asia. Above all, we must keep clear of all engagements to assist Persia against Russia. It was to the breach of a foolish engagement of this kind, made in

1814, and broken when the strain came twelve years later, that the loss of our former influence in Persia is due, more than to anything else. On that occasion we distinctly broke our solemn pledges to Persia, and deserted her in the hour of need, when sore pressed by Russia. We must keep a free hand and a sharp look-out. Nor must we forget that, "though Persia may no longer be frightened (by us), she may always be bought." Speaking of the Persians and the Afghans, Mr. Arbuthnot, in his *Persian Portraits*, reminds us that "both nations have a wonderful love of money; and in future troubles with Russia in that quarter our statesmen must not forget that money, judiciously distributed, at the proper time and in the proper way, will bring forth fruit, like the proverbial bread upon the waters. Skobelev knew this well enough, and often predicted that in the end throughout Afghanistan the rupee of the British would prove stronger and go further than the rouble of the Russian."—*Westminster Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

MR. FROUDE AND CARLYLE.—The *Academy*, speaking of Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, as edited by Charles Eliot Norton, says:

"There is no longer any question that Mr. Froude sent the *Reminiscences* to press with inexcusable haste, that he revised his proof with inexcusable carelessness; and that his treatment of Carlyle's capitals, italics, and other peculiar modes of expression, taken in connection with his own *nuda veritas* or 'warts and ale' theory of portraiture, was altogether inexcusable. It is impossible to take but one view of Mr. Froude's memorial to Carlyle. He led his readers to believe that it was as solid a piece of masonry as anything ever erected by James Carlyle."

THE CANADIAN CONSTITUTION.

THE idea that Canada affords a parallel to Ireland, and a precedent for dealing with the Irish question, owes its tenacity of life partly to a confusion. People do not know exactly whether by Canadian Home Rule they mean the relation of the provinces to the Dominion, or the relation of the Dominion to the imperial country; when they are shown that one is irrelevant, they think that they must mean the other, or that, at all events, between the two there must be something that is relevant and instructive. Once more let us try whether when the brains are out the fallacy will die.

In its internal structure the Dominion is a Federation, and the relation of each province to the Dominion is that of an American State to the Federal Government. Ireland can be placed on the same footing as a Province or State in a federation only by dissolving the legislative union of the whole United Kingdom, and changing its Constitution from that of a nation into that of a federation. The two islands must be cut up into States, sufficient in number, and equally balanced enough among themselves, to form fitting materials for the Federal Union; and this could not be effected merely by severing the three kingdoms from each other and the Principality, for the result of such an arrangement would be a perpetual cabal of the three small States against England. Parliament must not only contract the limits of its action, but resign its sovereign power, and submit to the

written restrictions of a Federal Constitution. It must also submit, as must each State of the Confederacy, to the jurisdiction of some tribunal in the nature of a Supreme Court, by which the law of the Constitution will be enforced upon the Federal as well as upon the State Governments. These are indispensable elements of the federal bond. To frame the Federal Constitution a constituent convention must be assembled. The United Kingdom will have, in short, to be thrown into the smelting-pot, and this at a moment little propitious, whether we regard the internal or the external situation, for the work of fundamental re-construction. The attempt to frame a scheme for placing Ireland alone on the footing of a Canadian Province or an American State, the Constitution of the United Kingdom being left otherwise unchanged, proved, as might have been expected, totally abortive. It was the offspring of the same hasty ingenuity as certain contemporary speculations about Mosaic cosmogony and Greek mythology. If any one demurs to this statement, let him refer to the speech in which the scheme was introduced, and see how much evidence of careful examination of the problem, or of anything but philanthropic impulse and sudden desire to coalesce with the Parnellites, that speech presents. Scarcely had the plan been propounded when it was supplemented by the proposal, totally subversive of its main object and principles, that there should be a partial reversion from the federal to the national system, and that the members of the State Legislature of Ireland

should on certain occasions sit and vote in the Central Legislature, to the total confusion of the regular parties and of the general policy of that body.

Externally, the relation of Canada to England is not, as is always assumed, stationary—so that it could be reproduced as a permanent institution—but shifting. It is that of a dependency which is in progress towards independence, and has now almost reached the goal. In 1839 the introduction of responsible government reduced the royal governor to the position of a constitutional king. Supreme power, both legislative and executive, passed definitely out of his hands and those of his chosen advisers into the hands of the elective representatives of the Canadian people; the Executive having been thenceforth, in Canada as in England, virtually elected by the House of Commons. Since that time the whole course of events has tended the same way. The military occupation of Canada by the mother country, has ceased, or is represented only by the reduced garrison of Halifax. If a commander of the Canadian militia still comes out from England, he has little power, and the present holder of the office is not unlikely to be the last. Canada has been not only practically, but formally, taken out of the commercial unity of the empire by a Conservative Prime Minister, who declares that in all fiscal matters he is for Home Rule to the hilt. She is now assuming the power of making her own commercial treaties, under the formal control of the Foreign Office. The Governor-General has been stripped of what-

ever little authority he retained after the rebellion of 1837: he has been compelled to dismiss one of his lieutenant-governors, manifestly against his own sense of right; and he has finally resigned his control over the power of dissolving Parliament, which is now openly used by the party leader in power—like “gerrymandering” bills and tampering with the franchise—for the purposes of the party game. A Canadian Supreme Court has been created, avowedly with the view of diminishing the resort to the appellate jurisdiction of the Privy Council. A High Commissioner—that is, in effect, an ambassador—has been sent to England, and there is talk of sending another to Washington.

If the bond thus reduced to a thread is not snapped, and is even cherished, it is because Canada enjoys, or believes that she enjoys, free of cost, the protection of British armaments, and because the feeling of British Canadians towards the mother country is exactly the opposite of that of the Irish. Every one feels that the thread may be snapped at any moment by an untoward event, such as the failure of England to afford efficient protection to Canadian commerce in case of a maritime war; and those to whom a violent rupture with the mother country presents itself as the greatest of evils live in constant apprehension of some occurrence of this kind. It is, perhaps, the feeling that we are approaching the brink of political severance that gives birth to a recoil in the form of Imperial Federation, as to which it must be said that we have now had libations of wine and sea-

timent enough, and that if the Imperial Federationists mean business, and really contemplate a great political change in a backward direction, they ought to lose no more time in telling us their mind. Canada does not contribute, nor could she be induced to contribute, anything to imperial armaments; she does not pay, nor could she be induced to pay, tribute to the imperial country of any kind. On the other hand, separation from her as she is three thousand miles off, would in no way effect the power or safety of Great Britain; whereas separation from Ireland would be the abandonment of part of the citadel, with the moral certainty that France or some other enemy would march in. She affords, then, no model in any respect for a scheme of Irish Home Rule; and to copy the present phase of her progress towards independent nationality, or her ulterior destiny—whatever it may be—in the belief that it is a settled and permanent arrangement, would be the grossest of blunders: it would be anchoring—like the deluded seamen in Milton—to a whale.

Canada, however, may be regarded, apart from the prevailing illusion, as an experiment in federation and as an experiment in popular government. There has just now arisen in England almost a mania for federalism, and, curiously enough, at the very time when the model to which the eyes of all Federationists are turned is itself in an ambiguous condition. Nothing is more certain than that, partly owing to the patriotic love of union aroused by the war, partly and principally owing to the

growth of unifying influences, such as railroads, commercial connections, party organizations, and associations of all kinds, combined with the rapid transmission of intelligence, the American Republic has been practically growing less federal and more national, though its federal structure remains constitutionally unchanged. Congress is now in the fullest sense of the term the National Legislature, and, without usurpation or designed encroachment, is practically enlarging its functions on all subjects on which the nation feels the need of collective action. Thus the law of aggregation into great communities, which prevails elsewhere, asserts itself on the American Continent also, and British Separatists are rowing their boat against the tide of the age.

The Canadian experiment in federation was made under influences partly similar, partly dissimilar, to those which moulded the Constitution of the United States. The American Colonies, like the Netherlands and the Swiss Cantons, were compressed into union by external peril. In the case of the British Colonies in North America the same influence operated, but in a far less degree; the external peril in this case being the strained relations with the United States which ensued upon the Trent affair and were aggravated by the dispute about the *Alabama*; though it ought to be borne in mind, and Americans, when they try to reopen the nearly healed wound of the *Alabama* controversy, ought not to lose sight of the fact, that the enlistment of Canadians in the Federal army went on upon a

large scale throughout the war. But the more powerful influence was that of the deadlock into which a faction fight, with forces equally balanced, had brought the politics of the two united but unassimilated Canadas, and from which the leaders on each side sought to escape by merging the politics of the two Canadas in those of a more extensive confederation. There had been in this case, happily, no rupture with the British monarchy, and the framers of the Canadian Constitution had been trained under monarchical forms in the practice of Cabinet Government. They had at the same time before them the example and experience of the United States, though the experience was by them misread. Another very peculiar factor in their problem was Quebec, which is, to all intents and purposes, a new France, developed, strangely enough, under British tutelage as it never would have been developed under that of the French Government. Quebec, clinging to its nationality and its French law, opposed a resistance apparently insuperable to the legislative union, which some of our political architects would probably have preferred, and for a future approach to which they seem even to have laid the ground as far as they could in the Federal Constitution by giving whatever advantage they could to the centralizing tendency.

The outcome I have elsewhere described as a Federal Republic with a false front of monarchy. The false front of monarchy which first meets the eye consists in a Governor-General, sent out from

England by the head of the party in power there, and a Lieutenant-Governor of each province, appointed nominally by the Governor-General, really by the head of the party in power in Canada. Monarchical forms are also retained in parliamentary procedure and elsewhere, to an extent which is touching. The social forms of monarchy were considerably enhanced, and the viceregal style was introduced in place of that of the plain Governor by Lord Dufferin, whose tastes lay that way. But an attempt to introduce Court etiquette in connection with the visit of the royal consort of Lord Lorne came to nothing, and served only to show that monarchy is an exotic incapable of transportation to the soil of the New World.

It may perhaps be said that the false front of monarchy is useful in keeping up the ideas of continuity and stability, and in making authority the object of popular respect though the reverence of the Americans for their Constitution is at least as profound, and forms as potent a factor of political character, as the reverence of the Canadians for their Crown. At the moment there is a rally, in which even the most democratic may without inconsistency join, round the Queen's name, as the familiar symbol of imperial unity against dismemberment. But in general, and in practical respects, the fiction seems to me not only useless, but injurious. It veils the dangers of democracy, and makes people fancy that they have safeguards when they have none. It makes them also acquiesce in the exercise by a party leader of powers which

they would not dream of allowing him to exercise in his own name. Nobody would have acquiesced in a barefaced proposal that the leader of a dominant party should have the uncontrolled appointment of the members of one branch of the Legislature; but Canada acquiesces in this when the party leader is styled the Crown.

We have just had a remarkable instance of the mischief which may be done by the illusion in the case of the prerogative of dissolution. Nobody would tolerate an enactment that Parliament should sit during the pleasure of the party leader in power. But this is the state of things into which we have really slid, hoodwinked by the constitutional fiction which represents Parliament as being called and dissolved by the Crown. Some control was retained by the Governor-General over the use of the power so late as the time of Sir Edmund Head, who on one occasion most properly refused his Ministers a dissolution. But the prerogative has now been completely and openly usurped by the party leader. The other day the Dominion Parliament and the Legislature of Ontario had each of them more than a year of legal existence still to run. The Prime Minister of the Dominion belonged to one party, the Prime Minister of Ontario to the other, and they manœuvred against each other with the prerogative of dissolution just as they would with any engine of party strategy. The Ontario Premier finally dissolved first, and was thereby supposed to have gained the weather-gauge of his enemy. In each case it was pretended that

a recent Redistribution of Seats Act, commonly called a "gerrymander," and an Act altering the franchise for a party purpose, had given constitutional occasion for an appeal to the people; but the utter hollowness of the pretence was equally visible on both sides. On neither side had any intention of dissolving been announced, and the Ontario Premier had not even prepared the new registers. The question on both sides alike manifestly was simply whether an immediate dissolution would be a good move in the game. Under the Cabinet system Parliament must be dissolved when a disagreement between the Government and the Legislature renders an appeal to the people necessary; but dissolution at the pleasure of the party leader would seriously impair the independence of the Legislature. In England tradition may still control what would otherwise be a dangerous power; in a colony tradition has little force. The bad effect of constitutional fiction was perhaps still more signally exemplified when a Prime Minister, arraigned in Parliament on a charge of the most flagrant corruption, was allowed to "advise" the Governor-General to prorogue Parliament, and transfer the inquiry to a Commission appointed on the advice of the person accused. If on this occasion the Governor-General was partly actuated by a desire to keep the accused Minister in office, that did not mend the matter, or lessen the force of the moral.

It is perhaps as the "fountain of honor" that monarchy retains most of the reality of power in Canada. And it is the growing de-

sire of many sensible people, and people who are far from being revolutionary, that the fountain of honor would cease to flow. Titles have been conferred not only without discrimination, but so as to give a direct blow to public morality in this country. Rank other than official is totally out of place in our society; the quest of it breeds much sycophancy, and it does, so far as I can see, no good whatever. Some of our best men, including the late Prime Minister (Mr. Alexander Mackenzie), have declined knighthood on these grounds. Rational respect for authority is what we need to cultivate, and irrational respect for artificial rank merely stands in the way of its cultivation.

Passing from the false front to the real edifice, we find that the Federal Constitution, though manifestly modelled on that of the United States, differs from the model in some respects. More power is given to the Central Legislature and Government. This was done in the belief that American Secession had been occasioned by want of power in the Central Government, whereas American Secession was caused by slavery alone, and would not have taken place had it been certain that the Federal Legislature would never interfere with the domestic institutions of the South. To the Dominion Parliament is assigned the criminal law, while civil law is left to the Local Legislatures; a division not prescribed by reason, but by the nationalist jealousy of the French province, which would not have parted with its *Code Civil*. To the Dominion Parliament also

belongs the law of marriage, and Canada has no Divorce Court except the Dominion Senate. In the American Union criminal as well as civil law, and the law of marriage, belong to the States. The Prime Minister of the Dominion appoints the whole of the judiciary, provincial as well as federal, whereas the judiciary of each American State is elected by the State, or appointed by its elective governor. In place of the elective governors of States, each province of the Dominion has a Lieutenant-Governor, nominated by the Prime Minister of the Dominion, who always takes one of the members of his own party, though from the time of his appointment the Lieutenant-Governor is supposed to doff party and don the constitutional king, for alleged breach of which understanding Letellier, the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, was; upon a vote of the Dominion Parliament, dismissed from his office. The Dominion Government has the direct command of all the military force of the Confederation. In the United States the Federal Government has no veto on State legislation, which is merely kept within constitutional bounds by the action of the Supreme Court; but in Canada the Prime Minister, in the name of the Crown, has a veto on all provincial legislation. Prudence has prevented the exercise of the power except in cases where the Provincial Legislature was supposed to have exceeded its authority; but it is now being brought to bear on the Legislature of Manitoba, for the purpose of guarding the interests of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is re-

garded as national, against competing lines chartered by the Manitoba Legislature, and at this moment a collision between the Central Legislature and the Provincial appears to be impending. Canada having happily a permanent Civil Service, the number of places in the gift of her Prime Minister is far smaller than that in the gift of the President of the United States. Still, his patronage, including the lieutenant-governorships and the judgeships, is large; he extends it a little by the device of superannuation; and party in Canada does not lack that great security for partisan allegiance and motor of partisan government, a sufficient quantity of "spoils."

There is one class of spoils, indeed, the distribution of which the Prime Minister of the Dominion enjoys under cover of a constitutional fiction far transcending in kind anything possessed by the President of the United States. He nominates for life the members of the Upper House of the Legislature, whereas in the United States the members of the Senate are elected by the Legislature of the State which they represent. The result of this theoretically Conservative arrangement in Canada is practically the reverse of Conservative. A nominee Senate, without even a basis of landed wealth, such as is possessed by the House of Lords, or any guarantee either for its reasonable agreement with public opinion or for its independence of Government influence, has not, nor does it deserve to have, any sort of authority. The consequence is that, whereas in the United States power is really divided between

the two houses, and the Senate, with perfect freedom, controls and reverses the acts of the popular House, in Canada power centres entirely in the Commons. The Senate is a cipher; it initiates nothing; it adjourns till business comes up to it from the Commons, and only shows that it is alive about once in each session by the rejection of some secondary Bill. The salaries which the country pays to senators are simply wasted, and the community is led to repose in the belief that it has a Conservative safeguard where it has none. It is true that the institution can scarcely be said to have had a fair trial. The patronage has been for the most part in illiberal hands, and has been systematically used for the objects of party or for narrower objects still. The framers of the Constitution, the British statesmen who took part in the work at least, probably had a vision of an assembly representing the great interests and professions, and eminence of all kinds, such as might have commanded the respect of the nation. They, at all events, did not mean that places in the Legislature should be used as part of the bribery fund of faction and as inducements to spend money in elections. But it is more than doubtful whether, where the basis of government is popular election, real power can be conferred on any body which has not an elective title.

The most important, however, of the practical differences between the Canadian and the American system is the retention by Canada of party government on the British model, with a Prime Minister and

Cabinet elected or designated by the majority in the House of Commons, having seats in Parliament, and responsible for the whole policy of the country, legislative as well as administrative. This is party government in perfection: it makes legislation a perpetual struggle between the parties for power on the floor of the House of Commons, renders Parliament the grand national cock-pit, and invests the reports of the debates with the highest interest. It is regarded with envy by American believers in party government, who contrast it with their comparatively languid system of a Presidency outside the Legislature, and independent of its struggles—a Congress working by committees, comparatively few public debates, and a *Congressional Globe* which nobody reads. If there is a leader in the House of Representatives, it is the Speaker, who is elected by a party vote, and who names the chairmen of committees, but he cannot take part in debate. The President, who, if any one, corresponds to the Prime Minister, is an executive officer with no legislative power or function except his veto, and at this moment he is a non-party or only half a party man. This is the more notable, as the American Constitution may now be said legally to recognize party as the basis of government; the Civil Service Act, for example, providing that not more than two of the Commissioners shall be members of the same party. When the American Constitution was founded the system of a government by a party Cabinet was hardly established—at all events, was not fully recog-

nized—in England: George III. was still trying to play the patriot king, and to set his Government free from the control of faction.

The peculiarities, and—from the party Government point of view—the infirmities, of the American system are strikingly set forth in Mr. Wilson's *Congressional Government*. Mr. Wilson, however, takes party as the law of Nature, without examining its morality or its reasonableness, without examining its genesis historically, without considering on what it is permanently to rest, and without noticing the fact that it is almost everywhere in a state of advanced and apparently hopeless disintegration, the parties being broken up into sections, each of which is too small to sustain a Government. He also treats the "nation" as a mere aggregate of atoms, most of them without any political knowledge or power of judgment, rather than as a collective intelligence holding to the public men something like the relation of a creator to his creatures, and exercising a watchful control over their conduct and its results.

The Canadian Confederation is fortunate in having, almost accidentally, through its connection with the mother country, a perfectly independent tribunal for the decision of suits between the Federal Government and the provinces, or between one province and another, in the Imperial Privy Council, to the decisions of which entire deference has been paid. The Supreme Court of the United States, though most respectable, is not entirely independent; it is packed on great party questions,

such as the slavery question and the question of legal tender. In my hearing, President Lincoln avowed soundness on the question of that day as his motive for an appointment. No unpacked Court could possibly have decided that the Legal Tender Act was not a breach of the article of the Constitution forbidding any legislation which would impair the faith of contracts. A supreme tribunal for the decision of disputes between the Federal Government and States, or between States, is a vital necessity of federation, but one which it is very difficult to supply. Among the crudities of the Irish Government Bill none was more crude than the attempt to make the British Privy Council a federal court of arbitration between Great Britain and Ireland.

On the other hand, Canada as a dependency has no power of amending her Constitution. The sovereign power is not in the Canadian people: it is in a Parliament on the other side of the Atlantic, and it might as well be in another planet. The Constitution, by what I cannot help thinking a great oversight, was never formally submitted to the people, and Nova Scotia was dragged into confederation, as she avers, without any opportunity of even informally expressing her opinion. The ignominious failure of the nominee Senate is not the only flaw which the experience of twenty years has revealed. But there is no power here of calling a Convention or setting revision on foot. The Constitution ought to be revised and then submitted to the people. In this way alone can it obtain the hold on popular ven-

eration which is possessed by the Constitution of the United States.

Too much power at the same time is given to the Canadian Legislatures, especially to those of the provinces. It is almost appalling to think what changes, not political or legal only, but social and economical, may be made by the single vote of a Provincial Legislature, composed of men fit perhaps to do mere local business, such as comes before a country council, but hardly fit for the higher legislation, especially since the choice of men for the local Legislatures has been limited by the Act which prevents members of the Dominion House from sitting in a local House also. The laws of property, or the political and legal relations of the sexes, as well as the distribution of political power, may be changed in a night, and the structure of society may thus be fundamentally altered at a single sitting, and upon an almost momentary impulse, or under some purely sectional influence, by a narrow majority in a House, the most mature and unbiassed judgment of which upon such questions would be as far as possible from being conclusive. Nor is there any effective appeal. In the United States they have two great safeguards against hasty legislation—the veto of the President, or the Governor of the State, and the submission of constitutional amendments to the popular vote. If an American State Legislature in a fit of political intoxication abolishes the civil status of marriage, the Governor can at least suspend the Bill till the legislators have come to their sober senses; but the Lieutenant Governor of a Cana-

dian province is a puppet, and his constitutional veto is a nullity; while the veto of the Central Government upon provincial legislation is exercised, as has been already said, only when the Act is supposed to be beyond the competence of the local Legislature. The submission of constitutional amendments to the people is a most important safeguard. The people, at all events, cannot be lobbied, wheedled, or bulldozed; it is not in fear of losing its election if it throws out something which is supported by the Irish, the Prohibitionist, the Catholic, or the Methodist vote. The reform is one which, if Canadian confederation lasts, ought to be introduced without delay. Every province in Canada is at present in constant danger of the most precipitate and disastrous legislation. One provincial Legislature broke a will at the instance of parties interested in the succession who had brought influence to bear upon members, and the establishment of a precedent fraught with evil was averted only by the action of the courts of law, which managed to set the Act aside on the ground, if I recollect right, of ambiguity.

If the framers of the Constitution desired that the political action of the provinces should be independent of that of the Federal Government their wish has been but imperfectly fulfilled. The Dominion parties have engulfed the provincial Legislatures; and the same tide of party feeling which swells at Ottawa, penetrates every creek and inlet of provincial life. The provincial party is an engine ancillary to that of the Dominion.

The Conservative leader in Ontario the other day lost the battle at a general election, partly through the deference which he was compelled to pay in framing his platform to the exigencies of his commander-in-chief at Ottawa, who could not afford to offend the Catholics of Quebec. In Quebec the imbroglio which ended in the dismissal of Lieutenant-Governor Letellier was probably caused by the anxiety of his party to get hold of the provincial patronage, in anticipation of a Dominion election. Local influences do, to some extent, contend with and neutralize those of the federal party in the provincial elections. In the Dominion elections Ontario is carried by the Tories; in provincial elections it is carried by the Grits; and there is a similar variation of results in Nova Scotia. This, however, is partly due to the influence of patronage and other engines, such as promises of Dominion expenditure on local works, brought to bear on Dominion elections by the leaders of the party in power at Ottawa. The last Dominion election in Nova Scotia is said to have been a notable instance.

The hope, cherished no doubt by British statesmen, that colonial self defence would be promoted by confederation, has proved totally baseless. Canadian politicians, speaking after dinner in England, are in the habit of regaling British ears with stories of an army of four hundred thousand men, thoroughly organized and ready to spring to arms. But the last report of the general in command states that the number of the Canadian militia is 37,000—supposing there are no

double entries—and recommends that the number should be reduced, in order that, without increase of expenditure, there may be a longer term of drill. At present half the force is called out in each year for a fortnight. The navy consists of a single gunboat. It is needless to say that, however excellent the Canadian material for the making of soldiers and sailors may be, an army and navy cannot, under the conditions of modern war, be improvised when war has been declared. The colony would still be almost entirely dependent on the imperial country for defence; and the maritime war, cutting up Canadian commerce, would lay a severe strain upon the connection. Canada, while she wishes to assert her full rights in the Fisheries question, must rely on British force to make them good, although the people of Great Britain feel little if any interest in the matter. This is an equivocal state of things, and one fraught with possibilities of misunderstanding.

If, however, ominous cracks are beginning—as they certainly are—to show themselves in the edifice of Canadian Confederation, the fault lies perhaps not so much in the architecture as in the site. Let the Colonial Office provide itself with a map of Canada colored so as to show the limits of the cultivable and habitable territory. The fact will then become more apparent to the Secretary for the Colonies that the Dominion is not a compact mass, including the North Pole, but a series of detached blocks of territory stretched out between the oceans. These blocks are not connected by any natural bond of

union, geographical or commercial; neither are they divided by any natural line, either of a physical or of an economical kind, from the territories inhabited by the rest of the English-speaking races on the continent. Commercially each is attracted to the portion of the United States immediately to the south of it, as is seen especially in the case of the maritime provinces, which are now becoming restive under confederation, because they wish to unite themselves commercially to New England, free trade with which and participation in the coasting trade would be to them the breath of a new economical life. Nor are the provinces united ethnologically: New France, ever growing more French and more antagonistic to the British element, cuts them in twain. A desperate effort has been made, at enormous expense, to forge an artificial bond of union by the construction of political railways. The Intercolonial Railway has cost about forty millions of dollars, and does not pay its running expenses; still less will it pay them when the true commercial line across Maine shall have been completed. It yet remains to be seen what will be the future of the portions of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the north of Lake Superior, and the portion through the mountains between the prairie region and British Columbia.

Politically the provinces have been held together, and a basis has been framed for a Government, by means of what are called “better terms”—that is, further subsidies out of the Federal fund—and by a system of purchasing support of

all kinds, and in all the ways known to politicians. The man who could most skilfully hold the discordant elements together by such means has naturally been at the head of the State. Perhaps the business has been done with as much address, and therefore at as cheap a rate as possible; yet it has been costly in the extreme, as well as in the highest degree demoralizing. A public debt, very heavy in proportion to the population and the wealth of the country, has been rapidly run up, while the public debt of the United States has been in a course of not less rapid reduction. The expenditure of government has also been advancing with swift strides, and out of proportion to the increase of population. Ontario, as the rich partner in the firm, mainly pays the bill. Nor is the debt or the expenditure the whole or even the worst of it. The introduction of a Protectionist tariff—which to a country like Canada, with a limited range of production and a small market, cannot fail to be the most injurious—must be set down to the exigencies of the same policy. It has called into existence a body of capitalists whose interest is completely bound up with that of the Government. Canada, which was once a cheap, is being made a dear country to live in, and the exodus of population is alarming.

What confederation has done for these colonies it is very difficult to say. It has not given them any military strength or security which they had not before. It has not given them any larger measure of internal peace, or a much larger measure of freedom of intercourse. Military security, internal peace,

and freedom of intercourse are the main objects of confederation, and the colonies already enjoyed them as members of the British Empire. Nor has there as yet been any appreciable development of national feeling. The Nova Scotian or the New Brunswicker does not even call himself a Canadian: he speaks of Canada almost as a foreign country. Nationality and dependence, however, are things hardly more compatible with each other than Socialism and patriotism: the only chance of making these colonies a nation lay in conferring on them independence, which probably the English statesmen who took part in Canadian confederation had in their minds as the ultimate outcome of the measure. The Statute-book of Ottawa, if cleared of Franchise Acts, Acts for the Redistribution of Seats, and other legislation of a merely party character, would be found to be a miserably poor return for the immense outlay. Debt, increased taxation, a vast development of faction, demagogism, and corruption, with their inevitable effects upon the political character of the people, have hitherto been about the only visible fruits of North American confederation. In the newly acquired territories of the North-West there has been misgovernment through party agents, and this was probably the main cause of the rebellion. There can be little doubt that those territories would have fared better under a royal governor of the old stamp, who would have had nothing to do with party or its corruption, but would have tried to do his duty to the people.

Democracy in Canada set out with a society eminently sound, and a population which the training of ages, commenced in England and continued here, had made industrious, thrifty, law-abiding, and moral in the highest degree. Nor was there any revolutionary sentiment like that which the rupture with England generated in the United States. The chiefs of industry and commerce have also been in the Dominion, as they are in the United States, men brought to the front by genuine qualities, with a strong commercial morality, and well fitted to govern the realm over which they presided. We have, moreover, had British law, a legal profession instinct with the best traditions, and a judiciary which, though the appointments have been with a single exception partisan, has pretty well escaped the prostitution of patronage for mere party ends, and forms, by its respectability and the confidence felt in it, the sheet-anchor of our community. There has been hitherto land enough for all who wanted to till it, and timber enough for all who wanted to cut it; while British capital has built railroads in abundance, rather to our profit than its own. We have, it is true, on the other side of the account, the French province. But the French province has hitherto been rather an element of torpor, and perhaps of corruption, than of political disturbance, though it is now becoming an element of disturbance under the influence of reviving French nationality and of Jesuit intrigue. The Irish, in political character and habits, are the same here that they are everywhere else,

but till lately their influence has not been greatly felt. They are discredited and politically weakened by the two abortive Fenian invasions, though they did not on either occasion openly display their sympathy with the invaders. The experiment of democracy may therefore be said to have been tried in Canada under circumstances on the whole favorable, even when we take into account the special evils which an ill-cemented confederation entails. Yet the result, in the mind of one observer at least, is a profound conviction that, while political institutions must rest on popular suffrage, and no other basis is available, government by faction, demagogism, and corruption will not do, and cannot go on forever.

The party system betrays in Canada the same fatal weakness which it betrays elsewhere. In the absence of organic questions, the list of which must everywhere in time be exhausted, no rational or moral line of division between parties will remain; party becomes mere faction, and the struggle for principles degenerates into a contest for power and pelf, carried on by means not purer than the end. This is as inevitable as any moral consequence can be. The Canadian parties had their origin in a real and vital division between the friends of royal and those of popular, or, as it was called, responsible government. But that question, and all the questions depending on it, have long since been settled, and the two casks scarcely retain even the faintest smell of the liquor with which they were respectively filled.

The names "Tory" and "Grit," by which they call each other, therefore, being free from meaning, are really more appropriate than Conservative and Liberal by which they call themselves. Perhaps the Conservatives are a shade more favorable to the political connection with Great Britain, though it is by them that protective duties have been laid upon British goods; at all events, their leaders are more ready to accept baronetcies and knighthoods than the leaders of the Grits. Yet the late leader of the Grits, Mr. George Brown, while in deference to the sentiments of his party he refused knighthood, was a vehement upholder of British connection, and a bitter enemy of independence, though his motives were surmised to be as much commercial as political. The Tory party has hitherto derived a reactionary tinge from an alliance with the priesthood which rules Quebec. But this connection has now been greatly shaken by the rebellion of the French half-breeds in the North West, in suppressing which, and bringing the leader to the scaffold, the Dominion Tory Government incurred the wrath of the French Nationalists, and lost a number of seats at the last election.

The Grits, on the other hand, the very basis of whose party not long since was hostility to Roman Catholic encroachment, have now flung themselves into the arms of the Roman Catholics, and become defenders of separate schools, and advocates of the restoration of the Jesuits. Their leader, who not many years ago was setting a price on Riel's head, now denounces his execution as a political murder.

For some time it seemed as if the question between Protection and Free Trade would become a new and living issue; but just before the last election the Grit leaders, scared by the aspect of the solid phalanx of manufacturers arrayed against them, hauled down the Free Trade flag, which had for some time been fluttering low on their mast, and definitely surrendered to Protection—too late to win any votes, yet not too late to lose some. In dealing with the vital subject of the franchise, both the parties are alike demagogic, and neither of them is Conservative. They are always bidding against each other in the "Dutch auction" by which from what was virtually a freehold franchise, highly respectable, and at the same time attainable in this country by every industrious and thrifty man, we are brought down surely, though by a protracted process, to the abolition of every sort of qualification. Probably in the end we shall come to female suffrage also, which the leader of the party styled Conservative advocates, in the belief, no doubt, that the women would vote Tory. The "Conservative" party which is in power is in fact the following of Sir John Macdonald; the Opposition consists of the enemies of Sir John Macdonald; and as Sir John Macdonald is a very skilful leader, while his opponents are much the reverse, and has all the patronage in his hands, he is pretty securely entrenched in office. This gives a false appearance of stability to a party government which has really no other than a personal foundation, and as soon as the man is

gone, will, as everybody says, crumble to pieces and be probably followed by confusion; for there is no other politician who is likely to get all the wires of a complicated system of influence and bribery into his hands.

Burke, who said that vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness, might as well have said that the breath of pestilence lost half its deadliness by losing its warning smell. We stand aghast at the coarse corruption of former days, which slipped a bank-note into the hand of a member of Parliament to induce him to vote for a Government measure; but nobody stands aghast when on the eve of an election a Prime Minister calls together the representatives of a particular commercial interest, and gives them to understand that if they will support him with their influence and subscribe to his election fund, he will regulate the fiscal policy of the country in their favor. The rule of the old official oligarchy, nicknamed the "Family Compact," which governed the country before 1837, is always treated by Canadian historians as a slough of corruption, from which we were happily rescued by the change to democratic government; but the worst, so far as can be ascertained, which the Family Compact did was to give itself large assignments of public lands at a time when land was a drug. The people, it is true, were shocked when, by the investigation into the Pacific Railway scandal, it was conclusively proved that three members of the Cabinet had exacted from the applicant for the construction of a Government rail-

way a large sum of money to be expended on the elections. But the moral reaction soon passed away, and things are daily coming to light which show that corruption has made deep inroads on our public life, and that the standard of morality among politicians is very low. Where there is corruption there must be agents of corruption, and of these too many have been seen in a quarter where their appearance is most ominous. Something might perhaps be done by a law which it would seem perfectly possible to frame, treating political corruption in its various forms as a crime, and rendering it liable to punishment like other crimes, not in Parliament, where a party majority would acquit Cain, but before some regular and independent tribunal. Nothing of the sort, however, at present exists, nor does the Constitution even provide a power of impeachment. The political character of a people generally virtuous may hold out long against such influences, but in the end it must give way, and the moral basis of government must fail.

The one valid defence of party is that it is the only instrument hitherto discovered for uniting a sufficient number of the atoms into which political power under the elective system is divided, to form a basis for a Government. In this respect a substitute for it will have to be found; and found the substitute must be. Society cannot rest forever on the irrational and immoral.

If the corruption of the demagogue is bad, his weakness, I am inclined to think, is worse. Al-

ways looking forward to an election, he trembles at the very shadow of a vote, and nothing is safe in his keeping if he imagines that by a conscientious defence of his trust he will incur the vengeance of any fraction of his constituency. Thus fanatical cliques and sinister interests, which concentrate their political influence on their own special object, disregarding their duty to the community at large, exercise a power out of all proportion, not only to their deserts, but to their numbers. The worse citizens, in short, people are, the narrower and the less patriotic are their aims, the surer they are of carrying their point. A body like the Roman Catholic Irish, who are hardly citizens at all, but a clan held together and welded by their church, are thus enabled to hold Canada as well as the United States in political thralldom; and we have just seen Canadian Legislatures, both central and local, degrading themselves into the instrument of a Fenian opposition to the Crimes Bill, with which probably not a tithe of their number had a particle of sincere sympathy. In the same way, the fanaticism of the Prohibitionist party is slavishly gratified by legislators, who laugh in their sleeve at Prohibition, and perhaps after voting for it themselves adjourn to the bar. In the Canada Temperance Act the most vital principles of justice are sacrificed to the tyrannical will of a sect which disposes of a large number of votes, and avows that it will not suffer any one who refuses to bow the knee to it to be elected to any public office, even that of a school

trustee; the commonest legal safeguards are set aside in order to obtain convictions, hearsay evidence is admitted, arbitrary magistrates, some of them without even a legal training, are empowered to fine and imprison without appeal, husband and wife are compelled to give evidence against each other, accused persons are compelled to give evidence against themselves. The legislators, of course, see the injustice of all this, but they dare not stand up against the Prohibitionist vote. An upright judiciary will be of little avail if legislators are not true to the great principles of justice. In the same way there is constant danger of unconscientious concession to the chimerical demands of labor reformers, as well as to those of sinister interests of a commercial kind. In the industrial department we can happily look to the Conservative action of the chiefs of industry--men whose value as social rulers has already been mentioned, and who are raised for the most part from the ranks by sterling force of character as well as by commercial skill; but there is hardly any economical chimera to which in time legislators may not be driven to pay homage by their dread of the labor vote. England herself has unhappily now, in this respect, not much to say against American or colonial democracy. According to an excellent authority, of all the members of the House of Commons who voted for the Irish Government Bill not more than twenty, outside the Irish party, were sincerely in favor of the measure. We shall be obliged to introduce the ballot for legislators as well as for electors, if we

mean the legislator, like the elector, to vote according to his conscience. Perhaps he would sometimes speak on one side and cast his ballot on the other; but it is the vote that we want to have on the right side, not the speech.

As I write, the precarious character of the political connection between Canada as a self governing colony and Great Britain is being illustrated by the proposal of the Canadian Minister of Finance to add to our protective tariff an article excluding British iron. The British producer is naturally angry. It may well seem hard to him that, while he is called upon to defend the rights of Canada in the Fisheries question, Canada should be excluding his goods from her market. But the principle of Colonial Home Rule in all fiscal questions has already been conceded. Of two systems we must choose one—that of commercial unity with a fiscal system for the empire, or that of fiscal self-government; and whichever of the two systems we choose we must be prepared to embrace its consequences. If Canada is commercially to shift for herself, she must be allowed to do whatever her circumstances and her situation, placed as she is on the American continent and alongside a country with a highly protective tariff, may require. What she really needs is not the parish protection proposed for her by her present Government, the fruits of which are already visible enough, but free access to the markets of her own continent; in other words, commercial union with the United States. To the Canadian farmer, lumberman, and miner alike, an

extended market is a vital necessity; the property of all three is greatly depreciated for want of it, while admission to the coasting trade is the only thing which can infuse commercial life into the languishing frames of the Maritime Provinces, and appease the discontent which has been produced in them by the total failure of confederation, so far as their commercial interests are concerned. A movement in this direction is already on foot, and there can be little doubt of its ultimate success. It is opposed, naturally enough, by those who have invested in the manufactures artificially called into existence by the protective tariff, as it no doubt will be by their creator and patron, the Government; but no forces which these interests can muster will in the end be strong enough to make head against the great natural industries of the country—farming, lumbering, mining, and shipowning combined. Commercial union would be the end of the Fisheries dispute, which at present threatens to become a perpetual sore. Commercial union with the United States would involve an assimilation of tariffs, and thus, it is objected, would entail discrimination against Great Britain. As has already been said, if we embrace the system of fiscal Home Rule, we must embrace it with the consequences. When protective and even prohibitive duties are laid on British goods, a discrimination which would imply no intentional or special antagonism would seem to be an innovation only in name. If the English manufacturer is excluded, he is excluded, no matter whether the

colony manufactures for itself or imports from the United States.

An alarm is raised of political annexation, which it is said would follow in the wake of commercial union. That the English-speaking race on this continent, divided a century ago by the American revolution, must some day become again one people, has long been my firm belief, though it is to be hoped that the re-union, when it comes, will be brought about, not by annexation, but by mutual attraction, while nothing is to be gained on either side by precipitating the event. The texture of society as well as the language and everything else is the same, and in spite of the differences which have been noted between the Canadian and the American Constitution, a Canadian province, if it were to-morrow made a State of the Union, would feel no political shock, and could fit into its place with perfect ease. But it does not appear that the political question need be affected by the mere removal of the Customs line. Nationalities would not be effaced by the introduction of free trade over the whole globe. The Basque provinces of Spain were not made French by the liberty which they enjoyed under their old *fueros* of free trade with the Basque provinces of France. We are bidden to take warning from the result of the German Zollverein; but the Zollverein would not have done much for the unification of Germany without unifying agencies of a more potent kind, aided at last by the arms of Prussia. Already there is something like a currency union between Canada and the United States, American bank-

notes being freely taken in Canada everywhere except at Government offices. This again is partly the consequence of the international extension of railways and of their taking fares in the money of both countries. Buying and selling is merely one of many kinds of intercourse, and intercourse of all kinds between the United States and Canada has been rapidly increasing of late years. They are so far one country that a Canadian youth makes no more of going to seek his fortune at New York or Chicago than a Scotch or Yorkshire youth makes of going to seek his fortune in London. That would be a frail nationality the existence of which depended on a Customs line. Not the slightest tendency has ever been shown by the Americans to aggress upon Canadian independence. Annexation, in fact, is a subject which occupies surprisingly little of their attention, and, whether the Customs line is retained or abolished, Canada is mistress of her own political destinies.

That England has no political interest on this side of the Atlantic except the friendship of the whole English-speaking race, is a conviction which by everything that passes here is daily impressed more deeply on my mind. Its latest confirmation is the conduct of the Canadian Legislatures in allowing themselves to be used as the instruments of those who seek the disintegration of the imperial country. Let the advocates of Imperial Federation take warning from that incident.—GOLDWIN SMITH, in *The Contemporary Review*.

THE HITTITES.

ONCE upon a time, many centuries ago—perhaps five thousand years or more—there dwelt in Central Asia a great Tatar people, whose migrations extended gradually westwards and southwards to the Caspian and to the highlands beyond it. They belonged to that ancient Altaic race which spread on the east towards China, on the north-west to Finland; which peopled Italy with Etruscan and other tribes; which formed the Pelasgian stock in Greece; and which spread to France and to Spain as Basques and Iberians. The tribes with which we are immediately concerned descended southwards from the neighborhood of Ararat, and peopled Mesopotamia, where they mingled with a Semitic race of nomads who were finding their way from the Arabian deserts to the richer lands watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates. Others of these tribes, crossing the great western river, and penetrating into the Taurus range, peopled Asia Minor and Syria, and were known as *Hittites*, or to the Semitic people as *Canaanites*, or dwellers in the “lowlands” of Palestine.

Of the rude condition of the earliest of these hordes, which, as the Mongols, the Turks, and the Huns (all descended from the same original stock), afterwards spread over the same regions of Asia and Europe, we may still gather something from the earliest forms of their language.

In personal appearance these Tatar tribes were not very attractive. A sturdy thick-set figure, a large head, a face with short nose

and high-cheek bones, the eyes oblique, as among the Chinese, the mouth never graced by a thick beard, but either hairless or with a thin straggling moustache, the complexion yellowish, the hair and eyes black, and at the back of the half-shaven head a pigtail, sometimes curled up, sometimes hanging down—these were the chief characteristic features of this indomitable stock. In the south, under the hot and trying climate of the Euphrates valley, the race seems to have fined down, and slender figures are represented on Akkadian sculptures; but among the Etruscans and in Asia Minor the type resembled rather that of the sturdy Turkish peasantry of our own times, who in Smyrna, and even in Constantinople, preserve a much greater proportion of the Mongolian type of physiognomy than is always recognized—our idea of a Turk being usually taken from the upper class, which is never of pure Turanian blood.

The monuments show us also the dress of these Tatar tribes. Thus, while the earliest robes seem to have been of goatskin or other hides (a kind of dress which is said afterwards to have become sacred, and in which the gods are shown to be robed), at a later period woven stuffs are worn by both sexes. In the north, no doubt, the skins of animals slain in the chase, or of domestic beasts, formed naturally the first protection from the cold. The lion-skin of Hercules is the robe also of early Altaic heroes or gods; but in Cappadocia we have statues representing female figures in long garments of many pleats and folds, the head

crowned by a cylindrical bonnet not unlike that still peculiar to the Christian women of Bethlehem.

In these same sculptures the male figures wear a short jerkin or tunic tight to the figure. On their heads appears a conical cap or tiara like that still worn by certain Dervish sects. The sturdy legs of these heroes are bare, but on their feet they have a boot with curled-up toes, like the Turkish slipper or the riding-boot of the Kurdish and Arab horseman. Gloves for the hand, fingerless, but with a thumb, are also thought to have been worn.

The chiefs—who perhaps alone wore the tiara, which was not unlike the well-known crown of Upper Egypt—were also decked with long robes. The curly-toed boot—also known among the Etruscans—so struck the Egyptians that it has been shown on monuments at Karnak which represent the Hittites, as distinctive of the conquered warriors of northern Syria.

The tribes appear very early to have domesticated the ox, the sheep, the goat, and the dog, and used the ass—probably in times of peace—and the horse, which drew their chariots of war. They were, however, not simply a nomadic people. Very early they began to grow corn and to build houses and towns. The camel also they probably knew before descending into Mesopotamia. How soon they constructed chariots of war it is difficult to say, but it was from the east that the Egyptians (before 1600 B. C.) obtained both horse and chariot. The bow, the spear, the short knife-like sword, the buckler, the club—probably

also the sling, and certainly the two-headed battle-axe—were the weapons used in war. The axe appears almost of the same form in Cappadocia and in Etruria.

They were mighty hunters also, and warred against the bear, the wolf, and the lion (which they called the “big dog”): the tiger also—contrary to popular ideas as to its habitat—they may have found in Ararat and in the Caucasus, as well as in Hyrcania, south of the Caspian, and in the Hindu Kush. They distinguished many species of deer, and hunted the formidable bison of Western Asia (*Bos primigenus*). It is not known if they were fox-hunters; and it is even possible, judging from modern custom, that they may have eaten an animal which civilization gives to the hounds.

The earliest habitations of these Mongolian tribes appear to have been caves or rude cottages made by an earthen mound piled over a few large stones arranged dolmen-wise. No doubt they used wood when wood was to be found, but the old Altaic word for a house is said to mean a “hole” and a “mound” as well.

They came from the Land of Darkness, from that mysterious Country of Night, which so occupied the imagination of the Asiatics of the middle ages, who penetrated towards the north. There are many legends of this land of “peltrey”—skins and furs; of the long nights, and the voices of the unseen inhabitants with whom the traders conducted a silent traffic; of the dreadful winters, and of the seas of sand or of pebbles lapping like the waves of the ocean. Long after

the Altaic tribes had descended into semi-tropical regions, they preserved traditions of their northern home; they still felt the fear of that darkness which accompanied the miseries of the time of snow, and told wonderful legends of the great winter in which all but the righteous few were destroyed; and of the birds, who flying from the south, announced the glad tidings of the return of spring. This legend of the herald birds is one of the most widely spread and easily understood of Asiatic myths. We can see at a glance why the white stork, on his way to the northern marshes, is regarded as a bird of good omen; why the swallow in Babylonia was the herald of good tidings; why the sad voices of the cranes flying south portended to the nymphs the approach of the Greek deluge. To watch the flight of birds from the south or the north was one of the earliest of human efforts to divine the coming seasons long before a calendar existed.

The religion—if religion it can be called—of these early migrants, was indeed primitive and childlike. Fear and hope, sorrow and joy, lay at its roots, and ignorance of all natural phenomena was the motive of blind attempts to deprecate the wrath or to secure the favor of the countless spiritual beings wherein man saw himself surrounded. The sky to the Altaic shepherds was not an expanse of atmosphere, but an adamant dome with windows, through which were let down the great bags or barrels containing the rain. The earth, an inverted cup, floated on the ocean under this dome, and in the horizon mountains there were

180 holes or doors towards the east, and an equal number towards the west, through which the sun came forth from the under world, or again descended thereto, soaring during the day as a great bird across the sky. The earth itself was a goddess, the mother of all. The gloomy regions beneath the world were full of feathered ghosts, which beat their wings against the walls of their prison-house, and fed in the darkness—only lighted by the red-hot orb as it passed through the city of the dead at night—upon mire and clay; while the dust lay thick on the rusty gates, and the terrible king of hell, with his lion-headed consort, devoured the bodies of the wicked. From another point of view, this region was called “the land of no life,” or “the country where there is no movement.” The entrance was sometimes thought to lie in the ocean, and through it ran the river over which the dead must pass, and beside which the infernal deities found the ghosts, as it were, of those propitiatory offerings which friends of the dead had buried or burned with the corpse. Among the reeds of its banks the ghosts wandered; but the righteous were led to a place of repose where they were safe from the demons, beside the stream of the water of life, guarded by the goddess of the nether world. This is no fancy picture of early beliefs, for every touch may be verified from existing records.

The greatest, wisest, most just, and most merciful of the gods was the supreme deity of heaven and of the ocean. The old name which he bore is said to mean “the

House" or "the House of Water," and he was the spirit of the great temple, the floor of which was the firmament, and dwelt also beneath the waves of the ocean. He was represented with bull's horns to signify his power, and held the great snake wherewith he lashed the waves of the sea into fury. Seated on his throne in the depths, he is shown as the judge of the wicked soul in a form half bird, half man, condemning the ghost to the prison-house beneath the earth. He also appears guiding the souls of the pious beneath the ocean to some abode of rest and peace. The power of this great spirit of heaven and ocean seems to have been regarded as supreme over gods and demons alike.

The "three lords of justice," who also formed the principal objects of worship, were the fire, the water, and the sun. Fire the Altaic tribes had learned to produce with the fire-drill, and to hold so sacred that the fire-drill itself was a deity, or the emblem of a god. The hymns to fire are numerous among the Akkadians; and the brightness, the devouring might, the warmth, and life-giving power of the fire, are constantly celebrated. It appears that iron was never allowed to approach the flame—the fire was not to be stirred with a sword, and presumably all the pokers were of wood. This superstition, which is very widely spread still among the Tatars, and which is said to have been a Pythagorean maxim, seems to have been based either on the fear of killing a beneficent creature in the flame, or of exciting the wrath of the fire-spirit by wounding it with the

sword. Curiously enough, the later Jews had a similar belief, and forbade the approach of iron to the altar fire. The fire was a purifier not only of metals, but even of human beings. It was pacified by offerings of infants burnt alive, or of captives cast into the furnace. Probably, as among the rude tribes of the west, diseased flocks were also driven through the fire, as in the case of the Needfire of German tribes. The ancient custom of ordeal by fire, common to all Asiatics, was no doubt based on this same belief in the justice of the god of flame. There is, moreover, conclusive evidence that at the earliest times many, if not all, the Altaic tribes burned their dead, and offered slaves, wives, horses, and other property of the dead chief, upon his funeral pyre—a wholesale suttee, of which traces still remain to the present age in China, in India, and elsewhere. The dead-horse, on which the ghost was conducted by the terrible Charon of the Etruscans, may perhaps have been the ghost of his own horse so burned with his body. In one representation the goddess of hell rides on such a horse in her boat on the infernal river, and the death-horse is well known in European folk-lore.

Not less sacred than fire was water to the Altaic tribes. As the source of life, in streams, in dew, in rain, and in the springs, it was adored and propitiated. The brightness, the movement, the power, and the life-giving properties of the water, caused it to be regarded as itself alive. The only cure for sickness seems to have been to sprinkle with magic water. The only cure

for death was the water of life. The temple god presided over the waters, and the moon was closely connected with water in the popular belief. Whether the difficulty which puzzled the later Zoroastrians had yet been discussed does not appear. The latter could not understand how, if water was so pure, so good, and so holy, water might yet compass the death of men by drowning; and how fire, also being so good, could also slay. It was explained by the learned that these evils were due, not to the water, nor to the fire, but to independent demons who lurked in or beside the sacred elements. Probably in this early age the puzzle was solved in a simpler manner by supposing that the spirits of water and of fire might slay the offender, while extending their graces to the pious.

The third "lord of justice" was the sun, regarded as being controlled by the power of a yet greater deity, taught to pursue an unerring path, or condemned by endless journeys to labor for man, and to fight his battle against the countless monsters of night, of winter, and of storm. By some he was thought to be a great bird, and was therefore represented, like the Persian *rukh*, soaring in heaven, or with his wings outflapping helpless in the forest by night; by some he was regarded as a hare springing from its form in the east, and coursing over the sky in a day; by some as an armed warrior, called the "Friend of Man," standing with fiery weapons on the Eastern mountain, before whose face the demons of shadow and of cold fled away.

The sun was also called the son of the heaven-god, and represented as an infant new-born in spring; in summer as the hero who slays monsters and wanders over the earth; in winter as the aged, feeble, and persecuted monarch, driven from his throne and slain by his foes, or devoured by monsters. The gradual change of his place of rising was watched with anxiety from the remote days when pointer-stones were set up to mark his furthest deviation north or south; and when it was recognized that the return of summer was presaged by a return northwards of the point of sunrise, annual rejoicings accompanied the reports from these rude and early observatories (*cromlechs* as we call them in the West), telling that the limit of southern deviation had been reached, and that the sun again, as in former years, was beginning to rise further towards the north.

Not less anxiously, night by night, must the shepherd have watched for the first brightening of the light of dawn. The fire having gone out, the moon having set, the chill of the early morn stiffening his limbs, the terror of darkness—so much feared by all savages—in his heart, he turned his eyes to the east where the first dim whitening of the sky might be watched. The great aurora, which has become so famous a figure in Aryan poetry, was likened by the Egyptians, just as it still is by the Hottentots, to a glorious tree with jewelled boughs growing from the mountain. At the foot of this tree they said the sun was sleeping, and through its radiant branches he climbed up—like Jack up his bean-

stalk—to the heavens. In Chaldea they called it the "tree of light" and the "tree of Asshur." Horus is represented in Egypt climbing this tree; and the Chinese preserve the same idea, as their emblem for light was the sun on the tree-top, and for darkness the sun under the tree. Down to the middle ages this emblem of the tree of light was still a feature of popular belief. They said in the time of Alexander that the hero went eastwards till he came to the tree in which the Phoenix (the sun eagle) sat, and there learned his fate. This "tree like one" is one of the Hottentot gods; and probably the emblem is much older than that with which we are familiar in classic myths, which represents the rosy maiden preceding the chariot of the sun.

The counterpart to this eastern tree was the sunset tree of the Paradise in the west—the land of Cockayne, or garden of the Hesperides, which in Chaldea was said to have its entrance by the door in the sea. The appearance of the sunset glow was regarded with feelings opposite to those greeting the dawn. The Egyptians and many other early peoples said that the sun was falling into a furnace, or that his blood was flowing over the sky, or that he climbed down the western tree into the region of the dead, or burned himself upon a funeral pyre. Thus the western tree was connected with the under world, and in its branches sat the goddess of night and of fate. The idea of these two trees still influences Moslem beliefs concerning the tree of Paradise and the thorny tree of hell; and there is no known

system of Asiatic belief from which they are altogether absent.

Next to the long-suffering and friendly sun, the moon was an object of affectionate adoration. They called her sometimes the "lady of the horned face," sometimes the "light of earth," sometimes the "great princess Istar." They believed her to be the lover of the sun, always pursuing him through heaven and hell. The Akkadians told of her visit to the under world when she was shorn of her crown and jewels, and at length (during the dark quarter) disappeared altogether as a prisoner of the infernal goddess. But by the Water of Life—the dew always connected with the moon—she recovered her strength, and came forth again to light the world, her jewels and her crown being one by one restored to her till her full glory was recovered.

The gentle breezes of the summer were not unnaturally thought to come from the sun, who was said by the Akkadians to breathe on the shining waters of the Euphrates; but the tempestuous wind was an unseen demon, whose blows could be felt, but whose form was hid in the dark robe of the storm-cloud. The lightning was the fiery weapon of the sun-god wherewith he smote the storm-dragon, whose bellowing men heard immediately after the stroke—though some said it was the triumphant braying of the swift ass on which the hero was riding. This bolt of fire—the club of Mithra or of Hercules, the hammer of Thor, the crooked serpent of the Hottentots—was regarded with awe, but yet connected with the idea of an essential fire of life

on which all human or animal existence was thought to depend. Not only did the Medes and other Asiatics develop this theory of the essential spark, but it has lately been found that the Egyptians had a similar belief. The water of life and the fire of life were the spirits whom men adored in the rushing stream and the household flame.

Among the most extraordinary pieces of symbolism known to have been used by these early Asiatics was that of the ass-head as representing a deity. There is no doubt whatever that such an emblem was used among Hittites, Egyptians, and others, in connection with the red god Set or Sut. The same emblem comes down to us in the ass of Dionysus, in the swift ass of India, in thousands of popular stories—such as the Donkey Cabbage—and on the gnostic representations found in Syria and in Rome. The wild ass of Asia was, however, a very different animal from the patient donkey of Europe; and the strength, the speed, and the tamelessness of the wild ass, which are celebrated in the Book of Job, are portrayed in most spirited manner on Assyrian sculptures.

Another ancient figure widely reproduced was that of mother earth, represented, like the Indian goddess, pressing streams of milk from her breast, or nursing the infant sun of the spring-time in her arms. In Troy, in Chaldea, in Syria, in Cyprus, in Egypt, mother earth is again and again so represented, though without the beauty of form and of sentiment which the Greeks afterwards attained in reproducing her divinity.

In honor of these good powers the annual festivals were celebrated with joy or with sorrow. The winter feast of fire celebrated the solstice; the spring and harvest rejoicings and the vintage festival were followed by the mourning for the autumn, when the leaves fell, and the cold, the rain, and the darkness began to reappear. It was perhaps not until the Altaic tribes reached Asia Minor that they began to know the vine and to drink wine, but they must very early have discovered intoxicants like the Aryan *soma*; and the Egyptians drank beer as well as wine. We have a very early sculpture showing the God of wine and of corn perhaps as old as 1600 B.C. at least near Tarsus, in Asia Minor. As early, at least, as the time of Herodotus, the Tatar peoples knew how to make the celebrated koumiss drink from mares' milk, and sprinkled libations of koumiss in their temples and houses and tents, and to the four quarters of heaven. Koumiss is said to be the most exquisite of intoxicants, and leaves no "head" next morning. That the Akkadians, however, suffered from headaches, we know from the fact that their magical texts speak of a "splitting headache" accompanying—as it still does—the malarious fevers in the plains of the Euphrates.

The dark side of the Altaic beliefs was represented by the terror of demons, ghosts, vampires, incubi, succubi, and all manner of fiends of the storm, the darkness, the flood, the fever, and of death or the plague. These demons they represented with the heads of tigers or wolves, with tongues hanging out.

of mouths armed with the fangs of wild beasts. Their bodies were those of wolves or of cats, their hind-legs had eagles' claws, and their tails were serpents; while two or four wings added to their terrors and to their power. The demon of the hot wind has been found so represented in Chaldea, while according to other texts the demons crept into houses as serpents, or caused the beasts of the field to start and tremble with fear, and flung the callow nestlings from the trees, and lurked in the ruins to leap on men as their prey.

How to defeat demons was the great question of the day. The chief reliance was placed in the goodwill of the "Friend of Man," who chased them away. Magic potions were brewed, just as Zulu chiefs still spend their days in concocting magic broth to be sprinkled on men, on horses, or on cattle. There were also written charms in leather or metal cases, hung to the walls or round the neck—just like those which the Mahdi distributed to his soldiers; and bands of linen with written spells were bound to the limbs or forehead of the sick, driving the demon of disease gradually from the body. Stone-cut texts were built into the walls of houses, or little statues of the gods were buried under the foundations. The diseased flocks were passed through the fire, or one as a sacrifice was cast down a precipice or thrown into the river. The malignant earth-demon was pacified by a human victim to save the new building from the shock of earthquake—supposed to be due to the heaving of the shoulders of the giant below. The knowledge of

certain spells or forms of invocation which was kept as a secret by the wizards or priests, was a most powerful means of counteracting evil. Witches were hunted out, as they still are in Africa, and were believed able to torment the living by torturing a presentment in wax or clay, so long as something belonging to the victim—a nail, a hair, or a rag of clothing—could be incorporated into the image, into which needles were stuck, or which was roasted slowly by the fire. Such beliefs, known from an early time in Asia, survived in Europe to a very late period, and still survive in the East. It is most instructive to find among all such early tribes that death was never regarded as the natural end of life—as the withering of the flower or decay of the tree—but as a direct murderous interference on the part of malignant power with the immortal life on earth which man believed himself capable of enjoying. Old age and grey hair, sickness and sorrow, were not the natural lot but the misfortunes of man, due to the opposing influence of demons.

The result of the incantations on the demons was remarkable. The inscribed pillar confronted them at the house door, and they had to lie in wait outside; but the spells of the priests diverted their rage against one another, and they are represented ramping up and tearing one another,—“fleeing away struggling,” as one charm preserved in cuneiform tells us. Rude as such conceptions may appear, they still formed an important part of popular religion in Europe late even in the middle ages.

The earliest temples of the Altaic tribes, like those of our own Druids, were open-air circles of stones, with a central standing-stone supposed to be haunted by the deity. Over it libations of oil, of water, of wine, of koumiss, of blood, were poured; before it, or on it, flowers, fruits, berries, and other such gifts were placed. Within the circle a man might leave unharmed his most valuable property under the protection of the god. Near it the dolmen, or stone table, formed an altar, on which human or animal victims were offered. The magic circle, the cup hollow with its surrounding rings, used by all Asiatics alike, were connected with rites of purification, by sprinklings of dew, of water, or of milk. On the dolmen-stones the sick were laid, as they still are on inscribed talisman-stones in Syria; and through the dolmens they crawled or were dragged, in hope of speedy cure.

One of the most curious of Asiatic superstitions—that of the Dead's Door—was connected with this rite of "passing through." In Persia, in China, and not less in medieval Europe, it was thought of evil omen that the dead should pass out through the same door as the living. A hole was broken in the wall, through which the corpse was taken out; or even at a later time a special door—high up from the ground—was made for the same purpose. It is believed that the western superstition as to "closing the door" on a corpse has the same derivation, and the Dead's Doors may still be seen in Northern Italy.

From the religion of these ancient tribes we may perhaps gather most light as to their civilization;

but some of their social customs are equally curious and instructive, especially that of the *couvade*, as it is called in France—the custom of putting the *father* of a new-born child into bed, carefully tending him and feeding him on special diet for some time, until the baby begins to grow strong. This extraordinary, and to our ideas unnatural custom, is common to various Altaic peoples. In France among the Basques, in Spain among Iberians, in Corsica, in Asia Minor, in Borneo, in Siberia, in Greenland, in Africa, America, and in the Indian Archipelago alike, this custom exists, or has existed. Marco Polo mentions it in China; Apollonius Rhodius in Pontus. Perhaps it may be due to belief in some mysterious sympathy between the father and the child, the health of the infant being supposed to depend on that of its sire. The mother appears to receive little attention from the Turanian peoples among whom this strange custom prevails.

The laws of the Altaic tribes in Chaldea are only known to us by a few Akkadian fragments. Their punishments, including drowning and mutilation, walling up alive, and tearing off the nails, show us how savage they were, even in days when they could write and trade, and had some knowledge of art. They had slaves also who were recognized as having some human rights, for a master was bound to maintain his slave if he had injured him by violence. The position of women was more independent and important than we might have thought likely; but the jealous seclusion of the sex practiced by

Semitic peoples seems always to have been unknown to Altaic races.

The practice of divining was an important branch of priestly knowledge: divining by gems, by arrows, by sticks thrown into the air, by the flight of birds, by the bones of cocks slain as sacrifices (as is still the case in Burmah)—in short, every sort of consecrated gambling and choice of action by "tossing up." No general would have expected success if he led out his army against the advice of the wizard. Long lists of rules were drawn up, including such an omen as a dog straying into the temple, and some of these lists have come down to us in cuneiform to the present day. Herodotus tells us how the Scythians divined by twigs, and Buddhist or Nestorian priests alike continue the practice to the present day.

The language and the writing of the Altaic peoples were, like themselves, extremely primitive. Picture-writing—like that of bushmen, or of the cavemen in Europe—had passed into a further hieroglyphic stage, in which pronouns and other parts of speech were represented by emblems, and in which the plural was shown, as in Egypt, by the simple device of a series of strokes after the noun. Language, in like manner, had developed from mere monosyllabic sounds to the agglutinative stage—still traceable even in English—where other syllables are added to show the relations of the various root-sounds to each other; but even to our own times the Altaic peoples have not advanced any further. Their languages have not become inflexional like those of Aryan or Semitic

peoples, and they have never invented, consequently, an alphabet to supersede their clumsy hieroglyphics or syllabaries, which, with time, have only grown clumsier and more complicated. A Chinese at twenty-one has not attained that mastery over his language which an Aryan child may attain at the age of five.

The arts were represented among the Altaic tribes of Western Asia not only by writing and sculpture, but very early by metallurgical discoveries. Not less than 3000 years B.C. the Akkadians had not only learned to smelt iron, to extract copper, lead, and tin from the ore, to use gold and silver and alloys like electrum in barter, but they even knew how to make bronze and brass. They wrought beautiful vases, bowls, and bas-reliefs in *repoussée* work in all metals; they plated their chariots with silver; they made statues with heads of gold; they carved wood and alabaster, and engraved on their signets groups representing the gods, or commemorating the myths already noticed. Many precious stones—the ruby, diamond, turquoise, and others—were known to them by distinct names; and their temples were rich with crusted metal, like the houses of kings which Homer describes.

Such then was the civilization of the Turanian tribes of Western Asia before the family of Abraham crossed the Euphrates, and entered a land fully peopled with their tribes, whose names—Hittites, Amalekites, Philistines, and the rest—are preserved for us in the Bible. Such were the Canaanites whom Joshua drove out before him.

Such were the Hittite princes whose daughters Rameses and Solomon alike married, and whose trade with Egypt is not only mentioned in the Bible, but is also known almost as early as the time of Moses to have been regulated by a treaty written on a silver tablet, the account of which is still preserved in a famous papyrus.

But it came to pass, in process of time, that the prosperity of this great race declined. The Babylonians drove them from Chaldea, or lorded it over their surviving members. The Assyrians defeated them at Carchemish and in Syria. The Hebrews almost extirpated them in Palestine. The Romans conquered them in Italy, the Gauls in France. The civilization which they founded was adopted by Babylonians and Greeks and Latins; and by many later races, and their very existence was forgotten, and their language unknown to have been ever spoken beyond the regions of Central and Eastern Asia.

But they left behind them written records to prove their descent, their race, their wealth and power, their beliefs and hopes and fears. The present century has seen the recovery of these records, cut in basalt, stamped in clay, carved on stone, engraved on silver; and at last, after thirty centuries, their history begins to be written. In Syria, in Chaldea, in Italy, nay even in Egypt, the same discovery has been made, and the oldest civilized race claims credit for its own works.

It has taken many years for this result to be attained, and the full understanding is yet incomplete.

In 1812, the great traveller

Burckhardt found at Hamath the first of these hieroglyphic texts, hewn in basalt. Then, for nearly three-quarters of a century, nothing more was done. When, however, explorers again lit on Burckhardt's text, and on four others at Hamath, they were at first said to be fanciful ornamental designs; but when this failed to explain them away, a learned man set to work, and studied them for some time upside-down. Then another learned man translated them, and discovered that one (this is a fact) referred to giving permission to see a bull-fight gratis. This was not approved by the rest of the learned, partly because no one ever heard of bull-fights in the East (though the Assyrians had something of the sort), partly because they doubted apparently if admission gratis to a bull-fight was probable. Thus the question went to sleep again, and the learned society most interested turned its attention to printing a paper, in which a Hebrew scholar raised the question whether a pigeon could ever have flown with one wing. It seems that the Rabbis understood the words, "O that I could fly away and be at rest!" to mean fly with one wing and rest with the other. The author called his paper "Ancient Observation on the Flight of Birds," and sent it to Mr. Huxley, whose reply was unfavorable; also to the Vienna Balloon Society, who were less unfavorable (perhaps because balloons fly without any wings). The Vienna Balloon Society said the paper was very interesting.

Meanwhile the Hittite inscriptions remained unread, or at least only read to the satisfaction of each

one who proposed a new system. At length, in two different directions, comparisons with known emblems—from Cyprus and from Babylon—were proposed; but, alas! each author was mutually convinced that the other was wrong. It was a case of two sides to the shield; and the fact that the rude clay-sketches derived from the old basalt emblems were very different from the scrawls on limestone, which had the same original forms, was not at first evident. George Smith, who had discovered, at Carchemish, many of these valuable texts, and Francois Lenormant, who had begun to study the question in earnest, both died too soon. Professor Sayce is the only student of first-class acquirements who has since made much of the matter.

Substantial agreement, however, at last being slowly attained on the important points. The fact that the hieroglyphics are to be read as syllables, not as an alphabet, that they are of Hittite origin, that the Hittites were an Altaic people, and even that the language is akin to the Akkadian, is beginning to be established. It is established, also, that the names of the gods occur on these hieroglyphic texts and that some, if not all as yet known, are magical or religious incantations. To discover the meaning of such inscriptions, when the language and the actual meaning of each symbol are alike unknown, by aid of nothing more than a short bilingual of six words, is evidently a task of no little difficulty. But it is not impossible; and if followed on scientific principles, with patience and a mind open to the objections of others, it must in the

end yield, as other problems have yielded, to the labor of the student. The Etruscan remains, not less than those of the Akkadians, will serve to throw new light on the subject; and the recent discovery of a common origin for the hieroglyphics of Egypt and Babylonia shows us that Egyptian also will serve to assist in the interpretation of the Hittite script. The doubtful results of cuneiform research will be controlled by comparisons with many living languages; and so, after centuries of growth, centuries of civilization, centuries of decay, and long periods of neglect, the old Tatar race of Asia and of Southern Europe begins once more to take its place in the history of the world.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

BYZANTINE PALACES.

HITHERTO those who have described the ceremonies and pageants of the Byzantine court, the imperial processions from the palaces to St. Sophia, the scenes in the hippodrome, and the popular demonstrations in the Augusteion, have been content to do so without giving any topographical description of the buildings in which those events took place. The recent work, therefore, of M. Paspate, which deals minutely with the subject,* is of extreme value as opening out for us a new field for research, which when followed up will add life and reality to the complex facts related by Gibbon, and before him by Constantine Porphyrogenetos,

* *Ta Byzantina Anaktora, kai ta perix auton*. With a Plan. By A. G. Paspate. Athens, 1885.

our most trustworthy authority on Byzantine imperial life. The difficulties which attended M. Paspate in his patient investigations have deterred others from attempting this work. The Turks who inhabit the squalid houses which cover a great portion of the hill of palaces objected to intrusion; the archæologist could only penetrate these narrow alleys at the risk of being pelted with stones, rotten eggs, and other objectionable missiles. But two events encourage M. Paspate to persevere: one was the building of the University in 1848, which disclosed the position of several disputed sites in the Augusteion; and secondly the cutting of the Tarracian railway in 1872, right through the wall of the old palaces: these discoveries gave him sufficient data to go upon, "beacon lights," as he calls them, "to guide me in this labyrinth."

Before accompanying M. Paspate within the walls which enclosed the hill of palaces, or, as he calls it, the "Acropolis of Byzantium," we will see what he has to say about that large open space which existed immediately before it, and was called the Augusteion, the centre of popular life in those days, and adorned with statues and objects of art. It was an oblong space lying between the hippodrome and the wall of the palaces, and shut off from the town on the north by St. Sophia; the southern boundary is a little uncertain, but M. Paspate considers that its whole length was about 520 yards, and its uniform width 138 yards. It was adorned with palaces, statues, tiny churches, and works of Hellenic art collected from all

parts of Greece and Asia: to-day it is covered with the mosque of Sultan Achmed Dar el Phorinoun and small Turkish houses. M. Paspate says:

"All this space, the ornaments and ruins of which have long been destroyed or removed to adorn other buildings, is now covered with dark and noisome workshops, public and private buildings which are visited rarely by strangers, and by natives under the greatest difficulties and with the greatest persuasion; the stupid inhabitants look on with derision, whilst children throw stones at those who give their attention to such things."

The earlier buildings of this place, and all the wondrous works of art which it contained, were destroyed by the great fire in Justinian's reign (532 A.D.) It was originally a place where cooks and costermongers vended their wares, and where the inhabitants danced on festive occasions; but Justinian drove away the cooks, raised up magnificent buildings thereon, and paved it with marble. Through the open space between the buildings, commonly referred to as "the middle" by Byzantine writers, the emperor passed on his visits to and from St. Sophia, and in it he held his receptions of all the city deputies, and heard their complaints. It is curious that there is greater ease in placing the "minor monuments of the Augusteion," as M. Paspate calls them, than the greater ones. Most of these stood by the side of the hippodrome. To the north, near St. Sophia, was the *Milion*, originally a simple post from which distances in miles were measured, over which was afterwards raised a "square building with seven marble pillars on steps supporting a dome," and called the chamber

of the Milion. Here the emperor always stopped to receive deputations on his way from St. Sophia; here were memorial columns, according to Codinos, to Constantine the Great, St. Helena, Sophia the wife of Justin the Thracian, and others; on this building were stuck up the heads of malefactors who had been executed. During the excavations in 1848 for the foundations of the University, a square building with seven pillars and arches was disclosed; this at once established a satisfactory basis on which to start a topographical plan of the western side of this agora.

Immediately to the south of the Milion are the large foundations on which stood the statue of Justinian. The following account of it is given by M. Paspate:

"Some time ago, the barbarians despoiled this statue of Justinian: they took from it the gilded brass ornaments which adorned it. Thirty years ago, the statue fell from the column which supported it. Now the base has been turned into a fountain; the statue itself was taken off and shut up in one of the rooms of the sultan's palace, but has lately been carried off to the furnace, where they cast implements of war. The calf of the leg of Justinian exceeded my own height, the nose was more than nine times the length of one of my fingers. I was unable to measure the feet of the horse as they lay on the ground; however, without the Turks seeing me, I was able to ascertain that one of Justinian's toenails was five times the length of one of my fingers."

Attached to this colossal statue was the oratory of St. Constantine, often alluded to in Byzantine history as a spot where the emperors used to worship on stated occasions. During the excavation of

1848 the base of the silver statue of Endoxia was found—the empress about whom we read so much in the life of Chrysostom, and whose anger at being denounced by him was the cause of his exile. On the base of this statue was an inscription in Greek and Latin: it was, curiously enough, discovered on the northern side of the Augusteion, at some distance from the spot where the evidence of writers who saw it has placed it. So M. Paspate is inclined to think that the base had been removed during some popular demonstration, and accordingly places it between the statue of Justinian and the church of the two horses.

Nicephorus the Phocian, before he ascended the throne, set up in the Augusteion a roofless temple, dedicated it to St. Phocas, and near it placed two stone horses, which gave it the name of the church of the two horses. We have a description of a revolt in 1184, in which the followers of the emperor Alexius took up their position in the church, and shot with their arrows at the soldiers of the emperor John, who had taken up their position in the Milion. Close behind the Turkish University M. Paspate has discovered ruins of Byzantine walls with low doorways, into which the owner of the house, despite all his persuasions, will never allow him to penetrate. From the facts above mentioned, M. Paspate considers these to be the ruins of the church of the two horses: it is within easy bowshot of the Milion, and the only building which could have given protection to soldiers, unless they had occupied St. Sophia itself. Thus we have a

fair picture of what this side of the great agora was like.

With regard to the eastern side just beneath the wall of the palaces, M. Paspate cannot give us so satisfactory a description. He has been unable to find any traces whatever of the patriarch's palace, of the old council hall, and of the baths of Zenxippos, but he holds out tempting promises to those archæologists who may be fortunate enough to live in times when bigoted Turks will not inhabit the densely crowded abodes which cover the sites of those buildings. Meanwhile, all that M. Paspate could do was to collect the mentions made of these buildings by Byzantine writers, and assign them the most probable positions after carefully weighing the evidence. In so doing he had one advantage over former writers on this subject, for he knew the exact course of the wall of the palace which was behind these buildings. He first places the church of the Virgin of the Brass-vendors to the north of this eastern side of the Angusteion, close beneath the walls of the palaces and near the great gate of Chalki. Here the emperors generally heard a liturgy before they proceeded to St. Sophia itself, and the often mentioned wooden staircase connected it with St. Sophia, so that the imperial family when so disposed might attend service in private. A wooden door still existing, but now always closed, on the east side of St. Sophia, M. Paspate considers was in connection with this staircase, "for it is the only entrance, according to the nature of the ground, which

could be approached by a staircase."

The patriarch's palace was outside the palace walls, and in the Angusteion. M. Paspate, from passages which allude to the proximity of this palace to the gate of Chalki, places it just to the south of the church of the Brass-vendors, through which the patriarch used to pass. Then this palace had a large garden, which a Russian monk, writing in 1203, tells us contained "all kinds of peas, melons, and pears, of which the emperors partook." This garden M. Paspate places as dividing the patriarch's palace from the only remaining buildings of the Angusteion about which there is any uncertainty, namely the council hall and the baths of Zenxippos. These magnificent buildings must, therefore, according to all authorities, have occupied the only remaining space namely the south-east corner. Between the buildings and the wall of the palace ran a narrow street or alley spoken of by Byzantine writers as the "passage of Achilles." Both the walls of the hippodrome and of the palace were kept free from buildings by narrow passages, so that their value from a strategical point of view might not be interfered with.

Having taken a glance at the large agora which occupied the space before the palace walls, we will now turn to the more important part of M. Paspate's work, namely the topography of the palaces themselves. As was stated above, M. Paspate owes the groundwork of his plan to the discovery of the walls themselves by the cutting for the Thracian railway,

which was begun in 1870, and which passed along the whole extent of the acropolis on which the old palace stood. By the discoveries then brought to light all former speculations as to the topography of the palaces were confuted, and M. Paspate had to start from entirely fresh data, unknown to M. Labarte and others; but whereas previous writers have only given their ideas on the subject as speculative, and looked upon the task of discovering the exact position of the palaces as all but hopeless, M. Paspate has been able to state facts and to place certain points beyond a doubt, which has enabled him to give satisfactory suggestions with regard to the others. He thus prefaces his account of the palaces:

"I am now about to describe other ruins, some of which are fortunately preserved to this day, which will act as beacons to guide us to the true topography of the surrounding buildings. I do not doubt that still in this wide space which the old palaces occupied are preserved under the houses and in the gardens of the Turkish inhabitants ancient ruins which will throw light on our history, when it is permitted to visit and study them. Others yet to come will doubtless describe better than I can do the position of the palaces, but unfortunately the ruins are being daily pulled down and sold by the poor possessors with the full knowledge of their sluggish rulers."

A few years before the commencement of the Thracian railway a great fire destroyed the palaces of the sultan which stood on the shores of Bosphorus. Others were built as they now stand, and the first work of the navvies for the new line was to remove the *débris* of the ruined palaces, cut down the old trees and shrubs

from the gardens, and in so doing they laid bare a great portion of the wall which encircled the ancient palaces, and "furthermore," adds M. Paspate, "those who desired to study these points could do so without being driven away by eunuchs and armed guards."

The excavations of the workmen first brought to light, near the gate which was anciently named after St. Barbara, the ruins of a church dedicated to the martyr Demetrins, often referred to by Byzantine historians, which the house of Paleologi had profusely decorated. Close to this were found remnants of the ancient Greek cyclopean wall which ran along the shore, and on the top of which the Byzantine emperors had placed the eastern wall of their palace enclosure. A short distance from this sea wall, under a little cliff, the workmen disclosed the wonderfully solid vaults of the Boukoleon palace, in which lay, as if shaken by an earthquake, heaps of marble pillars and capitals. These subterranean vaults consisted of two distinct chambers connected by a passage. In the lower one near the sea, but few remnants of pillars and capitals were found, and the walls resembled those of a cave more than a vault made by human hands; it is now used as a habitation for the Armenian railway operatives; but in the inner vault the workmen loosened from their hiding place some pillars with beautiful work upon them, and two slabs three yards long by one yard four inches wide, one of which had on it two heads of life size, one the head of an ox, the other of a lion; heads of a similar nature appeared on small-

er fragments. This was an additional proof that these were the vaults of the Boukoleon palace (derived, according to some, from *bucca leonis*, according to others from *bous* and *leon*), which all Byzantine authors agree in placing down by the shore. These vaults are often referred to as being used as prisons, and close to this spot was the harbor of Boukoleon, where the emperors generally embarked, doubtless making use of the passage which led down to the sea.

Before visiting the central palaces, M. Paspate takes us to the ruins of some outlying buildings, on or adjoining the walls which he identifies with the often mentioned *noumera*; at the southwestern corner of the palace walls, and almost resting on them, is what M. Paspate calls a Byzantine street, now converted into dwellings for Turks, which have escaped the notice of archaeologists from their extreme squalor and difficulty of approach.

"I grieve" (he says) "to have been unable to examine these ruins as I could have wished, because I was stoned by boys and insulted by women, and the friendly Turk who went with me could not spare much time."

These buildings are constructed on walls made out of huge blocks of stone, remnants of the most ancient wall which encircled the acropolis. From the road the inhabitants descend three or four steps to their entrance, proving that this road, like all those around the palaces, has been raised by the accumulation of *debris*. Each house consists of one very firmly built domed chamber, which is divided into two stories by a wooden floor; on the ground floor the workpeople

have their shops, and in the upper room the family live in great squalor, and lighted only by tiny windows in a space only ten yards long. These buildings M. Paspate believes to have been the ancient *noumera* built by Constantine the Great, as Codinos and others tell us, between the brazen gate and the gate of the dogs, and close to the baths of Zeuxippos, from which it was separated only by a wall, so that it was often confounded with that building and called "the prisons of Zenxippos," for the *noumera* was at one time used as a prison, and at another time as lodgings for servants at the palace. If this supposition be correct, it would place the baths of Zenxippos at the south-west extremity of the Angesteion, adjoining these buildings which occupy this angle of the palace walls. To the north of these houses, M. Paspate found the remains of an old Byzantine gateway in the walls, close to which in 1877 were also found two marble pillars.

The workmen on the Thracian railway also disclosed to view the ancient Carian gate, a domed building resting on four marble pillars, which was accurately described by Choniates as the one by which Andronicus fled (1183), and which had been standing for centuries in the seclusion of an Ottoman garden unknown to the world. Unfortunately the course of the railway rendered necessary the destruction of this interesting relic of the past. Also another gate, spoken of as the "eastern gate" in history, was discovered: it was the one from which Constantine addressed the crowd to assure them of his safety.

A. M. Paspate says, "without an intimate knowledge of the palaces and their windings and bypaths, most of the historical facts of Byzantine history must appear like confused statements." With the aid of the above-mentioned discoveries and an intimate knowledge of the historical facts, M. Paspate has been unable to unravel much of the mystery which has hitherto hung around this hill of palaces; but perhaps the most important clue to an accurate topography of the immediate vicinity of the palaces was afforded by the discovery M. Paspate has made of the ancient pharos or lighthouse which stood on the cliff above the Bonkoleon palace, and was in close connection with the palaces behind it.

Proceeding to the north-east of the building, which he considers to have been the *noumera*, M. Paspate saw standing in an open and deserted spot a big Byzantine building three stories in height, and even now beautiful in its ruins; it was surrounded by a garden full of Byzantine remains, marbles beautifully sculptured, and capitals of pillars. The sole occupant of this building was an old Turk, very decrepit and poor; a small mat and a few cooking utensils represented all his worldly goods; but this Turk was kindly disposed to the archæologist, and the student of Byzantine topography undoubtedly owes him a large debt of gratitude, for, contrary to the custom of his race, he was glad to see M. Paspate whenever he came, and was never tired of showing him the nooks and corners of his quaint abode. Furthermore, he provided M. Paspate with candles and

matches, and sent him all by himself through an old disused door into extensive vaults beneath, the existence of which had been known hitherto to this old Turk alone.

The position of the three-storied building on the height in front of the palaces left no doubt in M. Paspate's mind that it was the ancient lighthouse from which in ancient days beacon-fires were lighted answering those from the neighboring heights. The view from the top M. Paspate found exceedingly comprehensive, including the opposite coastline of Asia Minor: Scutari, Chalcedon, and the mountains as far as Olympus were visible. From its extreme solidity, and perhaps from its usefulness, this building has been preserved, whilst the nest of palaces behind it has been entirely destroyed. Close to it M. Paspate found the ruins of a little Byzantine church, doubtless the Madonna of the lighthouse, so often alluded to by Byzantine historians as the favorite worshipping place for the imperial family, for it was connected with the great palace of Chrysotriklinos which stood just behind it, and where the emperor generally resided.

Under the pharos, Theophanes tells us, was the treasure room of the emperors, which was also used as a robing room. Procopius further describes these vaults as "exceedingly safe and labyrinthine, like unto Tartarus." Into these vaults M. Paspate often descended alone and with friends, and there can exist no doubt whatever that here the emperors kept their priceless gems and treasures, which were exhibited on stated occasions in the hall of the palaces behind,

There are still a few other ruins which M. Paspate has carefully examined, and which we will consider before proceeding to the site of the palaces themselves. Some of these lie along the western wall of the palaces near the gateway which was anciently called *monothoros*; these he considers to be the ruins of the public banqueting hall (*Aristeterion*) where the emperors entertained their guests. Contemporary writers place it near this wall and gate, and as additional proof M. Paspate states that the present Turkish name of the street in which these ruins are is *Arista Sokage* — *Arista* not being a Turkish word at all. In some instances the Turks have translated Greek names into their own language, the hippodrome for example; and in other cases they have preserved a corruption of the ancient nomenclature.

To the north of the lighthouse and a considerable distance from where the central palaces stood, M. Paspate found the ruins of a very extensive building surrounded and almost hidden by squalid Turkish cottages. Now this was about the position where once stood the splendid Manara palace, on ground slightly higher than the site of the other palaces which Constantine built "to the north of the church of our Lord and at some distance from his other palace." From contemporary writers we gather that the Manara had two stories, and M. Paspate found traces of two stories on this extensive building. The Manara had vaults underneath it, and so has this; and as a curious and additional piece of evidence M. Paspate mentions that

the inhabitants told him that these ruins were formerly pigsties, and the banqueting hall called *Delphakion*, or pigsty, was either a portion of or close to the Manara palace. In this place the emperor was wont to converse with the people on the second day of the first week of Lent, exhorting them to the fear of God and the rigid observance of their fast; on other occasions the people were here assembled to listen to addresses from the throne. — On the eastern side were three chambers and four large pillars raised on steps; in one of these chambers the emperor robed on his reception days, and then was seated on the golden throne at the top of the steps, whilst the people knelt in homage in the body of the hall.

In this palace the election of patriarchs took place, and from the steps the emperor proclaimed his choice from the three candidates sent up to him by the electoral college, with these words: "Divine grace and our empire has chosen so and so." Porphyrogenetos gives us an account of the fabulous wealth and adornment of this palace. Here was kept the so-called throne of Solomon of exceeding beauty and weight, and in front of the throne was the tree of gilded brass, the leaves of which were full of brass and gilded birds of every description, which sang in notes made to suit the species of each; on either side of the throne stood gilded lions, which bellowed and opened their mouths by machinery.

Byzantine history is full of accounts of gorgeous receptions which took place in this palace. Theophilos here assembled the

people shortly before his death, when he was wasted by disease and scarce able to speak, to recommend to them his wife and son Michael; royal marriages were solemnized here; and here ambassadors were received from the Saracens and other nations. The accounts of the robes worn by the attendants on this palace, and the decorations of the various halls strike us, almost more than anything else, with the unbounded magnificence displayed by the eastern empire during its declining days.

In his description and topography of the central palaces, M. Paspate has excellent data to go upon. Starting from the eastern wall and the pharos on the hill above, as from ascertained facts, he has not much difficulty in filling up the space which intervened between the pharos and the eastern wall of the Augusteion. He first takes the palace of Chrysotriklinos — “the golden hall” which, we are frequently told, stood just behind and in close connection with the pharos and its subterranean vaults — but unfortunately the site which it must have occupied is now entirely covered with *debris*. The pharos was a kind of point or conclusion to this tightly packed mass of buildings — all of them detached and constructed not as European palaces are to-day, in a solid mass, but spread over a large area, some being erected by Constantine and others by his successors, without any regard for plan or symmetry. Amongst them were dotted innumerable little churches and oratories, at which many of the ceremo-

nies took place. In fact, this hall must have been covered with a perfect labyrinth of architectural and decorative beauty.

The Chrysotriklinos is the building which of all the imperial palaces is most celebrated, and is often called “the palace” to distinguish it from the other buildings; and from the writings of Porphyrogenetos we learn a great deal concerning it. It was built by Justin II., the nephew of Justinian, in 578, and consisted of eight semicircular chambers connected together in one central dome, which rested on pillars and had eight lights let into it. The imperial throne stood in one of the chambers, and on each side were the thrones for other emperors and empresses when more than one sovereign reigned in Constantinople. Adjoining this golden hall was an open space reserved for magistrates, patricians, and others who stood awaiting an audience if the weather was fine; but if not, they were permitted to enter the chamber itself. To the east of the golden chamber was the lobby or oratory of St. Theodore, where the emperors robed; this was shut off by curtains, and in it was kept the so-called rod of Moses. The lobby to the right of the throne had a door which led to the emperor's private apartments, and in the lobby opposite to it stood those who were in attendance on the emperor.

From the writings of Theophilos we learn much interesting matter concerning the decorations and procedure in this marvellous palace. Above, on the roof of the eastern arch was the mosaic representation of the Almighty in

human form, a great object of reverence in the eastern church. Before the throne was another golden tree, in which "birds, worked by some musical contrivance, sang when air was introduced into them through pipes." In the centre of the hall was a great oblong golden table, at the upper end of which sat the emperor and the patriarch facing east; opposite them, and at smaller tables, sat those who were summoned to attend at the private councils of the emperor. The golden hall had its own special set of attendants, who looked after the robes and valuable ornaments which were kept there, and who attended the courtiers when they were invited to a repast, on which occasion only five dined at the emperor's table, the rest being served on smaller tables placed about the hall; to the emperor's left was the place of dignity, usually occupied by the patriarch. One of the eight lobbies was devoted entirely to the regalia and the golden ornaments with which the hall was adorned; glass slabs of many colors were placed as decoration on the walls, artificial flowers and many-colored leaves in silver circles. The servants for the week, called the *chrysoklinitoi*, very early on each morning brought out from the oratory of St. Theodore the *skaramangion*, or ordinary robe in which the emperor appeared, and placed it on a chair outside the silver gates. At the first hour the head servant came, holding the key of the gate, and knocked thrice at the emperor's door; as soon as the order was given, the robbers entered the private chamber, or "sacred chamber"

as it was called, to dress his imperial highness.

Out of the golden hall, silver gates and steps led into the *tripeton*, a large hall open to the air, which acted as a sort of vestibule, and was entered from the passage of Lausiakos, which separated the buildings around the Chrysotriklinos from the other palaces. All we know of the *tripeton* was that it contained a clock and a musical instrument, and through it the emperor passed by a door into his private banqueting hall to the right, which, according to Porphyrogenetos, had a large silver table and a great and wonderfully wrought chandelier of silver hanging over the same; through this room by a door opposite to the one leading out of the *tripeton* was entered the "new chamber," a hall which Basil the Macedonian added to the buildings of the Chrysotriklinos; it was a vaulted chamber supported by sixteen pillars, eight of green Thessalian stone, six of onyx, which the sculptor had beautified with bunches of grapes and all sorts of animals, and the remaining two were ornamented with scrolls; the upper part of these pillars was adorned with lovely mosaics. On the roof were depicted in mosaic the labors of Basil, and the burdens and toils of warfare which his subjects had borne. In the centre of the floor was a stone peacock ornamented with mosaics, and at the four angles of the building were four eagles also covered with mosaics. Many-colored glass slabs ornamented the walls, representing different flowers, and on the outer walls were represented Basil and his wife Eudoxia in imperial rai-

ment; by the side of their parents stood their children holding books, and around the roof ran on a scroll a prayer of the parents on behalf of their children, and a thanksgiving from the children for the grandeur which the Almighty had vouchsafed to bestow on their parents.

To the right of this hall was the so-called "long hall," which led to the door whence the church of the pharos was entered. This served as an antechamber to the imperial private apartments, and in it the servants for the week remained on watch; by the side of the door leading into the emperor's sleeping room stood a large porphyry bowl supported by marble pillars, into which water flowed out of the mouth of a silver eagle, looking sideways and treading a twisted snake under its feet. The emperor's private room had three doors, one into the "new chamber," another into the emperor's room, and another into the long hall; hence the arrangement of these rooms of the Chrysotriklinos is very easily ascertained. The emperor, when dressed, generally came forth into the long hall, and proceeded through the door which led from it to the church of the pharos. In this church the emperors were crowned, and the treasures contained therein were innumerable. The ruins of this sacred edifice M. Paspate claims to have found adjoining the lighthouse and in the old Turk's garden. Side by side with it was the temple of St. Demetrios; a door led from one into the other, and when occasion required the emperor to attend service there, he passed through the long chamber,

and through the church of the pharos.

Such may be said to have been the central palace of the Byzantine emperors which was separated from all others by narrow passages, notably the passage of Lausiakos, dividing it on the western side from the other palaces which covered the space between it and the walls of the Augusteion. The nearest of these to the Chrysotriklinos was the Triconchos, or palace of the three shells, so called from its three semicircular apses. Here on Christmas day the patriarch and other leading men came to greet their sovereign. The central of the three apses was supported by four pillars of Roman marble, whilst the others faced obliquely inwards. The western arch had two pillars to support it, and was entered by three gates, two of tempered bronze and one coated with silver. The roof was gilded. On passing through the western gates of the Triconchos, another covered palace was entered, called the *Sigma*, from its C-shaped form (as the Byzantines wrote it), the walls of which were decorated with many-colored marbles, and the roof was supported by fifteen pillars of a stone called *dokiminos*. Beneath this was a chamber of similar shape and size, supported by seventeen pillars, and paved with what was called pepper stone. The northern apse of this chamber was called the *mysterion*, as any one who whispered on the wall could be heard nearly all round. This lower chamber was principally used as a treasure house for the imperial court.

A building adjoining the Sigma

was known as "the mysterious bowl of the-Sigma." It was a domed building, by which access was gained from the Augusteion into the palaces, and where many people were collected during Holy Week and at other festivals for receptions. It had no roof, and once we are told that, on account of severe winds and much snow in winter, the usual reception had to take place in the adjoining Triconchos palace. In the centre was a large bowl from which the building took its name, and at the time of the receptions this bowl was filled with nuts, almonds, and pine-apples, for the refreshment of the guests. The emperor sat on a gilded throne to receive the homage of the people who stood on the western side of the large mysterious bowl. Why it was mysterious we do not know; but it is invariably alluded to as such, and evidently possessed properties of a well-established nature, which the historians have not thought it necessary to mention. After the emperor had left the hall the guests danced around the bowl, forming linked circles after the fashion which still prevails amongst their Greek descendants. This hall was the last of the connected row of palaces between the pharos and the Augusteion. In the large open space between them and the southern wall by which, according to M. Paspate, the *noumera* stood, there were many buildings of a minor nature. Three of these are frequently mentioned; namely, the *kamelas*, with its six columns of Thessalian stone supporting a gilded roof, and adorned with statuary around holding fruit; the *mesopatos*, where the imperial library was

kept; and the emperor's robe room, which had beneath it a vault supported by seven pillars of Parian marble, doubtless again a treasure room. In this space, too, there were several of those tiny little churches, gems of Byzantine architecture, where the emperors worshipped on particular feast days; and then between these buildings and the wall of the Augusteion were the two private hippodromes of the palace, so often confounded by writers with the great public hippodrome outside the palatial precincts. One was covered, and the other uncovered for fine weather. "The hippodromes in the palace," says Porphyrogennetos, "are so called because in them the imperial family are wont to exercise themselves and ride on horseback."

To the north of the Sigma and Triconchos palaces, and separated from them by the narrow "passage of Daphne," there stood a large number of palaces, the most noteworthy being the palaces of the Daphne, so called, says Codinos, "because here stood a *stèle*, which was the most prophetic Daphne of Apollo." The hall of the Daphne and the octagon dome of the Daphne are two very celebrated centres of Byzantine history; they were surrounded by other halls and chambers, and had many tiny churches adjoining them.

Again, to the north of the Daphne palaces, and opening into the street of Achilles, stood the celebrated "hall of the nineteen couches," a palace perhaps more frequently alluded to in Byzantine history than any other. Here at Eastertide the lords of the palace assembled and gave each other the

kiss of peace; here at the feast of lights of Epiphany the emperor summoned the patriarch to receive his embrace, whilst the courtiers and accompanying bishops stood to the right and the left. In the centre of this chamber on the golden couch, called "the couch of woe," the bodies of deceased emperors and empresses were placed prior to their burial, and here the clergy of St. Sophia and those bidden to the funerals assembled to accompany the corpses. Porphyrogennetos describes how splendid feasts were given here by the emperor, and how two Goths sang before the guests in the Gothic tongue, "to us inexplicable and hard to understand." At these festivals members of the white faction sat on the left, whilst those of the green were on the right; the couches were against the wall, and in the centre was a wide open space, where Goths and other entertainers of the feasters danced and sang. The large number of guests invited to the imperial festivities and here entertained at a banquet, attests the size of this hall. It was customary in this hall to provide couches, and not seats as was usually done at other banquets, for the guests, and they reclined at table after the fashion of their ancestors.

Adjoining the hall of the nineteen couches was the great entrance to the palaces from the Augusteion known as the Chalki, from its roof of gilded bronze. The emperor and courtiers generally made use of this entrance when going in or out of the palace walls, but none save the emperor was allowed to enter it on horseback. Eight arches sup-

ported the three domes, four the central and highest, two the northern, and two the southern; the roof was covered with inscriptions, and the walls with mosaic representations of Justinian's victory over Belisarius, the capture of cities in Italy and Libya, and in the centre of these mural decorations were the emperor himself and his queen Theodora surrounded by courtiers and in regal state. From the Chalki two gates opened into the Augusteion, one large and one small, and at these gates the emperor held many receptions, more especially at the large iron gate which was the principal entrance to his palace. We are told that the decorations of this porch were very beautiful, but all we know of its contents is that the emperor Zeno here put up a memorial tablet to himself and his wife, and that on the left stood four columns, which Codinos tells us were brought from the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Having thus conducted us through the various halls and palaces collected together on this hill, besides an infinite number of smaller buildings, churches, and so forth; which we cannot enumerate here, M. Paspate borrows from Porphyrogennetos an account of an imperial procession to St. Sophia to illustrate these several buildings; and this we will summarize here, so that a more complete picture of the pageants which graced the Byzantine court may be obtained.

On the vigil of a great feast, the *prepositi* (all eunuchs) came to the Chrysotriklinos to remind the emperor of the impending feast, and to consult him about the proce-

dure of the morrow, that they might give instructions to the two demarchs, and to the directors and servants who superintended the many branches of this labyrinthine pile of buildings; likewise it was their duty to intimate to the city magistrates that they should see to the cleansing of the streets by which the procession should pass, and to decorate them with daphne, cedar, and other sweet-smelling flowers.

Very early on the morning of the feast, the *prepositi* and other attendants assembled outside the Chrysotriklinos in the *tripeton*, and waited till the big gate was thrown open, when they were admitted inside and took up their position on seats provided for them in one of the lobbies. Meanwhile the chamberlain hurried off to the oratory of St. Theodore to fetch the rod of Moses, and the robbers went to fetch the imperial investments from the chest in which they were kept; the shield-bearers were sent down into the subterranean vault to bring up "the arms, the shields, the spears, and the diadem which was to be used in this procession," and these, together with the robes to be worn in St. Sophia, were taken and deposited in the octagon of the Daphne.

When all the preparations were concluded, the emperor came out of his private sleeping apartment dressed in the *scaramangion*, and at once proceeded to commence his devotions by offering up a prayer before the picture of the Almighty in the Chrysotriklinos, and then, accompanied by the *prepositi* and robed in the golden *sangia* (a garment which came down to the

knees), he proceeded to the Sigma palace, where all the courtiers were assembled to meet him and join in the procession. The first order of the day was to worship in the small churches which we have seen, lay to the south of the Sigma palace, close to the imperial hippodrome; at each of these the emperor lighted a candle, handed to him by the *prepositi*, and said a prayer. When these devotions were concluded, he went to the octagon of the Daphne, accompanied only by the robbers, to put on his public robes, and having said another prayer in the church of St. Stephen—which adjoined the octagon—he entered the hall of the Daphne, there to await the patriarch's deputy, who brought the order of the day as arranged by the patriarch for the ceremony in St. Sophia. When this was received, the emperor again entered the octagon, and a *prepositus* in a loud voice again summoned the robbers to place the diadem on the imperial head, and thus arrayed in his splendid robes and his crown the emperor passed through a number of adjoining rooms, in each of which public functionaries were waiting to greet him; in one he was greeted by the admirals and officers of the fleet, in another by the generals and officers of the army, in another by the first secretary and notaries, and in each hall and church the procession stopped to worship the relics and pictures there exhibited.

On reaching the hall of nineteen couches the emperor found all the officers of the palace, the sceptre-bearers, and a large assemblage of distinguished people marshalled to

the right and left, and holding golden ornaments, ready to do him homage, besides all the deputies from foreign nations, Saracens, Franks, and Bulgarians. After this gorgeous reception in the hall of the nineteen couches, the procession advanced towards the gate of Chalki, in the vestibule of which the emperor found the physicians on the right and the wrestlers on the left assembled to wish that "God may grant him many and good years," and at the gate itself were gathered together a large group of musicians singing hymns and playing instruments in his honor. On issuing forth out of the gate the emperor was met by the deputies of the two factions of the white and the green in the street of Achilles, and having duly received them, the whole line of the procession was formed, and headed by the emperor proceeded to the church of St. Sophia, where the patriarch awaited him. On entering the sacred edifice the attendants removed the crown from the imperial head, and accompanied by the patriarch the emperor went to perform his devotions.

After the gorgeous ceremony in the cathedral was concluded, the emperor proceeded to the Milion, where another reception of city deputies took place, after which the procession went up and down the open space in the middle of the Augusteion, and returned to the gate of Chalki, where the emperor bade adieu to a portion of his followers; but in the hall of the nineteen couches and in the respective rooms in which he had first met them, he parted with the other portions of his retinue. He

was unrobed of his vestments and his crown was removed in the octagon of the Daphne, and accompanied only by the palace officials he retired to the Chrysotriklinos, where they wished that "God might grant him and his kingdom many and good years," and left him in peace. Before finally retiring to his own private room the emperor worshipped once more before the great picture of the Almighty, and then the ceremony was over.

Such was the religious festival in the palace which took place on Easter Sunday, Pentecost, the Transfiguration, Christmas day, and the feast of lights. Of the numerous minor festivals and processions within the palace walls, Porphyrogennetos gives a minute account, which is of great value in enabling us to understand the topography, and constantly referred to by M. Paspate in support of his statements concerning the position of each building; hence it is not likely that further excavations, when they can be made, will do much to disturb the admirably worked-out plan M. Paspate appends to his interesting volume.—THEODORE BENT, in the *English Historical Review*.

WHITMANIA.

THE remarkable American rhapsodist who has inoculated a certain number of English readers and writers with the singular form of ethical and æsthetic rabies for which his name supplies the proper medical term of definition, is usually regarded by others than Whit-

maniacs as simply a blatant quack—a vehement and emphatic dunce, of incomparable vanity and volubility, inconceivable pretensions, and incompetence. That such is by no means altogether my own view I need scarcely take the trouble to protest. Walt Whitman has written some pages to which I have before now given praise enough to exonerate me, I should presume, from any charge of prejudice or prepossession against a writer whose claims to occasional notice and occasional respect no man can be less desirous to dispute than I am.

Nor should I have thought it necessary to comment on the symptoms of a disorder which happily is not likely to become epidemic in an island or on a continent not utterly barren of poetry, had the sufferers not given such painfully singular signs of inability to realize a condition only too obvious to the compassionate bystander. While the preachers or the proselytes of the gospel according to Whitman were content to admit that he was either no poet at all, or the only poet who had ever been born into this world—that those who accepted him were bound to reject all others as nullities—they had at least the merit of irrefragable logic; they could claim at least the credit of indisputable consistency. But when other gods or godlings are accepted as participants in the divine nature; when his temple is transformed into a pantheon, and a place assigned his godhead a little beneath Shakespeare, a little above Dante, or cheek by jowl with Homer; when Isaiah and Æschylus, for anything we know, may be admit-

ted to a greater or lesser share in his incommunicable and indivisible supremacy—then, indeed, it is high time to enter a strenuous and (if it be possible) a serious protest. The first apostles alone were the depositories of the pure and perfect evangel: these later and comparatively heterodox disciples have adulterated and debased the genuine metal of absolute, coherent, unalloyed and unqualified nonsense.

To the better qualities discernible in the voluminous and incoherent effusions of Walt Whitman it should not be difficult for any reader not unduly exasperated by the rabid idiocy of the Whitmaniacs to do full and ample justice: for these qualities are no less simple and obvious than laudable and valuable. A just enthusiasm, a genuine passion of patriotic and imaginative sympathy, a sincere though limited and distorted love of nature, an eager and earnest faith in freedom and in loyalty—in the loyalty that can only be born of liberty; a really manful and a nobly rational tone of mind with regard to the crowning questions of duty and of death; these excellent qualities of emotion and reflection find here and there a not inadequate expression in a style of rhetoric not always flatulent or inharmonious. Originality of matter or of manner, of structure or of thought, it would be equally difficult for any reader not endowed with a quite exceptional gift of ignorance or of hebetude to discover in any part of Mr. Whitman's political or ethical or physical or proverbial philosophy. But he has said wise and noble things upon such simple and eternal subjects

as life and death, pity and enmity, friendship and fighting; and even the intensely conventional nature of its elaborate and artificial simplicity should not be allowed, by a magnanimous and candid reader, too absolutely to eclipse the genuine energy and the occasional beauty of his feverish and convulsive style of writing.

All this may be cordially conceded by the lovers of good work in any kind, however imperfect, incomplete, and infirm; and more than this the present writer at any rate most assuredly never intended to convey by any tribute of sympathy or admiration which may have earned for him the wholly unmerited honor of an imaginary enlistment in the noble army of Whitmaniacs. He has therefore no palinode to chant, no recantation to intone; for if it seems and is unreasonable to attribute a capacity of thought to one who has never given any sign of thinking, a faculty of song to one who has never shown ability to sing, it must be remembered, on the other hand, that such qualities of energetic emotion and sonorous expressions as distinguish the happier moments and the more sincere inspirations of such writers as Whitman or as Byron have always, in common parlance, been allowed to pass muster and do duty for the faculty of thinking or the capacity of singing. Such an use of common terms is doubtless inaccurate and inexact, if judged by the "just but severe law" of logical definition or of mathematical precision: but such abuse or misuse of plain words is generally understood as conveying no more than a conventional import

such as may be expressed by the terms with which we subscribe an ordinary letter, or by the formula through which we decline an untimely visit. Assuredly I never have meant to imply what most assuredly I never have said—that I regarded Mr. Whitman as a poet or a thinker in the proper sense; the sense in which the one term is applicable to Coleridge or to Shelley, the other to Bacon or to Mill. Whoever may have abdicated his natural right, as a being not born without a sense of music or a sense of reason, to protest against the judgment which discerns in *Childe Harold* or in *Drum-Taps* a masterpiece of imagination and expression, of intelligence or of song, I never have abdicated mine. The highest literary quality discoverable in either book is rhetoric: and very excellent rhetoric in either case it sometimes is; what it is at other times I see no present necessity to say. But Whitmaniacs and Byronites have yet to learn that if rhetoric were poetry John Bright would be a poet at least equal to John Milton, Demosthenes to Sophocles, and Cicero to Catullus.

Poetry may be something more—I certainly am not concerned to deny it—than an art or a science; but not because it is not, strictly speaking, a science or an art. There is a science of verse as surely as there is a science of mathematics: there is an art of expression by metre as certainly as there is an art of representation by painting. To some poets the understanding of this science, the mastery of this art, would seem to come by a natural instinct which needs nothing but practice for its development, its

application, and its perfection: others by patient and conscientious study of their own abilities attain a no less unmistakable and a scarcely less admirable success. But the man of genius and the dullard who cannot write good verse are equally out of the running. "Did you ask dulcet rhymes from me?" inquires Mr. Whitman of some extraordinary if not imaginary interlocutor; and proceeds, with some not ineffective energy of expression, to explain that "I lull nobody—and you will never understand me." No, my dear good sir—or camerado, if that be the more courteous and conventional address (a modest reader might deferentially reply): not in the wildest vision of a distempered slumber could I ever have dreamed of doing anything of the kind. Nor do we ask them even from such other and inferior scribes or bards as the humble Homer, the modest Milton, or the obsolete and narrow-minded Shakespeare—poets of sickly feudality, or hidebound classicism, of effete and barbarous incompetence. But metre, rhythm, cadence not merely appreciable but definable and reducible to rule and measurement, though we do not expect from you, we demand from all who claim, we discern in the works of all who have achieved, any place among poets of any class whatsoever. The question whether your work is, in any sense poetry has no more to do with dulcet rhymes than with the differential calculus. The question is whether you have any more right to call yourself a poet, or to be called a poet by any man who knows verse from prose, or black from white, or speech from silence, or his right hand from

his left, than to call yourself or to be called, on the strength of your published writings, a mathematician, a logician, a painter, a political economist, a sculptor, a dynamiter, an old parliamentary hand, a civil engineer, a dealer in marine stores, an amphimacer, a triptych, a rhomboid, or a rectangular parallelogram. "Vois-tu bien, tu es baron comme ma pantoufle!" said old Gillenormand—the creature of one who was indeed a creator or a poet: and the humblest of critics who knows any one thing from any one other thing has a right to say to the man who offers as poetry what the exuberant incontinence of a Whitman presents for our acceptance—"Tu es poète comme mon—soulier."

The first critic of our time—perhaps the largest-minded and surest-sighted of any age—has pointed out, in an essay on poetry which should not be too long left buried in the columns of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the exhaustive accuracy of the Greek terms which define every claimant to the laurel as either a "singer" or a "maker." There is no third term, as there is no third class. If then it appears that Mr. Walt Whitman has about as much gift of song as his precursors and apparent models in rhythmic structure and style, Mr. James Macpherson and Mr. Martin Tupper, his capacity for creation is the only thing that remains for us to consider. And on that score we find him, beyond all question, rather like the later than like the earlier of his masters. Macpherson could at least evoke shadows: Mr. Tupper and Mr. Whitman can only accumulate words. As

to his originality in the matter of free speaking, it need only be observed that no remarkable mental gift is requisite to qualify man or woman for membership of a sect mentioned by Dr. Johnson—the Adamites—who believed in the virtue of public nudity. If those worthies claimed the right to bid their children run around the streets stark naked, the magistrate, observed Johnson, “would have a right to flog them into their doublets;” a right no plainer than the right of common sense and sound criticism to flog the Whitmaniacs into their strait waistcoats; or, were there any female members of such a sect, into their strait-petticoats.

If nothing that concerns the physical organism of men or of women is common or unclean or improper for literary manipulation, it may be maintained, by others than the disciples of a contemporary French novelist who has amply proved the sincerity of his own opinion to that effect, that it is not beyond the province of literature to describe with realistic exuberance of detail the functions of digestion or indigestion in all its processes—the objects and the results of an aperient or an emetic medicine. Into the “troughs of Zolaism,” as Lord Tennyson calls them (a phrase which bears rather unduly hard on the quadrupedal pig), I am happy to believe that Mr. Whitman has never dipped a passing nose: he is a writer of something occasionally like English, and a man of something occasionally like genius. But in his treatment of topics usually regarded as no less unfit for public exposition and literary illustration

than those which have obtained notoriety for the would-be bastard of Balzac—the Davenant of the (French) prose Shakespeare, he has contrived to make “the way of a man with a maid” almost as loathsome, ludicrous and almost as ludicrously loathsome—I speak merely of the æsthetic or literary aspect of his effusions—as the Swiftian or Zolaesque enthusiasm of bestiality which insists on handling what “goeth into the belly, and is cast out into the draught.” The Zolas and the Whitmen, to whom nothing—absolutely and literally nothing—is unclean or common, have an obvious and incalculable advantage over the unconverted who have never enjoyed the privilege of a vision like St. Peter’s, and received the benefit of a supernatural prohibition to call anything common or unclean. They cannot possibly be exposed, and they cannot possibly be put to shame: for that best of all imaginable reasons which makes it proverbially difficult to “take the breeks off a Highlander.”

It would really seem as though, in literary and other matters, the very plainness and certitude of a principle made it doubly necessary for those who maintain it to enforce and re-enforce it over and over again; as though, the more obvious it were, the more it needed indication and demonstration, assertion and reassertion. There is no more important, no more radical and fundamental truth of criticism than this: that, in poetry perhaps above all other arts, the method of treatment, the manner of touch, the tone of expression, is the first and last thing to be considered. There

is no subject which may not be treated with success—(I do not say there are no subjects which on other than artistic grounds it may not be as well to avoid, it may not be better to pass by)—if the poet, by instinct or by training, knows exactly how to handle it aright, to present it without danger of just or rational offence. For evidence of this truth we need look no further than the pastorals of Virgil and Theocritus. But under the dirty clumsy paws of a harper whose plectrum is a muck-rake any tune will become a chaos of discords, though the motive of the tune should be the first principle of nature—the passion of man for woman or the passion of woman for man. And the unhealthy demonstrative and obtrusive animalism of the Whitmaniad is as unnatural, as incompatible with the wholesome instincts of human passion, as even the filthy and inhuman asceticism of SS. Macarius and Simeon Stylites. If anything can justify the serious and deliberate display of merely physical emotion in literature or in art, it must be one of two things: intense depth of feeling expressed with inspired perfection of simplicity, with divine sublimity of fascination, as by Sappho; or transcendent supremacy of actual and irresistible beauty in such revelation of naked nature as was possible to Titian. But Mr. Whitman's Eve is a drunken apple-woman, indecently sprawling in the slush and garbage of the gutter amid the rotten refuse of her overturned fruit-stall. Mr. Whitman's Venus is a Hottentot wench under the influence of cantharides and adulterated rum. Cotytto

herself would repudiate the ministration of such priestesses as these.

But what then, if anything, is it that a rational creature who has studied and understood the work of any poet, great or small, from Homer down to Moschus, from Lucretius down to Martial, from Dante down to Metastasio, from Villon down to Voltaire, from Shakespeare down to Byron, can find to applaud, to approve, or to condone in the work of Mr. Whitman?

To this very reasonable and inevitable question the answer is not far to seek. I have myself repeatedly pointed out—it may be (I have often been told so) with too unqualified sympathy and too uncritical enthusiasm—the qualities which give a certain touch of greatness to his work, the sources of inspiration which infuse into its chaotic jargon some passing or seeming notes of cosmic beauty, and diversify with something of occasional harmony the strident and barren discord of its jarring and erring atoms. His sympathies, I repeat, are usually generous, his views of life are occasionally just, and his views of death are invariably noble. In other words, he generally means well, having a good stock on hand of honest emotion; he sometimes sees well, having a natural sensibility to such aspects of nature as appeal to an eye rather quick than penetrating; he seldom writes well, being cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in, to the limits of a thoroughly unnatural, imitative, histrionic and affected style. But there is a thrilling and fiery force in his finest bursts of gusty rhetoric which makes us wonder whether with a

little more sense and a good deal more cultivation he might not have made a noticeable orator. As a poet, no amount of improvement that self-knowledge and self-culture might have brought to bear upon such exceptionally raw material could ever have raised him higher than a station to which his homely and manly patriotism would be the best claim that could be preferred for him; a seat beside such writers as Ebenezer Elliot—or possibly a little higher, on such an elevation as might be occupied by a poet whom careful training had reared and matured into a rather inferior kind of Southey. But to fit himself for such promotion he would have in the first place to resign all claim to the laurels of Gotham, with which the critical sages of that famous borough have bedecked his unashful brows; he would have to recognize that he is no more, in the proper sense of the word, a poet, than Communalists or Dissolutionists are, in any sense of the word, Republicans; that he has exactly as much claim to a place beside Dante as any Ver-mersch or Vermorel or other ver-minous and murderous muckworm of the Parisian Commune to a place beside Mazzini: in other words, that the informing principle of his work is not so much the negation as the contradiction of the creative principle of poetry. And this is not to be expected that such a man should bring himself to believe, as long as he hears himself proclaimed the inheritor of a seat assigned a hundred years ago by the fantastic adulation of more or less distinguished literary eccentrics to a person of the name of Jephson—whose

triumphs as a tragic poet made his admirers tremble for Shakespeare.
--ALGERNON CHARLES SWIN-BURNE, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THREE DREAMS IN A DESERT.

UNDER A MIMOSA-TREE.

As I travelled across an African plain the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa-tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to right and to left stretched the brown earth. And I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbed. And after a while a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head down against my saddle, and I fell asleep there. And, in my sleep, I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert, and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. And I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground, for it had a great burden on its back, and the sand was thick about it, so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?"

And he said, "This is woman; she that bears men in her body."

And I said, "Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled round her?"

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you! Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move: the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps! Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there now?"

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force found her, and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was bowed, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and tied it on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. And the ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb she quivered. But she is wise; she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her."

And I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?"

And he said, "He cannot. Look!"

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them both together.

He said, "While she lies there he must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?"

And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden on to her back broken asunder; and the burden rolled on to the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The Age-of-muscular-force is dead. The Age-of-nervous-force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand; and silently and invisibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of Mechanical Invention he has cut the band that bound the burden to her back. The Inevitable Necessity is broken. She might rise now."

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far-off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if she were awake or asleep. And as I looked her body quivered, and a light came into her

eyes, like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?"

He whispered, "Hush! the thought has come to her, 'Might I not rise?'"

And I looked. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who stood by her: but he looked out across the desert.

And I saw her body quiver; and she pressed her front knees to the earth, and veins stood out; and I cried, "She is going to rise!"

But only her sides heaved, and she lay still where she was.

But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her so long."

And I saw the creature struggle: and the drops stood out on her.

And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her: *She must help herself*. Let her struggle till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her! See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and he drags her down."

And he answered, "He does not understand. When she moves she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and he moves farther from her. The day will come when he will understand, and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger on to her knees. In that day he will stand close to her,

and look into her eyes with sympathy."

And she stretched her neck, and the drops fell from her. And the creature rose an inch from the earth and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! she cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her. Can she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light in her eyes?"

And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees."

And I awoke: and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely. I looked up through the thin branches of the tree at the blue sky overhead. I stretched myself, and I mused over the dream I had had. And I fell asleep again, with my head on my saddle. And in the fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high.* And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; and a stick that curled was in his hand, and on it was written Reason. And he asked her what she wanted; and she said, "I am woman; and I am seeking for the land of Freedom."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before but a dark, flowing river, and a

*The banks of an African river are sometimes a hundred feet high, and consist of deep shifting sands, through which in the course of ages the river has worn its gigantic bed.

bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing, but sometimes, when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, and the sun shining on them!"

He said, "That is the Land of Freedom."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of Labor, through the water of Suffering. There is no other."

She said, "Is there no bridge?"

He answered, "None."

She said, "Is the water deep?"

He said, "Deep."

She said, "Is the floor worn?"

He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost."

She said, "Have any crossed already?"

He said, "Some have *tried*!"

She said, "Is there a track to show where the best fording is?"

He said, "It has to be made."

She shaded her eyes with her hand; and she said, "I will go."

And he said, "You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert: they are dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed."

And she threw from her gladly the mantle of Ancient-received-opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the girdle from her waist that she had treasured so long, and the moths flew out of it in a cloud. And he said, "Take the shoes of dependence off your feet."

And she stood there naked, but for one white garment that clung close to her.

And he said, "That you may keep. So they wear clothes in the Land of Freedom. In the water it buoys; it always swims."

And I saw on its breast was written, Truth; and it was white; the sun had not often shone on it; the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you; feel your way: where it cannot find a bottom do not set your foot."

And she said, "I am ready; let me go."

And he said, "No—but stay; what is that—in your breast?"

She was silent.

He said, "Open it, and let me see."

And she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead pressed against it; and his knees were drawn up to her, and he held her breast fast with his hands.

And Reason said, "Who is he, and what is he doing here?"

And she said, "See his little wings——"

And Reason said, "Put him down."

And she said, "He is asleep, and he is drinking! I will carry him to the Land of Freedom. He has been a child so long; so long, I have carried him. In the Land of Freedom he he will be a man. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert—'Passion!' I have

dreamed he might learn to say 'Friendship' in that land."

And Reason said, "Put him down!"

And she said, "I will carry him so—with one arm, and with the other I will fight the water."

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight, you will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the Land of Freedom before you. Those who reach the Land of Freedom, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be Love's. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive; put him down that he may grow."

And she took her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her, so that the blood ran down on to the ground. And she laid him down on the earth; and she covered her wound. And she bent and stroked his wings. And I saw the hair on her forehead turned white as snow, and she had changed from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? *Oh, I am alone! I am utterly alone!*"

And Reason, that old man, said to her, "Silence! what do you hear?"

And she listened intently, and she said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way!"

He said, "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on! make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now, the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water-edge, and it is swept away, and then another comes, and then another, and then another, and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built and the rest pass over."

She said, "And, of those that come first, some are swept away, and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even build the bridge?"

"And are swept away, and are heard of no more—and what of that?" he said.

"And what of that——" she said.

"They make a track to the water's edge."

"They make a track to the water's edge——" And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass?"

He said, "*The entire human race.*"

And the woman grasped her staff.

And I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.

And I awoke; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light: the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk bushes; and my horse stood by me quietly feeding. And I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now—the afternoon was

cooler. Then a drowsiness crept over me again, and I laid back my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. And on the hills walked brave women and brave men, hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands.

And I said to him beside me, "What place is this?"

And he said, "This is heaven."

And I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth."

And I said, "When shall these things be?"

And he answered, "IN THE FUTURE"

And I awoke, and all about me was the sunset light; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything; and the ants were going slowly home. And I walked towards my horse, who stood quietly feeding. Then the sun passed down behind the hills; but I knew that the next day he would arise again — OLIVE SCHREINER, in *THE Fortnightly Review*.

THE PLEASURES OF TRAVEL.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in the pleasant little volume which he has just issued on *The Pleasures of Life*, remarks on the difference between the notions attaching to travel in the days when travel was really travail — i. e., labor — and in the present day, when it serves to suggest nothing but delightful asso-

ciations. One may, however, doubt whether, even in the older sense of the word, when it was applied to the severe labor necessarily undertaken by the wayfarer, it did not also suggest the joy which that labor was expected to bring forth, the new life and breath in which that travail of soul and body would end. Even in the times when journeys were most laborious, it is obvious enough that those who were most worthy of travel enjoyed greatly its results. No one can doubt that Herodotus felt the most lively satisfaction in gratifying that keen and vigilant curiosity of his in watching the works, the manners, and the customs of various lands. Pliny, too, must have enjoyed his travels, though not exactly for the reasons for which we enjoy ours; at least, there is very little indication in the old world of that delight in Nature as a vision of beauty — apart from human customs, and apart, too, from the curiosities of Nature — which is so marked a feature of our own time.

If we moderns can be said to travel chiefly from curiosity, a considerable extension must be given to the ordinary meaning of the word. No doubt the delight in change, the pleasure in seeing something new, is as vivid now as ever, and, so far, the motive which drove Herodotus to Egypt, and the motive which drove Mr. Kinglake in his youth to the East, may be regarded as identical. But, nevertheless, we seek this novelty now for a very different class of pleasures from those for which the ancient travellers appeared chiefly to look. We travel that the vague conceptions which we have already

formed of the great landscapes and cities of the world may become vivid. The ancients looked at them chiefly with the curiosity of surprise, we with the curiosity of expectation. We want to know more distinctly what it is of which we have heard so much already; they want to know what there was in the world of which they had never heard at all. And, undoubtedly, half the keenness of the modern delight in travel is due to the filling up of outlines indistinctly imagined; and of that the ancients had comparatively little experience. As Sir John Lubbock remarks, whatever preparation we have made for travelling by reading vivid accounts and studying pictures of what we are to see, we always find something in the actual vision beyond what we had contemplated; and he gives us a very perfect illustration of this:—"Like every one else," he says, "I had read descriptions and seen photographs and pictures of the Pyramids. Their form is simplicity itself. I do not know that I could put into words any characteristic of the original for which I was not prepared. It was not that they were larger; it was not that they differed in form, in color, or situation. And yet the moment I saw them, I felt that my previous impressions had been but a faint shadow of the reality. The actual sight seemed to give life to the idea."

Well, that delight, the feeling that there is something in the reality for which we were not at all prepared, is evidently one of those pleasures of travel which can only be enjoyed by those who are expecting something of which they

have tried to form a distinct previous impression, and not by those who, so to say, grope their way through a world of which they have heard little and thought less. And, indeed, a very large part of the keenest pleasure of modern travel is the pleasure of vivifying a shadowy conception. In the old days, when even persons of quality, as they were called, read extremely little, the chief pleasure of travel for Englishmen and Englishwomen was to come to London and to compare their own impressions of that great capital with the traditions they had heard of it during their childhood and youth. Beauties of landscape had not then been sufficiently described to inspire a general wish to see them. Even at the time when the poet Gray visited the Lakes, he evidently regarded them with a certain alarm, owing to the very slender information about them then current. It was not till English men and women in numbers visited the Welsh and Cumberland mountains, that English men and women in much greater numbers began to form impressions of those mountains and lakes, and as a consequence, to wish for the opportunity of verifying those impressions for themselves. And so, too, it was with Switzerland and Italy. Those who made the "grand tour" themselves, inspired a certain wish in others to follow their example; but it was not till Byron and Shelley had made the reading public in general familiar with the impressions to be expected, that a regular flow of travellers set in towards the region which had thus begun to stir the popular imagination. In our be-

lief, one of the greatest pleasures of life is the pleasure of an experience which much more than fulfils delightful anticipation. But it is evident, of course, that this pleasure is reversed for those who have had delightful anticipations to be fulfilled.

Another of the pleasures of travel to which Sir John Lubbock refers is the pleasure of getting home again; but that is only one of the many forms of pleasure which travel gives by the renovating touch with which it heals and stimulates all the over-strained nerves of our ordinary life. Nothing blots out so effectually the cares and worries of our regular duty as travel. Fill the mind with new scenes, and it is for the time quite unable to recall the pressure of the old anxieties. It is a strange magic in the eye which makes it possible for change of scene temporarily to obliterate the deeply ingrained associations of the scene which needed changing. It is, of course, true in a sense that *Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*, but it is true only in a sense which is entirely consistent with this magic of the eye. Change of scene does not change the temper or the spirit in which the various aspects of life are met. But though it leaves the grumbler a grumbler still, and the selfish man selfish still, it does change all the particular trains of association by which the mind is beset—relieves the pressure where the sense of pressure is hardest to bear; substitutes perhaps new annoyances for the old, but annoyances so different and so much less wearing, that to a mind at all trained to deny itself the luxury of discon-

tent, they will seem more like pleasures than frets; and, in fact, it compels one to take up so many new postures of thought and feeling, that one can hardly recall the aching of the exhausted thought for which travel is the remedy. Travel refreshes, not by putting a new mind and temper into us, but by raising such a number of new suggestions that old thoughts and feelings are for a time intermitted, and permitted to regain their freshness and elasticity before they are set to work again. And this travel effects by turning all our energy into the channels of perception and imagination, and diverting it from those channels of practical responsibility in which, for the most part, human energy is bound to flow. Indeed, perhaps the best of all evidences that travel has done its work is the sigh of relief with which we get back to the old scenes and tasks. That is evidence that the mind has been long enough engaged in gazing and wondering, and that it is once more ready to slip into the old grooves of action, and to resume the old habits of practical work. And travel is the best of all changes, not merely because it gives us so many new visions—one might obtain these in a much fainter form from books—but because it liberates us effectually from all the most vivid reminders of wearing anxieties, because it shuts off the old stops at the same moment at which it opens the new, and because it continually varies the new stimulus so that the wind is always blowing from some fresh quarter. But, after all, the charm of travel is due chiefly to the wakefulness,

of the imagination opening new vistas wherever it has not been drugged to sleep by the droning of monotonous habits and mechanical successions of thought. If travel did not awaken the imagination as nothing else awakens it, the mere flashing of new scenes upon the retina would be, of course, as useless to us as the passage of new pictures over the camera is useless to stir the camera into life. It is the vivid imagination to which the eye is the chief minister, that makes travel the delight and stimulus it is.

Sir John Lubbock quotes from Mr. Norman Lockyer the story of an old Abbé who set out on his travels in the Rocky Mountains because when in the moment of death, as he thought, the angels had seemed to him to ask him how he liked the beautiful world he had left, and because thereupon he suddenly remembered that he knew nothing about it, having spent all his time in preaching to men about the other world. He then determined, if it should please God to restore him to health, to make real acquaintance with the world he lived in, before migrating to the world to which he had given so large a portion of his attention. Perhaps this story rather shows how little of a mere pleasure travel has actually been to some of us, than how much of a pleasure it might be. And, indeed, it is perfectly true that there are some natures to which the first wrench of a determination to travel is a very painful one, natures which hook themselves on so closely to the duties and responsibilities of life, that they are lost when contemplating the prospect of a temporary sever-

ance from those duties and responsibilities, and of being cast upon their perceptions and their imaginations for their chief interests. Probably the number of such persons amongst the cultivated classes is not large, but it is much larger among the old than among the young. As we grow less and less able to concentrate our dwindling stock of vitality on the work we have, we also grow less and less able to detach ourselves from it without anxiety, and without a vague illusion that it is a desertion of duty; and yet we need the refreshment and renovation of travel all the more, the less eager we are to avail ourselves of it. Travel for the old may be a useful medicine, where travel for the young is a draught of delight; yet the useful medicine may produce the more directly beneficial effect of the two. Nor does this admission amount to saying that travel may be more useful than pleasant in the case of the old, for it can hardly be useful unless it be pleasant also; and, indeed, even those who are most overcome by the illusion that they cannot be spared from their work or their homes, find travel delightful enough the moment they have broken through that paralysis of habit which sometimes prevents them from making the effort to move. The old Abbé doubtless enjoyed the Rocky Mountains with a real gusto the moment he had persuaded himself that the angels had given him a very broad hint to make acquaintance with the earth as it is. And it would be fortunate for many of us if we could persuade ourselves that we had received a hint of the

same kind. For while the young are often unsettled by travel, and apt to be distracted from the true work of life, that is very rarely a serious danger to the old, who are saved by travel from getting so deeply sunk in ruts of dominant habit that they can no longer realize how limited their own experience has been. One of the greatest of the pleasures of travel to the old is the keen conviction it inspires, that whatever else may grow old within us, the imagination never loses its delight in realizing the beauty of the universe—nay, takes more and more delight year by year in the grandeur of the greatest natural scenes, and the moods which that grandeur inspires.—*Spectator*.

THE HATRED BETWEEN GERMANY AND FRANCE.

THE sudden renewal of hatred between France and Germany, though not difficult to explain, is one of the most remarkable phenomena in modern history. Judging *a priori*, one would expect it now to be becoming nearly extinct. It is seventeen years all but four days [July 16, 1876] since Napoleon III. declared war on Germany, more than sixteen years since France, weeping with rage and humiliation, agreed to the crushing terms of the Treaty of Versailles. A new generation has grown up—all the conscripts in the ranks of the present Army having been little children during the great war—a new form of government has been adopted, and a new tone pervades all politics and society. During

the whole time nothing has occurred which should in reason have deepened the stinging sense of defeat, for France has been left free, and even encouraged in a career of foreign enterprise. She has repaired her misfortunes, has increased her wealth, and has immensely enlarged her means of self-defence. Not only has her army been doubled in effective strength, but her frontier has been covered with lines of strong places, and Paris has been made the most unassailable fortress in the world. As safe as she can be made, under the Government of her own choice, fairly prosperous and influential, if not commanding in Europe. France should be beginning to forget her natural rancour, and to regard Sedan as she regards Waterloo—as a disagreeable historic event. On the other hand, Germany, in which also a new generation has grown up, has enjoyed sixteen years of peace, prosperity, and high consideration among the nations of the world. Her population has increased by a fifth, her organization is as strong as ever, and she has found permanent working alliances which may fairly be considered to double her effective power. France has not interfered with her in any way, no object dear to Germans has been thwarted, and the strain kept up on her resources, though great, is not greater than her increase in population and income. Her external policy has been, on the whole, directed with success, and her great Minister, still alive and still in power, is regarded all over earth as the most formidable person of his gen-

eration. Ships, colonies, and commerce have followed in the wake of victory, and the German competition is now the one dreaded by the traders of all lands. Everything that could soothe the pride, or satisfy the aspirations, or reward the patience of Germans has been theirs for sixteen years; and they might be expected to regard France, if not with friendship, at least with the friendly tolerance which men feel for their equals in society.

That, we say, might be expected; but that is not the situation. France and Germany were probably never nearer a spring at each other's throats, and this from a new development of popular rather than official rancour. All hope of such an agreement as might insure tranquillity to Europe has for the present passed away, and the two great Powers are now exhibiting the jealous and angry suspiciousness of each other which in modern Europe precedes, if it does not actually produce, open war. The truth is, a new fear has entered into the heart of each people, and has revived all previous rancours. The Germans know that their strength, whether it would enable them to conquer France or not, is amply sufficient to resist France; but they know also that the huge Slav Power upon their eastward would now take advantage of any French attack to gratify a hatred which every year begins to make more obvious. The recent action of Russia, the collapse of the Three Emperors' League, the series of decrees expelling or impoverishing the German colonies beyond the Vistula, the accumulation of cavalry towards her western

frontier, the crudescence of Old Slav feeling in the great cities, the obvious reliance upon France—all these things have convinced Germans that the Romanoffs only wait a signal which Republican France will give. They doubt in their hearts with all their power and all their alliances, whether they are strong enough to defeat two such mighty armies acting together, and know well that if they do, it can only be by an exertion such as cripples a race for a generation. They therefore watch all developments of feeling in France with the close attention born of a secret fear, and they see, or think they see, signs that it is most hostile. They declare, even this week, and in semi-official papers, that Germans are no longer safe in France, and they arranged that their Ambassador should not be present in Paris on July 14th; lest he should be insulted. They believe that France sends spies into their fortresses not to increase her knowledge against a future day, but with the intention of immediately utilizing the information so obtained. They assert that the vast popularity of General Boulanger is due exclusively to the French idea that he is to be the hero of the *revanche*, and they ask why France and Russia, natural enemies because of the historic relation of each to Poland, should now be acting together in every Court of Europe, if it be not for some secret link against a common foe, who can only be the German nation. They read the diatribes against them in the French newspapers with a new sense of their reality, and work themselves up to such a point of

watchfulness that they suspect some planned treachery, and see in the proposed mobilization of three Corps in the interior of France reason sufficient to proclaim war. Are we, they are asking, to allow France to be twenty days ahead of us in preparations? The three Corps might, if France is utterly unscrupulous, rush Belgium. Alarm of this kind, partly well founded, partly based upon terrifying rumor, soon generates hate, and it is without surprise that we see grave German journals which seldom publish what Prince Bismarck disapproves, solemnly warning France that there are limits even to German patience.

On the other hand, the French are at least as apprehensive as their opponents. It is their foible when excited to see men as trees walking, and they are excited now. Prince Bismarck's speeches on the renewal of the Septennial Bill, his dissolution of Parliament, and his demand for more men, left an indelible impression in the French mind that he expected war, that he was preparing for it, and that he had thought out plans for the destruction of France. Since that period, Frenchmen have watched him with a never-ceasing jealousy, have voted heavy demands for new armaments in silence, have attacked their own Government whenever they suspected it of deference to Berlin, have sedulously proclaimed Russia their only ally, and have raised General Boulanger into a hero, because they thought he would, from hostility to Germany, sufficiently protect the country. Their most injurious conduct towards their German guests is tracea-

ble to a belief that every German has been a soldier, and is therefore certain to place his knowledge at the disposal of the German War Office, while the boycotting of German trade, especially in wine, is an effort to cut off the sources of a wealth that may be utilized for war. The French, in fact, expect invasion, and their alarm and wrath have reawakened the rancor which had seemed dying away, but which has been kept smouldering by the spectacle of the continued attachment of Alsace, so conspicuously manifested in the election on the Septennial Bill. They would go to war at once if they only dared, and expect war even if they resolve not to proclaim it.

It is possible the envenomed feeling in both countries may die away without producing an explosion; but there is no reason for calculating on such a change. Nothing can alter the German situation except successful war, and the continuance of apprehension does not develop friendship. The absurd hatred of Englishmen for Frenchmen which existed from 1805 to 1815 was due to continued terror, as well as frequent provocation, and only began to die away when Waterloo had assured England of her safety. The Germans will always regard French enmity as a threatening factor in the situation, and nothing can be foreseen, except war, under which French enmity will grow less. We fear that for years to come it is upon the judgment of statesmen rather than peoples we must rely for continued peace, and the statesmen, both in France and Germany, may be growing weary of the strain.

We see no trustworthy evidence as yet that they are, but we see much that they have determined, if the need arises, to be in time to meet it. That new modern dread of being late in the work of mobilization is, unhapily, a great addition to the chances of war. So much may be accomplished in a fortnight, that statesmen are ready to sacrifice anything rather than be behind-hand, and may, on occasion of some unforeseen accident, declare further diplomacy useless, because, if they attempt it, "our enemy may be mobilized and in motion before we are in the field." If it were nearly certain that the "first blood" always implied victory, the temptation to hit out prematurely would be indefinitely strengthened.—*Spectator*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

ROGER BACON AND FRANCIS BACON.—In the new *Presbyterian Quarterly*, the Rev. Dr. A. W. Miller, thus speaks of these two great men:

"The name of Lord Francis Bacon is one of the most illustrious on the roll of genius. But a far abler man than he was one but little known—his namesake, Roger Bacon, who preceded him by three hundred and fifty years. The charge which Francis Bacon unjustly brought against Aristotle, that he concealed his obligations to previous philosophers, and only mentioned their names for the purpose of reprehending their doctrines, is justly brought against him. For whilst he merely mentions the name of Roger Bacon once, he never acknowledges his obligations, direct and indirect, and very extensive, to that pre-eminent and wonderful genius whose utterances, sentiments, style, expression and doctrines, he both imitated and appropriated. Induction and experimentation, and the repudiation of all research into occult causes, have been regarded as the characteristic triumphs of

the Baconian method; but the true Baconian method is the method of Roger Bacon, which was caught up, devoured, and appropriated by Francis Bacon. The famous *dictum* of the latter respecting the four 'idols' or Fallacies which beset the human mind, viz., the Idols of the Tribe, of the Den, of the Market, of the Theatre, is not original with him; for although the quaint designations are Francis Bacon's, the division itself is Roger Bacon's. It is not going too far to say that in all probability the *Novum Organon* of Francis Bacon would never have been written had he not had access to the *Opus Majus* of Roger Bacon. The latter never seeks to conceal, but always proclaims his authorities. The former is careful to hurl out of sight the ladder on which he mounts to fame. He announces himself as the herald of a new philosophy: he promulgates a reform in his own name, in these lofty, towering words: 'Thus thought Francis of Verulam, and this method he adopted himself, the knowledge of which, by his contemporaries and posterity, he deems of interest to themselves.' This is the tone of a monarch; the utterances of a king; the decree of an autocrat, the voice of a solely self-sufficient legislator. Whether this haughtiness of expression should be admired as the fruit of sublime confidence, or censured as the strut of arrogant pretension—whether Francis Bacon was the discoverer and founder of the system he promulgated—whether he was the author of what he thought, or merely the sonorous mouthpiece of another man, whose name he left to languish in cold obscurity, whose torch lighted his way, but the light and the guide both unacknowledged by him whom they illustrated—will be determined when the Avenger, Time, shall have brought about a strict, rigid, and thorough investigation of his claims."

THE PERISHIBILITY OF LITERARY FAME.—Mr. R. A. Oakes, in the *Independent*, thus discourses of some names, now as good as forgotten, which were once famous in American literature:

"As one looks back along the line of American authors, how many of them have shone and faded like the light of the will-o'-the-wisp. For but a brief day they reveled in a transforming brightness and then faded into the profoundest darkness;

the torches they would have gladly handed to the future died in their own hands; their names literally were 'writ in water.' Such names as James K. Paulding, Theodore S. Fay, Seba Smith, "Fanny Fern" and Maria S. Cummings might easily be matched with the names of writers still living whose momentary reputation was as bright, and who, like them, have been forgotten by the readers they once delighted. The novels that charmed the youths of a former generation, nay, even the youths of the generation still living, have disappeared forever. The ghostly tales of Charles Brockden Brown, the *Hobomok* and *Rebels* of Lydia Maria Child, the *Keep Cool* and *Logan* of John Neal, the *Retired* and *Hope Leslie* of Miss Sedgwick, the *Greyslaer* and *Wild Scenes* of Fenno Hoffman, the *Norman Leslie* and *Countess Ida* of Theodore S. Fay, the *Puffer Hopkins* and *Moneypenny* of Cornelius Matthews, and many others, whose titles still linger as pleasant memories in the octogenarian mind, have floated out into the great sea of literary oblivion and sunk beyond recall. Nor are the novelists alone among the forgotten. How many of the tuneful bards, who, since Sandys, on the banks of the James, translated Ovid, have crowded the American Parnassus, 'stand shadowless like silence.' In the Harris collection of native poetry are some six thousand volumes. Here, side by side, are Maria Brooks, whom Southey, in *The Doctor* called 'the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses.' Mrs. Oakes-Smith and Francis Sargent Osgood, whose poetic graces sweetened the acrid edge of Poe's criticism, Mrs. Sigourney, whom *Blackwood* called 'the best of all American Poetesses,' and an interminable host, male and female, each one, if we may believe contemporary criticism, 'darlings of the Muses, in fame's proud temple shined.' In 1813, Bryant, in a letter to his father, says: 'Most of the American poets of note, I believe, I have read—Dwight, Barlow, Trumbull, Humphreys, Honeywood, Clifton, Paine.' In the same letter he mentions the equally forgotten names of Hopkins, Hopkinson, Ladd, Church, Mrs. Morton, and Mrs. Warren. N. P. Willis is another illustration of a dethroned literary idol, so hopelessly dead that no business-tact can galvanize him into renewed life. From his callow days

until almost the last, he seemed to pervade all American literature. Magazines in which a majority of writers thought the honor of having their effusions printed sufficient remuneration, paid him one hundred dollars for a single short sketch. His poetry adorned every popular annual, and was copied into every newspaper. His tall and elegantly dressed figure was an object of interest on Broadway and at public assemblages. He was the literary sponsor of many a reputation; and yet of all the fifty volumes he wrote or edited, not one has survived. The constant succession of furors in literature serves frequently as bars to more than the most fleeting fame. Books like *Helen's Babes*, *That Husband of Mine*, and *Peck's Bad Boy*, sell by the hundreds of thousands, and are followed by shoals of the most nauseous imitations. Languid sentiment gives place to the hardest realism, bathos to humor; senile reminiscence over old love letters, pathetic pictures of battered baby shoes besprinkled with tears, are replaced by books whose humor consists of bad spelling or of jokes older than Aristophanes."

A NEW BOOK BY PAUL DU CHAILLU.—For several years the enterprising Franco-American traveler in Equatorial Africa and Northern Europe has scarcely been heard of. The following announcement in the *Athenæum*, shows that he has not been idle in the meantime:

"Mr. Murray will publish soon Mr. Du Chaillu's work on 'The Viking Age: the Early History, Manners, and Customs of the Ancestors of the English-Speaking Nations, illustrated from the Antiquities discovered in Mounds, Cairns, and Bogs, as well as from the ancient Sagas and Eddas,' in two volumes, which will have over 1,200 illustrations. Mr. Du Chaillu has devoted seven years to the collection of materials."

"EDGAR CRADDOCK'S" DIALECT TALKS.—Touching these clever stories by Miss Murfree, Mr. George H. Picard writes, in the *Literary World*:

'Now that it is the fashion for authors to turn upon their critics and confront them—even if they cannot confute them, I am emboldened to contribute to the cause my morsel of superior dissent, and

to disagree fiercely with those reviewers who find fault with the dialect of Miss Murfree's admirable stories. For a half score of years, it was my fortune to hear this dialect spoken, and I believe that I am competent to testify to the wonderful accuracy of that author's reproductions, I have never been able to detect in this lady's art anything that is not in perfect accord with the most scrupulous fidelity to nature. Furthermore this peculiar dialect (greatly enriched by the accretion of certain unmistakable idioms) is in use to-day in a few remote settlements in Missouri and Kansas; and, as far as I am able to discover, this uncouth though not unmusical speech is spoken by the descendants of *emigrés* from the old North State and East Tennessee. I am acquainted with several families living in the Kansas valley, whose domestic conversation is carried on in a fashion almost identical with that of Mrs. Cayce and Mink Lorey; abroad, it is somewhat modified, especially by the younger members of the household. After a thorough study of the dialect in her stories, I am unable to find anything which in the slightest degree indicates that Miss Murfree has ever sacrificed nature to art, or that her veneration for the former is a whit less real than her appreciation of the latter."

EDWARD IRVING'S REBUKE.—Mr. Charles Mackay, in his recently published *Memorials of a Literary Life*, relates a characteristic anecdote of Irving, who was wont to preach very long sermons. Upon one occasion the audience began to leave before the discourse was concluded.

"This," says Dr. Mackay, "excited the displeasure—I will not say the wrath—of the preacher. Suddenly arresting the torrent of his eloquence, snapping the thread—or, I may call it, the cable—of his discourse, he called to the door keeper in a familiar tone, but with a loud emphasis, to shut and fasten the doors, so that nobody might quit the building. He then addressed himself to the congregation: 'You seem to prefer your dinners to the word of God—at least some of you do; and, though you treat the Gospel with disrespect, which I cannot help, you shall not treat *me* with disrespect, and shall hear me out whether you like it or not. I have ordered the doors to be shut, and they shall not be opened again until the service

is concluded.' The congregation was overawed, as sheep are at the bark of the collie, and, without resuming their places in the pews which they had quitted, stood near the door, and made no further attempt to resist the imperious mandate of the pastor."

Almost the same thing once happened in New York to the once famous preacher John Newland Maffit. An immense crowd had congregated in the Allen Street Church to hear him. No sooner had he closed his discourse than there was a general rush toward the door. Mr. Maffit sprang to his feet and said, in that wonderful silvery voice of his: "Stop! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose minister I am, I command that not an individual of you leave this house of God until the benediction has been pronounced!" There was no necessity to order that the doors should be closed; for not one person attempted to pass out.

PSYCHE'S DESCENT TO HADES.—Apuleius, who lived in the second century of our era, introduced the fable of this descent into his *Golden Ass*. To the reprint of an old translation of this "Descent," Mr. Andrew Lang has prefixed a very clever "Discourse on the Fable," in which he sets forth the wide prevalence of this legend among various Aryan and non-Aryan peoples. He says:

"Here the incident could not exist but for the belief that Hell may be visited by living persons, who may return safely if they do not taste the food of the dead. These ideas are constantly found among the Finns, the Ojibbeways, the races of the Solomon Islands, and in Scotland, where the caution of Thomas the Rhymer will be remembered. In Samoa, too, in the hostile god's house, Siati is counselled to 'eat nothing he hands you, and never to sit on a high seat,' as Psyche in Hades has to refuse food, or *molliter assidere*. Even Persephone cannot wholly escape from Hades, because there she tasted the seed of a pomegranate. The idea, then, that the living may go to Hell and return safely so long as they refuse to taste dead men's meat is found in ancient Greek heroic myth in the *Hymn of Demeter*; is found by Kohl among Ojibbeways, and by Codrington in Melanesia, and in Finland declares itself in the *Kalevala*, where Wainamoinen visits the dead in Pohjola."

TRIALS OF AN ENGLISH COUNTRY PARSON.

WHEN I last wrote on the subject of the country parson's trials,* I dwelt especially upon such as are inherent in his position as a personage living a life apart from those among whom he has to discharge his peculiar duties. As far as regards the mere peasant, this isolation is only what anyone must expect who is brought into relations more or less intimate with a class socially and intellectually below or above his own. But there are villages and villages, and the differences between them are as great as between the East End of London and the West, between May Fair and Red Lion Square. The ideal village is a happy valley, where a simple people are living sweetly under the paternal care of a gracious landowner, benevolent, open-handed, large-hearted, devout, a man of wealth and culture, his wife a Lily Bountiful; his daughters the judicious dispensers of liberal charity; his house the home of all that is refining, cheering, elevating. There the happy parson always finds a cordial welcome, and all those social advantages which make life pleasant and serene for himself and his family. Parson and squire work together in perfect harmony, the rectory and the hall are but the greater and the lesser parts of a well-adjusted piece of machinery which moves on with no friction and never comes to a dead stop. This is the ideal village.

How different are the real villa-

*See LIBRARY MAGAZINE, April, 1887, p. 704.

ges and how various! Take the case of my friend Burney's parish. An oblong surface through which a high road runs straight as a ruler—wide ditches dividing the fields, with never a hedge and never a tree—nine square miles of land with a population of 900 human beings, here and there collected into an ugly hamlet, each with a central alehouse, and a few feeble poplars looking as if they were ashamed of themselves. There is not a farmer in the parish who occupies 300 acres of land. There is not a gentleman's house within a radius of eleven miles from the rectory door. The nearest market town is six miles off, the nearest railway station five. Friend Burney has his house and garden and perhaps 350*l.* a year to spend—that is quite the outside. Every morning he goes to his school a long mile off, every afternoon he has some one to "look after," to visit in sickness or sorrow, to watch or advise or comfort. One year with another he calculates that he has to walk at least 1500 miles in the way of duty. As to the mere Sunday work, that needs no dwelling on; take it all in all, it is about the least *wearing* and least troublesome part of the parson's duties, always provided he puts his heart into it and has some faculty for it. But in all that tract of country over which he is sometimes cruelly assumed to be no more than a spiritual overseer, among all those 900 people, there is not a single man, woman, or child that cares to talk to him, or ever does talk to him, about anything outside the parish and its concerns.

Nay! I forgot the schoolmaster

and his wife. They are young, intelligent, hopeful, and they came out of Yorkshire, and have something to say of their experience in the North. But they are just a little—undeniably a *little* sore, just a *little* touchy: they have a grievance. When they first came down to X., Mrs. Rector did not leave her card on Mrs. Petticogges. It was a slight. It was hoity-toity, it was airified. That is not all; the farmers are not, as you may say, *cordial* with the schoolmaster; and Farmer Gay, the big man who holds 700 acres in the next parish and gives lawn-tennis parties, never had the grace to take any notice of the Petticogges, does not in fact *know* the Petticogges. Meanwhile, friend Burney is manager of the school, and by far the largest contributor to the funds, and day by day he is in and out, he and his daughters. But there is no time to talk or confer. The Petticogges have their hands full; when their day's work is over they have had enough of it. Round and round and round they go in the dreary mill; every now and then there is a new regulation of My Lords to worry them, a new book to get up, a new code to study. Then there are the pupil-teachers to look after, and returns to make up, and all the dull routine which has to be got through. How *can* an elementary schoolmaster in a remote country village be a reading-man, or what motive has he to get out of the narrow groove in which he has been brought up? The best teachers, as a rule, are they who know their work best and very little indeed outside it. "How is it that at Dumpfield they don't get a larger grant?" I asked

one day of an inspector noted for his shrewdness and good sense. "Surely Coxe is by far the ablest and most brilliant teacher for miles around; he is almost a man of genius?" "Precisely so," was the reply, "the man's out of place. These brilliant men with a touch of genius are a nuisance in an elementary school. My dear fellow, never let a *man of views* come into your school. Keep him out. Beware of the being who is for revolutionizing spelling and grammar!"

Mr. Petticogge is not a man of genius, only a better sort of elementary schoolmaster, and entirely absorbed in his work. He too, as all the members of his fraternity do, occupies a position of isolation, and between him and the parson there is just so much in common as to make each hold aloof from the other without making either of them congenial to their other neighbors. As for the rest of friend Burney's neighbors, take them in the gross, and you may say of them what the ticket-of-leave man said to the Ten Commandments; "They're rather a poor lot and you can't make much out of 'em." I know no class of men who are less sociable than the smaller farmers, as we reckon smallness in the East. I mean the men who hold a couple of hundred acres and under. They are not unfriendly, they are not wanting in cordiality; but they are not companionable.

So far I have dealt with those trials which the country parson is exposed to from without; that is, such as arise from his intercourse with the wicked world—the wicked world that puts its cruel claw into his pockets, or growls at him,

or glares at him, or frightens him, or laughs at him, or tries to gobble him up. But his trials do not end there. He has relations with another world—that professional world to which he belongs in another sense than that by which he is regarded as a citizen. As a clergyman he is a member of a class, a profession, a clique if you will, which has a coherence and a homogeneity such as no other profession can lay claim to, not even the profession of the law. The lawyer may be half a dozen things at the same time—a trader, a politician, a practical agriculturist, a land-agent, a coroner, a steeple-chase rider, a general Jack-pudding. Everything brings grist to his mill, and the more irons he has in the fire the larger will be the number and the more varied the character of his clients. But the parson must be a clergyman, and a clergyman only; he is, so to speak, confined within the four walls of his clerical associations, and if he steps beyond them he is always regarded with a certain measure of suspicion. Even literature, unless there be a distinctly theological flavor about it, he embarks in at his peril; a clergyman who writes books is looked askance at, as a person “whose heart isn’t in his work.” Of course we get “narrow minded.” We all go about with an iron mask weighing upon us—hiding our handsome features, interfering with our respiration, stunting our growth. That is not all, though that is bad enough; but we are all ticketed and labelled in a way that no other class is. Of late years it appears that the rising generation of clerics has begun to insist

more and more upon the necessity of this professional exclusiveness, and desires to claim for itself the privileges of a *caste*. It shaves off its nascent whiskers and glories in a stubby cheek; it dresses in a hideous garment half petticoat, half frock, for the most part abominably ill made; above all, it rumples about its bullet head a slovenly abomination called a “wide-awake,” as if *that* would preserve it from all suspicion of being sleepy and stupid, and it adopts a tone and a vocabulary which shall be distinctive and as far as possible from the speech of ordinary Englishmen. “We must close up our ranks,” said one of them to me, “close up our ranks and present a united front, and show the world that we are prepared to hang together, act together, march together. We have been atoms too long; we want coherence, my dear sir—coherence. We are moving towards the general adoption of the Catholic cassock!” “Do you mean to say,” I answered, “that you will persist in sporting that emasculated felt turbanette till you arrive at the general adoption of the cassock! Then, in the name of all the lines of beauty, on with the cassock, but away with the wide-awake!” I’m afraid my young friend was hurt; suspected me of some covert profanity, and deplored my flagrant want of *esprit de corps*.

But ever since I have, so to speak, taken the shilling and entered the Church’s service, and put myself under orders, I have loyally stood up for my cloth, and I am quite willing to bear the reproaches of that service, where

there are any to bear. We clergy get a good deal of stupid and very vulgar ridicule hurled at us, and we cannot very well retaliate. It is a case of *Athanasius contra mundum*. The "world" is very big and rather unassailable, and we of the minority are apt to assume that we can afford to hold our peace, that we gain by turning the right cheek to him who smites us on the left, and that we should lose by giving a foul-mouthed liar and coward a drubbing and tossing him into the horse-pond. We stand upon the defensive. We have hardly any other choice. But it is rather trying to have to answer for all the sins, negligences, and ignorances, the follies and the bad taste of all who wear the wide-awake.

As far as the instances of downright wickedness and immorality go, I think nobody will pretend that any class in the community can show such a clean bill of health as the clergy. As I look round me upon my clerical brethren of all ages and all opinions, I can honestly say I do not know one of them whose daily life is not free from reproach or suspicion. During all my life I have never myself known more than one beneficed clergyman who was a real black sheep. That there are such men of course I cannot doubt, but their aggregate number constitutes, I am sure, a very small percentage of the class which they disgrace by being included in it. Surely it is very trying and very irritating to have such instances brought up against you, not as exceptions, but as examples of the general rule.

If I were to dwell upon all the

parson has to suffer from his *predecessor*, I should tire out my reader's patience, and the more so that there are other trials about which it is advisable that I should utter my querulous wail.

I know one clergyman who, though ordained some forty years ago, has never written or preached a sermon in his life; but I only know one. His is perhaps a unique case. As a rule, we all begin by being curates—that is, we begin by learning our business as subordinates. It would be truer to say we used to begin that way; but subordination is dying out all over the world, and in the ministry of the Church of England subordination is a virtue which is *in articulo mortis*. Nowadays a young fellow at twenty-three, who has become a reverend gentleman for just a week, poses at once as the guide, philosopher, and friend of the whole human race. He poses as a great teacher. It is not only that he delivers the oracles with authoritative sententiousness from the tripod, but he has no doubts and no hesitation about anything in earth or heaven. He fortifies himself with a small collection of brand-new words which you, poor ignorant creature, don't know the meaning of. I am not much more ignorant than other men of my age, but I never did pretend to omniscience, and when I don't know a thing I am not ashamed of asking questions. But our modern curates never ask questions. "Inquire within upon everything" seems to be stamped upon every line of their placid faces. When I was a young curate I was very shy and timid, and held my dear rector in some

awe. It might have been hoped that as the years went by I should have grown out of this weakness—but no! I am horribly afraid of the *curates* now. I dare hardly open my mouth before my superiors—and that they are my superiors I should not for a moment presume to question. I know my place, and I tremble lest I should betray my silliness by speaking unadvisedly with my lips. All this is very trying to a man who will never see sixty again. The hoary head is no crown at all to the eyes of the young and learned. They don't yet cry out at me, "Go up, thou bald head," but I can't help suspecting that they're only waiting to do it sooner or later. For myself I have, unfortunately, never been able to afford to engage the services of a clergyman who should assist me in my ministrations. So much the worse for me, and so much the worse for my parish. When I am no longer able to do my own pastoral work, I shall feel the pinch of poverty; but I am resolved to be very meek to my curate when he shall vouchsafe to take me under his protection. I will do as I am told.

It is a very serious fact, however, which we cannot but think of without anxiety, that since the "Curate Market" rose, as it did some fifteen or twenty years ago, there has been a large incursion of young men into the ministry of the Church of England who are not gentlemen by birth, education, sentiment, or manners, and who bring into the profession (regarded as a mere profession) no *capital* of any sort—no capital. I mean, of money, brains, culture, enthusiasm, or force

of character. This is bad enough, but there is a worse behind it. These young curates almost invariably marry, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. My friends assure me, and my observation confirms it, that the domestic career of these young people is sometimes very pathetic. Sanguine, affectionate, simple-minded and childlike, they learn the hard lessons of life all too late, and their experience comes to them, as Coleridge said, "like the stern lights of a ship, throwing a glare only upon the path behind." When their children come upon them with the usual rapidity, it is but rarely that we country parsons keep these married curates among us. They emigrate into the towns for the sake of educating their progeny, or because they soon find out that there is no hope of preferment for them among the villages. When there is no family, or when the bride has brought her spouse some small accession of income, the couple stay where they are for years till somebody gives them a small living, and there they do as others do. But in the first exuberance of youth, and when the youthful pair are highly delighted with the position that has been acquired, *he* is profoundly impressed with the sense of his importance, and *she* exalted at the notion of having married a "clergyman and a gentleman;" *he* is apt to be stuck up, and *she* is very apt to be huffy. It's bad enough to be associated officially with an underbred man, but it's a great deal worse to find yourself brought into social relations, which cannot be avoided, with an underbred woman. The curate's

wife is sometimes a very dreadful personage, but then most dreadful when she is a "young person" of your own parish who has angled for the clerical stickleback and landed him.

The Rev. Percy De la Pole, was a courtly gentleman, sensitive, fastidious, and just a trifle—a little trifle—distant in his demeanor. His curate, the Rev. Giles Goggs, was a worthy young fellow enough, painstaking and assiduous, anxious to do his duty, and not at all airified. We all liked him till Rebecca Busk overcame him. Mr. De la Pole was cautious and reserved by temperament; but who has never committed a mistake? In an evil hour—how could he have been so imprudent?—he gently warned the curate against the wiles of Miss Busk and her family, telling him that she was far from being a desirable match, and going to the length of saying plainly that she was making very indelicate advances. "All that may be quite true," replied Mr. Goggs, "but I am sure you will soon change your opinion. I come in now to let you know that I am engaged to be married to Miss Busk." From that day our reverend neighbor had so bad a time of it that it is commonly believed his valuable life was shortened by his sufferings. I am afraid some people behaved very cruelly, for they could not help laughing. Mrs. Goggs took her revenge in the most vicious way. On all public occasions she clasped the rector's arm and looked up in his face with the tenderest interest. She tripped across lawns at garden parties to pluck him by the sleeve, screamed out with shrill delight

when he appeared, called him her dear old father confessor, giggled and smirked and patted him, and fairly drove him out of the place at last by finding that he had twice preached borrowed sermons, and keeping the discovery back till the opportune moment arrived, when, at a large wedding party, she shook her greasy little ringlets at him with a wicked laugh, exclaiming, "Ah! you dear old sly-boots, when you can speak like that, why do you preach the *Penny Pulpit* to us?" The wretched victim could not hold up his head after that, and when a kind neighbor strongly advised him to dismiss the curate whose wife was unbearable, the broken-down old gentleman feebly objected. "My dear friend, I may have an opportunity of getting preferment for Mr. Goggs some day, but in the meantime I have no power to send away my curate because his wife—well, because his wife is *not nice*."

It often happens that the parson has to go away from his parish for some months, and he finds considerable difficulty in getting any one to take charge of it during his absence. At the eleventh hour he is compelled to take the last chance applicant. And behold, he and his parishioners are given over to a *locum tenens*. This is nothing more than saying that he has put himself into the power of a man with a loose end.

When the worthy rector of Corton-in-the-Brake had reached his fiftieth year, he obtained an accession of fortune, and gave out that he intended to marry. He furnished his house anew at a great expense, and found no difficulty in

getting a wife. Then he vowed that he would go to the south of France for the winter, and get a curate. He was a prim and punctilious personage, and he did not mean to deal shabbily with his substitute. But two things he insisted on: first, that his *locum tenens* should be married, and secondly that he should be childless. He got exactly the right man at last, a scholarly, well-dressed, and evidently accomplished gentleman, who spoke of Mrs. Connor with respectful confidence and affection, who had been married ten years, and had no family, who made no difficulties except that the stables were, he feared, inconveniently too small, but he would make shift. With a mind relieved and a blissful honeymoon before him, the Rev. John Morris set out for Nice—in the days when the railway system was not as complete as now—and the Rev. Mr. Connor arrived at the rectory the next Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Connor came too with *fourteen brindled bulldogs*. That was her specialty, and she gave her whole mind to keeping the breed pure and making large sums by every litter. During the following week appeared seven pupils, the rejected of the several public schools, who were committed to the care of Mr. Connor to be kept out of their parents' sight and to "prepare for the University." Mrs. Connor kept no female servants. Not a woman or a girl dared pass the rectory gate. The Connors had a man cook and men housemaids. The bulldogs would prowl about the neighborhood in threes and fours with a slow shuffling trot,

sniffing, growling, turning their hideous bloodshot eyes at you, undecided whether or not to tear you limb from limb, and then passing on with menacing contempt. Sometimes there were rumors of horrible fights; no one dared to separate the brutes except Mrs. Connor. Once the two mightiest of the bulldogs got "locked," as the head man expressed it. "What did you do?" "Do? Why I shrook out to Billy to hang on, and I called the Missus, and she gave 'em the hot un, and they gave in!" The "hot un" turned out to be a thin bar of steel with a wooden handle, which was always kept ready for use in the kitchen fire, and which Mrs. Connor had her own method of applying, red-hot so as to paralyze the canine culprit without blemishing him. But imagine the condition of that newly furnished parsonage when the poor rector came back to his home.

When we have said all that need be said about the minor vexations and worries which are incident to the country parson's life, and which, like all men who live in isolation, he is apt to exaggerate, there is something still behind it all which only a few feel to be an evil at all, and which those who do feel, for many good reasons, are shy of speaking about; partly because they know it to be incurable, partly because if they do touch upon it they are likely to be tabulated among the dissatisfied, or are credited with unworthy motives which they know in their hearts that they are not swayed by.

That which really makes the country parson's position a cheer-

less and trying one is its absolute *finality*. Dante's famous line ought to be carved upon the lintel of every country parsonage in England. When the new rector on his induction takes the key of the church, locks himself in, and tolls the bell, it is his own passing-bell that he is ringing. He is shutting himself out from any hope of a further career upon earth. He is a man transported for life, to whom there will come no reprieve. Whether he be the sprightly and sanguine young bachelor of twenty-four who takes the family living—or the podgy plebeian whose uncle the butcher has bought the advowson for a song—or the college tutor, fastidious, highly cultured, even profoundly learned, who has accepted university preferment—or the objectionable and quarrelsome man, whom it was necessary to provide for by sending into the country"—be he who he may, gifted or very much the reverse, careless or earnest, slothful or zealous, genial, eloquent, wise, and notoriously successful in his ministrations, or the veriest stick and humdrum that ever snivelled through a homily—from the day that he accepts a country benefice he is a shelved man, and is put upon the retired list as surely as the commander in the navy who disappears on half-pay. I do not mean only that the country parson is never promoted to the higher dignities in the Church, or that cathedral preferment is very rarely bestowed upon him; but I do mean that he is never moved from the benefice in which he has once been planted. You may ply me with instances to

the contrary here and there, but they are instances only numerous enough to illustrate the universality of the law which prevails—

Once a country parson always a country parson; where he finds himself there he has to stay.

As long as the patronage of ecclesiastical preferment in the Church of England remains in the hands it has remained in for a thousand years and more, and as long as the tenure of the benefice continues to be as it is and as it has been since feudal times, I can see no remedy and no prospect that things should go on otherwise than they do now. Give a man some future in whatever position you put him, and he will be content to give you all his best energies, his time, his strength, his fortune, in return for the chance of recognition that he may sooner or later reasonably look forward to; but there is no surer way of making the ablest man a *faînéant* at the best, a soured and angry revolutionist at the second-best, and something even more odious and degraded at the worst, than to shut him up in a cage like Sterne's starling, and bid him sing gaily and hop briskly from perch to perch till the end of his days, with a due supply of sopped bread-crumbs and hemp-seed found for him from day to day, and a sight of the outer world granted him—through the bars.

There is a something which appeals to our pity in every career *manqué*. The statesman who made one false step, the soldier who at the crisis of his life was out-generalled, the lawyer who began so well but who proved not quite strong

enough for the strain he had to bear—we meet them now and then where we should least have expected to find them, the obliterated heroes of the hour, and we say with a kindly sigh, “this man might have had another chance.” But each of these has had his chance; they have worked up to a position and have forfeited it when it has been proved they were in the wrong place; they have gone into the battle of life, and the fortune of war has gone against them; tried by the judgment of that world which is so “cold to all that might have been,” they have been found wanting; they have had to step aside, and make way for abler men than themselves. But up and down the land in remote country parsonages—counting by the hundreds—there are to be found those who have never had, and never will have, any chance at all of showing what stuff is in them—men of real genius shrivelled, men of noble intellect, its expansion arrested, men fitted to lead and rule, men of force of character and power of mind, whom from the day that they entered upon the charge of a rural parish have had never the remotest chance of deliverance from

“The dull mechanic pacing to and fro,
The set grey life and pathetic end.”

You might as well expect from such as these that they should be able to break away from their surroundings, or fail to be dwarfed and cramped by them, as expect that Robinson Crusoe should develop into a sagacious politician.

“Pathos,” did I say? How often have I heard the casual visitor to

our wilds exclaim with half-incredulous wonder, “What, *that* Parkins? Why, he used to walk the streets of Camford like a god! He carried all before him. The younger dons used to say the world was at his feet—a ball that he might kick over what goal he might please to choose. And was that other really the great Dawkins, whose lectures we used to hear of with such envy—we of St. Chad’s College, who had to content ourselves with little Smug’s platitudes? Dawkins! How St. Mary’s used to be crowded when he preached! Old Dr. Stokes used to say Dawkins had too much fire and enthusiasm for Oxbridge. He called him Savonarola, and he meant it for a sneer. And that’s Dawkins! How are the mighty fallen!”

I lay innocent traps for my casuals now and then, when I can persuade some of the effaced ones to come and dine with us, but it is often just a little too sad. They are like the ghosts of the heroic dead. Men of sixty, old before their time; the broad massive brow, with the bar of Michael Angelo, is there; but the eyes that used to flash and kindle have grown dim and sleepy, those lips that curled with such fierce scorn, or quivered with such glad playfulness or subtle drollery—it seems as if it were yesterday—have become stiff and starched. Poverty has come and hope has gone. Dawkins knew so little about the matter that he actually believed he only required to get a *pied à terre*, such as a college living would afford him, and a (nominal) income of £700 a year, and there would be,

a fresh world to conquer as easy to subdue as the old Academic world which was under his feet. Poor Dawkins! Poor Parkins! Poor anyone who finds himself high and dry some fine morning on his island home, while between him and the comrades who helped him to his fate the distance widens; for him there is no escape, no sailing back. There are the fruits of the earth, and the shade of the trees, and the wreckage of other barks that have stranded there; but there is no to-morrow with a different promise from to-day's, nor even another islet to look to when this one has been made the most of and explored, only the resource of acquiescence as he muses on the things that were,

"Gazing far out foamward."

People say with some indignation, "What a pity, what a shame, that Parkins and Dawkins should be buried as they are!" No, that is not the shame nor the pity; the shame is that, being buried, they should have no hope of being dug up again. Yonder splendid *larva* may potentially be a much more splendid *imago*; let it bury itself by all means, but do not keep it for ever below ground. Do not say to it, "Once there, you must stop there, there and there only. For such as you there shall be no change, no transformation, your resting-place shall inevitably be your grave."

But if it be a melancholy spectacle to see the wreck of a man of great intellect and noble nature, whom banishment in his prime and poverty in his old age have blighted, scarcely less saddening is

the sight of the active and energetic young man of merely ordinary abilities, to whom a country living has come in his youth and vigor, and once for all has stunted his growth and extinguished his ambition. There is no man more out of place and who takes longer to fit into his place than the worthy young clergyman who has been ordained to a town curacy, kept for four or five years at all the routine work of a large town parish, worked and admirably organized as—thank God!—most large town parishes are, and who, at eight or nine and twenty, is dropped down suddenly into a small village, and told that there he is to live and die. He does not know a horse from a cow. He has had his regular work mapped out for him by his superior officer as clearly as if he were a policeman. He has been part of a very complex machinery, religious, educational, eleemosynary. Every hour has been fully occupied—so occupied that he has lost all the habits of reading and study which he ever possessed. He has to preach at least one hundred sermons in the course of the year, and there is not a single one in his very small repertory that is in the least suitable for the new congregation; and for the first time in his life he finds himself called upon to stand alone with no one to consult, no one to lean on, no one to help him, and in so much a worse condition than the original Robinson Crusoe that the indigenous sons of the soil come and stare at him with an eye to their chance of getting a meal out of him, or making a meal off him, in the meantime doing, as the wicked always have done since the

Psalmist's days, making mouths at him and ceasing not!

Our vehement young friends in the first warmth of their conversion to new ideas are apt to express themselves with more force than elegance, and to push their elders somewhat rudely from behind. But they mean what they say, and I am glad they are coming to think as they do. As for us, the veterans who have lived through sixty summers and more, there is no cloud of promise for us in the horizon. We are not the men who have anything to gain by any change; we know the corner of the churchyards where our bones will lie. We do not delude ourselves; some of us never looked for any career when we retired into the wilderness. We asked for a refuge only, and that we have found. Oh, Hope of all the ends of the earth, is it a small thing that for the remainder of our days we are permitted to witness for Thee among the poor and sad and lowly ones?

But you, the strong and young and fervid, take heed how you leave the life of the camp, its stir and throb and discipline, too soon. Take heed now, before the time you join the reserve, only to discover too late that you are out of harmony with your surroundings, that you are fretting against the narrowness of inclosure within which you are confined, that there is for you no outlook—none—only a bare subsistence and a safe berth, as there is for other hulks laid up to rot at ease. If that discovery comes upon you soon enough, break away! *Make* the change that will not come, and leave others to

chuckle over their fixity of tenure and their security, and their trumpery boast that "no one can turn them out." But let us have your testimony before we part—you and we. Bear witness Yes or No! Has the consciousness of occupying a position from which you could never be removed raised you in your own estimation, or helped you for one single moment to do your duty? Has it never kept you down? *Frauds* are for the weak, not for the strong—for the coward, not for the brave; they are for those who only live to rust at ease, as if to breathe were life; they are not for such as make the ventures of Faith, and help their brethren to overcome the world.—AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D., in *The Nineteenth Century*.

POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS IN ITALY.

THE whole subject of assassinations in Italy possesses a sinister interest. It includes those terrible and picturesque stories which have so often served the pen of our playwrights; tragedies that find their home particularly in Italy of the Renaissance; the stories of the Cenci, Vittoria Accoramboni, Lorenzino de' Medici, Caraffa, and many others. These dark passages form the romance of history rather than belong to history itself in its higher departments. But the widest and deepest interest which attaches to such episodes of crime and blood lies rather in the general question which they

raise. How are we to explain the attitude of a people refined, cultivated, far from brutal in their tastes and in their vices, who yet freely admitted the use of such atrocious weapons as the poisoned dagger and cup? and that, too, not merely in private life, where the fury of revenge may account for the horror of many deaths, but even in their political relations with foreign powers, where these revolting weapons were necessarily used in cold blood, and where treachery was adopted with as little scruple as open war is now declared.

It is this phenomenon of murder justified as a weapon, and admitted in the code of international law, that attracts and rivets our attention. That we have not exaggerated the frequency of attempted assassination the books under discussion will abundantly prove. That we do not over-estimate the sanction of assassination will be made clear by the following passages taken from a variety of authorities upon political ethics; although we must remember that the whole question was, as Cocceius has it, "*materia intricata admodum et hactenus non satis extricata.*" St. Thomas Aquinas in the famous passage of his *Summa* says, "It is not lawful to slay anyone except upon the public authority and for the common weal. . . He who exercises the public authority and kills a man in his own defence justifies his action on the ground of the common weal." Again, Baldus declares, "It is lawful to slay your enemy by poison." Cocceius argues that assassins and poisons are not admissible weapons in time of war,

unless the war may be absolutely terminated by their means. Grotius is even more explicit: "*Quem interficere liceat,*" he says, "*enim gladio aut veneno interimas nihil interest, si jus naturæ respicias;*" and he confirms this dictum by adding that "to slay your enemy wherever you find him is sanctioned not only by the law of nature, but also by the law of nations; nor will it serve to prove the contrary that those who are arrested for such acts are put to death in torments, for that is only another proof of the law of nations that against foes all is permissible;" upon which Gronovius remarks, "And therefore you may slay your enemy when he is unarmed, unawares, even asleep." And this is what Burlamaqui has upon the point: "To the question whether the assassination of a foe be lawful, I reply yes, if the agent of the assassination be the subject of the prince who employs him." We would call attention to this curious reservation made by Burlamaqui; it introduces a new point in political ethics, a point to which we shall presently return. Finally, Puffendorff decides that war, while it lasts, breaks all bonds of reciprocal rights and duties, and that in taking arms against us our enemy has granted us an unlimited faculty to employ against him all possible acts of hostility.

So far, then, the lawyers. If we turn to the Church, we find the same principles enunciated with even greater frankness, especially as regards tyrannicide. The churchmen were, of course, influenced by the examples of Jael, Judith, and

others. Mariana, *de Rege et Regis Institutione*, speaking of the assassination of Henry III. by Jacques Clement, says, "Nuperque in Gallia monumentum nobile est constitutum . . . quo Principes doceantur impios ausus haud impune cadere;" and adds, doubtless referring to St. Thomas, that Clement learned from the theologians that it is lawful to slay a tyrant. Mariana observes, it is true, that the Council of Constance had condemned this doctrine, but no Pope had ever approved the condemnation, and therefore it was invalid in the eyes of good churchmen. For a general defence of assassination and easements for the same we will refer our readers to that curious collection of Jesuitical opinions compiled, under the title of *Artes Jesuiticæ* by "Cristianus Alethophilus;" warning them, however, that the compilation is hostile.

The passages we have just cited abundantly prove the laxity of view upon this question of assassination—a laxity which began in Italy, but spread all over Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. On the part of lawyers, as on the part of churchmen, there was a steady and determined attempt to bring the crime of assassination within the pale of international and of ecclesiastical law. This is the phenomenon which we propose to study—to trace its origin, its growth, its justification, the reason which induced men to accept so monstrous a proposition, its inherent weakness, and its failure.

In examining the documents be-

fore us we see that the assassinations with which they deal fall under four heads: *tyrannicide*, *political assassination*, *executionary assassination*, and *private assassination*. The attitude of men's minds towards assassination varied as the kind varied. Executionary assassination, the murder of a fugitive criminal, sanctioned or even invited by the government from which he was flying, we may dismiss at once from our consideration. In the period of which we treat such retribution hardly required any justification. There were simply two methods of procedure against criminals: the ordinary method of justice, which ended in an execution; the extraordinary, or supplemental method of justice, which ended in an assassination. Private assassination, too, though frequent enough, was never, so far as we know, recognized as a possibly legitimate act by the secular power, whatever attempts the Jesuits may have made to palliate the crime in order to establish their own ascendancy over the actions and the consciences of their penitents. This leaves for our consideration the two species of *tyrannicide* and *political assassination*, or assassination used as a weapon against foes of the state.

The point of view which justified tyrannicide is not difficult to understand. The crimes and cruelties of princes have frequently rendered them intolerable to their subjects. There is a point beyond which human endurance will not go. Mariana lays it down that "Principum potentiam imbecillam esse si reverentia ab animis subditorum semel

abscesserit." The greatness of the prince's position, however, the number of his guards, the power and importance of those who are attached to his throne by personal and selfish motives, the enormous difficulties in the way of successful revolution, all render his person impervious to any attack except the secret and perfidious attack of the assassin.

The authority of the ancients, the study of Plutarch, the praises lavished on the names of Harmodius, of Brutus, of almost all tyrannicides, became an incentive to those who thirsted for fame, or were enamored of liberty. The famous conspiracy against the Medici in 1512-13 will occur to every one, and the cry of Boscoli to his friend Lucca della Robbia, "Ah! Lucca, take Brutus from my heart, that I may die entirely Christian."

Lorenzino de' Medici's *Apology for the Murder of Alessandro, Duke of Florence*, is a document full of instruction in this regard. Lorenzino opens with a defence of his action generally, based upon the example of the ancients, and the sacred duty imposed on each one to secure political freedom for himself and his fellow citizens. He then comes to a more difficult part of the count against him, the opinion of those who maintain that, although Alexander was a tyrant, and therefore in all justice slayable, Lorenzino had no right to be his executioner, "essendo del sangue suo e fidandosi egli di me." Over this point we must pause, for it introduces the one limitation which Italian sentiment seems to have im-

posed on the perfect justifiability of tyrannicide. The opinion of Burlamaqui, quoted above, will recur to our minds; he says that assassination is legitimate, provided that one of the patient's own subjects be not employed. This would seem to be an expansion of the idea which Lorenzino is combating, the idea that treachery between blood relations is unjustifiable. This opinion appears to have been deeply rooted in the Italian view on the question; witness the appeal of Bernabó Visconti when treacherously seized by his nephew, *O Gian Galeazzo, non esser traditor del tuo sangue*; and again, an anonymous author, whom we shall presently have occasion to quote in full, argues that if Ercole d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, had any just cause of complaint against the Marquis of Pescara for compassing his life, it must have been based on the fact that the Marquis was related to him by ties of blood. Lorenzino defends himself first on the ground that Alexander was not a Medici at all, but the bastard son of a groom's wife; and secondly, by boldly asserting that even had Alexander been his cousin, *le leggi ordinate contro a' tiranni* and the general consensus of opinion would have compelled him to the deed.

As to the legal aspects of tyrannicide, perhaps no one would have dared to enunciate such a doctrine inside a tyrant's own dominions. The approval was usually popular *ex post facto*, and dependent on success. Yet there was clearly an effort to formulate such deeds to bring them within the pale of some recognized law. And this observa-

tion leads us to another which may, in part, account for the number and audacity of the regicides which occur in Italian history, the observation that the titles of almost all the native Italian princes were more or less defective. We have only to remember the constant usurpations, the eagerness with which the Scaligers, Carraresi, Visconti, and Sforzá sought for an imperial title, and the difficulty with which they obtained one, to perceive at once how important a sound title must have been. This weakness in Italian titles was inherent in the fundamental conception of Italian politics, dating from the age of Charlemagne, the division of the supreme authorities temporal and spiritual between the Emperor and the Pope. No one of these Italian princes could claim to be autocratic in theory as well as in fact; therefore the plea of divine right, the divinity that doth hedge a king, was of no avail for him as a safeguard; and his murder became almost legitimate if it received the sanction of his superiors, the Emperor or the Pope. We may conclude that tyrannicide was held to be justifiable; but public opinion placed limits upon the degrees within which treachery was not to be used, the degrees of blood relationship. We must remember, however, that this species of assassination had no place in Venice. Owing to the nature of her constitution, however tyrannical she might have been—though indeed she was not—there was no one man by whose death the burden of tyranny could have been removed from the necks of the people. The

whole government authority in Venice resided in councils, committees of nobles—corporations, in short, which are impervious to the dagger and to poison.

And this brings us now to the fourth and last species of assassination—political assassination, as we have called it—in which Venice enjoys a sinister prominence. Here the question of the natural history of the idea, and the attitude of men's minds towards it, is not quite so easy to solve as it is in the case of tyrannicide. How came the pernicious doctrine that States may use assassination as a weapon to be taught? how is it that this teaching took such a hold upon politicians of that time? For the origin of the doctrine we shall have to go back to two principles which, whatever may be their ethical validity, are deeply seated in human nature—the idea that might is right, and the idea of expediency. The one finds a concise expression in Dante's well-known dictum that "*ille populus qui cunctis athletizantibus pro imperio mundi, prævaluit, de jure divino prævaluit.*" This is a doctrine of fatalism tempered by a belief in the divine governance of the world. In this view every struggle with a foe is a species of duel, an appeal to the *judicium Dei*. The old belief, of which we get the converse in the cynical epigram, "God is on the side of the strongest battalions," prevails that the supreme ruler will not allow the wrong to be victorious, and that point being granted, it follows that all means towards victory at once become legitimate, because they are means

which assist the fulfilment of the divine will.

The second principle which underlies the doctrine of political assassination—the principle of expediency, which was summed up in the famous proverb *Uomo morto non fa guerra*—has its roots in a very different part of our nature. It belongs not to the necessitarian and fatalistic side, but to the side of free will, to the ineradicable belief that man can modify his conditions and govern his actions, and is entitled to do so with a view to his own safety and convenience. These two ideas, which lie so wide apart, at the extreme poles of human thought, yet form the basis of any attempt to formulate and to bring within the pale of law the doctrine of political assassination. When the propositions of this doctrine came to be openly discussed, we shall find, as is natural, that jurists, churchmen, and politicians rely upon the latter basis—the basis of expediency—for the justification of the doctrine. The bias in this direction was given by the gradual development of the modern State with its principles of policy, reasons of state—statecraft, in fact—which that development produced. Macchiavelli formulated the doctrine that the state weal, the state needs, were the supreme, the sole, the righteous end and aim of every ruler and of every citizen, an end to which all other considerations must yield. Then came the casuists with their teaching that the end justifies the means, and we at once get the doctrine of political assassination, that where state expediency requires the removal of a

foe, that may be legitimately accomplished by any means in your power. And yet, although the doctrine was thus formulated as a tenable thesis in political ethics, and assassination had been sanctioned as a legitimate weapon in the hands of government, it is impossible to read the documents relating to the question without feeling that men had a bad conscience on the matter. The Council of Ten dreaded the publication of their secrets; they insist upon *segretezza et iterum segretezza*, not solely through fear of reprisals in kind—as we have pointed out, reprisals in kind against a corporation were difficult, if not impossible—but also through fear of the infamy such revelations would bring upon their State. The truth is, that human conscience had already been formed upon the Christian principle “Love your enemies.” The bonds were laid upon the conscience of humanity, however far human action might depart from that rule.

So far we have endeavored to trace the origin and growth of this doctrine, that political assassination is a legitimate weapon in the armory of nations. What the doctrine looks like when stated in its fullest form we shall best gather from the treatise of the anonymous author to whom we have already referred. The document throws a most valuable light upon the whole discussion, and contains as cold and as precise a statement of the position as we can hope to find. Our author entitles his paper, “Of the Right that Princes have to compass the Lives of their Enemies’ Allies:”

"The Marquis of Pescara, as Minister and Captain-General of the Emperor Charles V., organizes and conducts a conspiracy against the life of Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, ally and relation of Francis, King of France. The conspiracy does not take effect; and coming to the knowledge of the duke, he loudly complains of this particular machination against his life. There seems to be some doubt, then, whether one prince, in order to weaken another prince, his enemy, may and can procure the death of his enemy's allies. . . . Upon this point . . . I maintain that in all strictness of sound policy you may and can debilitate your enemy in any way you choose, even by the treacherous murder of his allies.

"To prove the first clause of my thesis. . . . I affirm that political expediency, or reasons of State as we call it, teaches and permits each prince to secure above everything the preservation of his State, that he may subsequently proceed to its aggrandizement; and, therefore, weighing and foreseeing all that may injure and all that may benefit his State, he must take every possible means to anticipate the one in order to prevent it, and to court the other in order to appropriate it; and hence it follows that all action taken with such ends in view is said to be taken for reasons of State, and that is a rational justification of all actions which have for scope and object the conservation of the *status quo*, or the maintenance of the State itself. These rules of political expediency, which, be it observed, are obligatory for no other object save for the service, the security, and the perpetuation of sovereignty, interpret the laws, alter prescription, change habits, and as it were arbitrate, dispose, and convert all the accidents of time and all human operations to their own proper use and benefit, to such an extent that, magnifying the good and justifying the evil by this sanction of reasons of State, they curb and predominate the vulgar estimate of actions, vivify the will and conduct of princes, and constitute themselves mistress in spite of custom and morality. In every State political expediency rules absolutely in its own right; but in the more powerful States it requires a peculiarly extended jurisdiction and authority from the very power and pre-eminence of those States; and, therefore, we see the moral laws contravened

and superseded by the great princes much more lightly than by their inferiors, because in their case every title, every positive prescription of laws human and divine, must be made to bow to their advantage; hence for great princes that is lawful and customary which is absolutely forbidden and impossible for others. . . . Moreover, in the conduct and progress of a war, since the sovereign is bound for his own advantage and security to debilitate his foe by all the ways and means in his power, this method of depriving him of friends and adherents is both most opportune and obligatory. And should it haply be urged that the murder of an allied prince is an action too base to be compassed, we may reply that in the fury and duration of the war there is no action so base that it may not be demonstrated as a direct consequence of the war itself, and that this very quality of base iniquity is to be found in all wars, even in those justified by necessity; nay, further, we argue that the iniquity which achieves the highest amount of safety to him who employs it in such cases is always the least damnable iniquity. . . . Nor should any methods you may adopt towards such an end seem strange and iniquitous, for open war does not exclude methods quite as vicious. I will even venture to declare that conspiracy may be the least impious method you can use. For pressed to its last issue, a conspiracy only results in the slaughter of one man who, as principal or ally, has had a share in the origin or in the progress of the war; while the mass of persons who perish in the incidents of a campaign are for the most part entirely innocent. . . . I conclude therefore that for reasons of state and reasons of war it is the prince's duty to aim ever at the enfeeblement and annihilation of his foe by stripping him, even treacherously, of his allies, as of those who form an essential part of his forces. . . ."

Such is the doctrine of political assassination, stated with absolute frankness by the anonymous author. It is not necessary for us to point out how, in this view, all action is governed by expediency; how justification is sought in "rules of State, not rules of Good."

Nor need we pause to analyze the arguments adduced in favor of political assassination—the argument of clemency to subjects, of a merciful expeditionness by the destruction of the very source and fountain-head of the war—all these are set out with perfect clearness and so speciously supported that they might well have induced statesmen to adopt them. How thoroughly they were adopted by Italian princes the story of Bayard and the Duke of Ferrara will serve to show. The duke informed the chevalier that he intended to poison the Pope. Bayard declared that he would never consent to the murder of God's lieutenant on earth. Thereupon the duke shrugged his shoulders, and, stamping on the ground, exclaimed, "By the body of God, Monsieur de Bayard, I should like to kill all my enemies just in this way. However, as you do not approve, we will leave the matter alone; but unless God finds some remedy, both you and I will live to repent it." We only wish to point out now two general considerations upon the whole sentiment with regard to political assassination as displayed in the treatise of the anonymous author. First, that the attitude of mind which attempted to legitimize assassination indicates a revolt of what was held to be common sense against the Christian idea; the common sense that "takes the cash and lets the credit go," that cannot grasp the profounder doctrine that the whole world is nothing to a man in comparison with his own soul. And in this aspect it raises a question which is essentially a modern

question, a question that is still waiting for its answer: How far may the ethical standards in the individual and in the State differ from one another? is there one rule of conduct for nations and another for persons; or is the ethical canon absolute at all times and in all places? And the second consideration—which also has bearings on some open questions of to-day—is this, that here we see a rudimentary international law growing up side by side with the new conditions of the States of Europe. Political assassination is discussed as a weapon of war, in precisely the same spirit that the Geneva Convention discussed the use of explosive bullets, Greek fire, or the immunity of ambulance wagons.

Our readers may possibly feel that we have insisted too much on the existence of the doctrine of political assassination as a formulated, discussable proposition in the ethics of nations. Though we admit a tendency in those who handle this subject to become preoccupied by it, to see assassination in every sudden death, and poison in every unaccountable illness, yet we maintain that such documents as the one we have just quoted prove that the question of political assassination was matter for study, for discussion, for possible acceptance as a maxim of government.

The students who turned their attention to this point in statecraft, who argued and formulated the legitimacy of political assassination, seem to us to have fallen into an error similar to that which vitiated the speculations of the earlier political economists. They

isolated their phenomenon for purposes of study, and then predicated its qualities and its action in isolation as its qualities and action when free in its proper place in the body politic. Political assassination, kept within bounds, used as philosophers and students desired to see it used, might possibly commend itself to men with whom the sense of interest was paramount to the sense of duty. But assassination let loose upon the State is quite another matter. And this consideration leads us to observe one or two points of weakness inherent in the doctrine, and, in part at least, accounting for its failure to take a permanent place among the maxims of Government. And first, the whole proposition was lawless and immoral; lawless and immoral because it was not in the main current of development, in the destined order of growth; because it was a violation of conscience. The conscience of Europe had been Christianized; a step had been made towards the perfect knowledge that love, not hatred, is the higher law of life. Retreat from that position was henceforth impossible for the conscience of mankind, however frequently the actions of men might contravene the rule that it implied. The idea of political assassination and all its many kindred ideas belong to the transient period of development, one of the backward sweeps in the spiral of human progress, the mood of negation, the epoch of revolt against the unpractical Christian idea—a revolt which was destined to fortify, consolidate, and permanently en-

throne that idea in the mind of man. This is, of course, judgment after the event. The men who formulated political assassination doubtless believed that they were assisting the development of human intelligence, that they were placing in the hands of princes a weapon which would permanently enrich the armory of states. If they had succeeded in establishing the maxims of political assassination, we should have had nothing to say. But they did not succeed. No doubt to practical politicians these unlawful and immoral means appeared to be a short and easy method for cutting the knot of many a difficult situation, provided always that they could be kept under control and applied only to that purpose which seemed to justify their adoption, the welfare of the State. But that was a proviso which could never be observed. It is impossible to ring-fence, to hermetically seal up the unlawful and immoral element in a State. The most successful attempt to do so was made by Venice when she constructed the Council of Ten, endowed it with unlimited powers, and secured its irresponsibility by enveloping it in secrecy. But the virus cannot be confined to one part of the social structure. If it is present anywhere, it will inevitably spread, and sooner or later it will infect the whole body politic. The conscious and deliberate introduction of those false doctrines of statecraft is the first step towards anarchy, beginning with the corruption of the prince. The sovereign who has learned that all is lawful to him, a guardian of the

public weal, as sovereign, will soon slip into the easy and consolatory belief that all is lawful to him as a man. The people will argue that what is lawful to one man as man is lawful to all men as men. Hence a collision between prince and people. The prince arrives at the maxim *L'Etat c'est moi*; he expands himself to the absorption of his State in his own personal and private individuality; the people arrive at the maxim of their own sovereignty; they expand the idea of themselves till it absorbs the governing power; there is a confusion between the ruler and the ruled; the outlines of the State are broken down, and revolution ensues.

[*The Edinburgh Review* proceeds at great length to narrate the story of political poisonings in Italy, and thus concludes:]

About the middle of the sixteenth century the proposals to poison reached the Council of Ten so frequently that they were obliged to institute a separate register in which all such offers were recorded. As we have already seen, there was in the Ducal Palace a cupboard specially set apart for the poisons which the Ten kept in store. One of the last documents in M. Lamansky's collection relates to the confusion into which this poison cupboard had fallen. It runs thus:—

"1755, 16 December. Seeing that the poisonous substances for the service of this tribunal were scattered about among the shelves of the archives, to the great risk of some accident, and that many of these said poisons were grown corrupt through age, and of several neither the nature nor the dose was known, their Excellencies, desirous of arranging such delicate matter in the good order necessary

for its use and security, have commanded the consignments of all these poisons to a separate casket, in which a book shall be kept to explain the nature and the dose of each one for the guidance of their successors."

And with this document we will close our consideration of the Council of Ten and political assassination. The whole truth is known; nothing further of importance remains to be published on this matter. A few more documents may possibly be discovered, but they will not alter the general aspect of the case. The worst has been said, and no defence is possible. We revolt in horror at the baseness of the means adopted, and we despise the weakness with which those means were put in operation. We are tempted to affirm the fierce invective of the French ambassador, and to say that Venice was indeed a "*venenosissima ac resurgens vipera*." Nor can we admit the plea of justification—the justification of necessity, which compelled Venice to adopt in self-defence means condemned by the conscience of mankind, though not absolutely in contravention of the ethical standard of that time. Unhappily the curse which attends the employment of immoral and criminal means for political ends is not confined to the mediæval centuries or to the Secret Councils of Venice and Rome. It is the same detestable motive, and the same perversion of the moral sense, which at this moment arm the Irish peasant to murder his neighbor and obtain for him the approval of the population and the absolution of his Church; it is the same diabolical ingenuity

which arms the American dynamiter with his fearful weapon against the security of London. It is the same fanaticism of crime which within the last few years has caused the murder of two Presidents of the United States and of Alexander II. of Russia, whose successor is pursued by the insatiable ferocity of the gang of assassins called Nihilists. In all these cases an attempt is made to draw a distinction in favor of political assassination, as if it were less criminal than ordinary murder. No refinements of sophistry, no evasions of truth, can palliate these execrable offences against the laws of God and man, and the only safe rule of policy and justice is that they should always and everywhere be denounced, condemned, and punished with the utmost severity. Those who hope to profit by such practices, and who suffer them to be employed for their benefit, are even more guilty than the wretched instruments who are tempted by money or by fanaticism to commit the crime.—*Edinburgh Review*.

THE ROMAN MATRON.

IN the early days the strictest kind of marriage conferred on the Roman wife privileges which were considerable in extent and honorable in degree. When married by the law of *cum conventione* and with the form of *confarreatio*—the two eating together the sacred salted cake, and she, the bride, promising to share with her husband water and fire—she was set in a place of personal dignity and moral power;

and though she belonged to the family more than to the community, the State took care of her interests and provided for her welfare. Her legal personality was certainly merged in that of her husband, who was emphatically the master of the household; she was counted as one of his family, and was no longer under the protection of her own; but she was secure from his caprice, and could not be divorced at his pleasure. Nor might she be ill-used; and she was as much mistress in the house as he was master. *Ubi tu Gaius, ego Gaia*, she said to her bridegroom when she was lifted over his threshold as a reminiscence of the time when she had been won by violence and carried off by force. "Where thou art lord I am lady," was her half-threatening promise of self-assertion. And the Roman woman was not one to use this formula falteringly—not one whose dignity of command could be easily softened or deflected by love.

Bound by this double link of law and religion, the wife's legal position was that of her husband's child, but she was protected against that breadth of paternal power which made the father both the law and the executive in his own household and enabled him to sell his children into slavery, or to put them to death for certain offences. She was free from the domination of her own father, and her husband's was restricted. She inherited from her husband equally, but only equally, with her children; and as a daughter she shared with her brothers. Unlike the Greek heiress, who, as with the Eastern women, was some-

thing that went with the estates rather than the freeholder of property—taken over as an obligation integral to the inheritance, like the fixtures in the house or the stock on the farm—the Roman widow inherited on her own account, and the Roman girl endowed the man she married.

This legal consideration was the reward of personal merit, and dated back to the foundation of the Empire. By their refusal to leave their Roman husbands when the Sabine army came down to avenge the rape which had made their virgins wives and mothers, the women saved Rome. "Romulus rewarded them with honors for themselves and the whole class of matrons. The curies were called by the name of the Sabine wives. All married women were exempted from every kind of household service except spinning and weaving"—occupations held in such honor as to be specially mentioned in epitaphs; one who spun and weaved well being entitled to the praise which belongs to virtue. "Whoever met a matron was to make way for her. Whoever hurt her modesty by a wanton word or look was guilty of a capital offence." The right of inheriting on the same footing as a child (by the *Conventio in Manum*) was conferred on wives if they wished it; but if any husband should abuse his parental power and sell his wife, as he might sell his child, he was devoted to the infernal gods. A man might divorce his wedded wife for adultery, for poisoning his children, or for counterfeiting the keys intrusted to her. If he put her away without any of these grounds, half

his property was forfeit to the injured woman, the other half to the Temple of Ceres. Again: "When a marriage had been solemnized with the religious sanction of the *confarreatio*, a divorce was so difficult as scarcely to be possible, but the husband might put his guilty wife to death. When the marriage had not been solemnly contracted, so as to produce a *conventio in manum*, the parties were always allowed to separate at discretion." This looser kind of marriage—*sine conventionem*—grew to be the general law among highly placed persons, even so early as the times of Cæsar and Augustus, when divorces were as common as marriages, and no woman was considered damaged by multiplied proprietorship and a different father for each child. The meaner folk, however, still clung to their old customs, and the heart of the nation remained sound long after the head had become corrupt.

We need not go strictly into dates, nor make out precisely when this form or that fell into disuse, when the virtuous Roman matron—the *mater-familias*—ceased to be, and her place was taken by the mere *uxor*—that legalized light-o'-love who was still under the control of her father, and was never legally incorporated into her husband's family. She—this almost temporary *uxor*—might be divorced and remarried at pleasure, if her father gave his consent or a powerful man proposed. A national portrait is like those coalesced photographs wherein minor individual differences are lost. The Roman Matron, as we know her in her severe maj-

esty and personal honor, and the Roman Lady in her licentiousness and luxury, bear each a name which conveys its own concrete idea, whether we call to mind Lucretia in the early morning or Helena in the evening twilight—whether she is the Tullia of tradition or the Messalina of history.—ELIZA LYNN-LINTON, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE.—From the *Pall Mall Gazette* we learn that:

“M. Topinard, a French savant is busy on an elaborate inquiry into the relative predominance of blondes and brunettes, which among other things will go to show once more that Alsace Lorraine is really France. It is in this way. As every one knows, in the Germanic race the blonde type preponderates, and such is found to be the case in the greater part of territorial Germany. Blondes are most preponderant in Schleswig-Holstein, and least in Alsace-Lorraine. In the former the proportion of out-and-out blondes (of persons, that is, with fair hair, fair eyes, and light skin) is 43 per cent., in Alsace-Lorraine it is only 18 per cent. The Alsatians are brunette as compared with the Germans, although fair as compared with the French. M. Topinard is now pursuing the investigations further, and hopes soon to be able to furnish a complete census of blonde and brunette.”

AN EGYPTIAN MINISTER OF FINANCE.—Mr. Alfred J. Butler went to Egypt early in 1880 as tutor to the sons of Tewfik Pasha who had just succeeded his deposed father, Ismail, as Khedive, or Viceroy. Mr. Butler has just put forth a work entitled *Court Life in Egypt*, which is highly praised by Amelia B. Edwards, in the *Academy*. She says:

“If the atrocities of the *Thousand and One Nights* were possible but yesterday (are perhaps possible to-day!) in modern Egypt, it is no less clear that in unbridled luxury of living some other magnates of the court of Ismail Pasha outdid Aladdin

himself. Not even the false Khalif, when he entertained Harûn er-Rashid unawares, displayed more magnificence than a certain finance minister, or Mufettish, of whom Mr. Butler tells us that “He had 400 women slaves, all gorgeously attired in silks and decked with marvelous jewels. He had a set of twelve golden ash-trays encrusted with brilliants, each little tray worth £500. His kitchen cost £60,000 a year. When the present Khedive (then prince) went with the princess to pay the Mufettish a visit, they were dumbfounded by the lavish splendor of his palace. Another notorious personage called Naib es-Sultânah, who held some high office in the Treasury, possessed no less than 700 slaves, and was known to give £25,000 for a single Circassian beauty. This very man contrived in his day to pose before England and Europe as an ardent abolitionist of the slave-trade. The aforesaid Mufettish was his greatest friend; and there is no more tragical episode in Mr. Butler’s book than the story of how, why, and where he caused that unhappy Mufettish to be murdered.”

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.—Apropos of Augustine Birrell’s *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Mr. James Ashcroft Noble says, in the *Academy*:

“We are brought again into the presence of a familiar figure—a woman courageous, self-reliant, loyal, sternly conscientious, and rich in varied nobleness, but not, I think, in any way winning—one might almost say repellent, did not the word seem too crudely harsh to be applied to so finely torched a spirit. Charlotte Brontë was, probably a woman not to be honored merely, but to be loved, for there is something lovable in all sorts and conditions of goodness; but one cannot help feeling that her goodness turned its unlovable side outwards, and to get to the other side it was necessary to scale a *chevaux de frise* calculated to appall the boldest. She was clearly wanting in one thing which the novelist of all people can least afford to lack—catholicity of sympathy. She has produced certain characters of whom it is surely safe to say that they will live as long as English literature; but all of them—Jane Eyre, Rochester, Lucy Snowe, M. Paul Emanuel—are

on one plane. They are Charlotte Brontë 'writ large' and in a disguised caligraphy; but the disguise is one which does not deceive even the 'prentice expert, for it consists only of an occasional reversal of the slope. Her hand preserved its cunning only so long as it was occupied with a character standing in some definite relation to her own. It might be either a relation of similarity or of direct contrast, but the personal *nexus* must exist. . . .

"Nothing but stupendous power within her own range could compensate for Charlotte Brontë's limitations. (Goethe has an often-quoted remark about the impossibility of jumping off one's own shadow. In life it is true that the jump cannot be made; but in dramatic art—and the novel is a modified form of drama—one of the fixed conditions of supreme all-round success is that it shall be made, and Charlotte Brontë never makes it. The illuminating sentence in which Mr. Birrell says that 'had Miss Brontë been a greater novelist than she was, *Villette* would not have had the biographical interest it has,' applies not merely to the story mentioned, but to all her books. They are simply crammed with biography, which, curiously enough, seems to have been written quite unconsciously. Charlotte Brontë was one of the most rigorously truthful persons, and yet she made the utterly astounding statement that Jane Eyre resembled herself in nothing but in being little and plain. When a shrewd and veracious woman does manage to deceive herself, how great is the deception!"

A HINDOO ADMIRER OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—Mr. Dinshah Adeshie Talegarkhan, late Secretary to the Association of the Chiefs of Kattywar, and now Municipal Commissioner for His Highness the Guicwar's Territories, has recently put forth in India a volume of *Notes on the Indian Empire*, in which Her Majesty is thus glowingly eulogized:

"She was born with perfect intelligence and consummate virtues latent in her. As nature sometimes shows a marvel which has no copy, or a substitute for it, so Queen Victoria, when born, was already an offspring of inherited combinations of all that has been reckoned a strong and pure and blissful ever since the world sprang into life. Is she a woman? She is

—and of the most perfect type. Is she a man? She is—and of the most graceful and enduring description. She is a fairy, a saint, a genius, and a Hercules. No mortal on earth can rival her capacity, her goodness, her tender generous gracefulness."

MR. FROUDE AND CARLYLE.—The *Academy*, speaking of Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, as edited by Charles Eliot Norton, says:

"There is no longer any question that Mr. Froude sent the *Reminiscences* to press with inexcusable haste, that he revised his proof with inexcusable carelessness; and that his treatment of Carlyle's apitals, and other peculiar modes of expression, taken in connection with his own *nuda veritas* or 'warts and all' theory of portraiture was altogether inexcusable. It is impossible to take but one view of Mr. Froude's memorial to Carlyle. He led his readers to believe that it was as solid a piece of masonry as anything ever erected by James Carlyle. This belief, and this belief only, could be urged in defence of its ruggedness and its angularities. But the *Reminiscences* now stand revealed as a piece of jerry-building. The remainder of the Carlyle biographical literature being of Mr. Froude's handiwork, to a far greater extent than the *Reminiscences*, is now suspect."

THE QUEEN AND THE JUBILEE BILL.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of July 14, contains the following paragraph:

"It is said that the expenses connected with the Jubilee entertainment of the Queen's guests amount to close upon £200,000, and that the Queen is anxious that this outlay on her part should be reimbursed by her jubilant subjects. It is whispered that her Majesty has caused hints to be conveyed to Lord Salisbury that a vote of the House to the above effect would be highly appreciated. The same rumor, however, affirms that Lord Salisbury replied that the proposal was quite impracticable. These *on dits* have been followed by their natural supplement, namely, another rumor to the effect that her Majesty's visit to Hatfield is connected with the settlement of this little Jubilee bill."

THE GROWTH OF CO-OPERATION IN ENGLAND.

DEFINITION being, as it were, a sign-post, pointing out the road along which the reader is desired to travel, he will meet within a few sentences a statement of the sense in which the word co-operation is here used. A prudent writer is shy of definition, because it discloses the means of judging whether he knows what he is writing about, which is not always the case. Besides, a definition is a standard by which the text can be tried and this restricts a writer to his subject, and prevents him discoursing upon something else than the question in hand—a faculty in which many excel. Where, however, the obligation is imposed upon a writer of giving, or endeavoring to give, information upon an unfamiliar subject—definition is a necessity.

Co-operation is profit-sharing; it consists in giving to the purchaser at the store and to the workman in the workshop an equitable share of the profit produced by his custom or by his labor. Co-operation expects from each person the best service he is able to render, under the condition of rewarding him according to what he does.

The co-operation here considered is honest co-operation in commerce and industry. In the stores the profits made are divided among the customers according to the amount of their purchases; in the workshop the gain accruing is equitably divided among workmen and directors in proportion to the money value of their skill and service. Idealists and theoretical reformers

—first in merit where common sense takes care of their speculations—have proposed that men who work “according to their capacity should be rewarded according to their needs.” But heaven itself has vouchsafed no means of measuring the needs of some men. The wealth of a town or the conquest of the world has proved insufficient to satisfy the needs of those who, afflicted with the pernicious passion of covetousness, are permitted its indulgence under the name of “ambition.” Co-operation, more salutary and discriminating, takes the prudent course of apportioning rewards according to earnings, and not according to needs, taking care that all able to work are secured fair opportunity of profiting by it.

Honesty is the term which marks the difference between old and new co-operation. There is co-operation among thieves in many of their exploits, and among company-makers, ring-devisers, and syndicate formers whose cultivated talent of appropriation goes under the name of “business capacity.” The Holy Alliance was a co-operative society of kings, who fettered the freedom of nations, while retaining the privilege of spending the proceeds of the taxation they exacted from their subjects. But working-class co-operation, of which alone this paper treats, is the concerted action of men who have no taste for idleness or theft or charity; who neither seek to live by fraud nor gifts, but who intend to render themselves independent by industry and obtain moderate competence by thrift.

In one sense co-operation is as ancient as society. The first tribe that acted together knew that it was better to do so than to fight singly. Men recognized that unity was strength before Æsop composed his fable of the bundle of sticks. Nimrod doubtless knew that two greyhounds hunting together would run down more hares than four hunting separately. But the hounds ran down the hares for their masters. The modern co-operator runs down the hares for himself. Co-operation in industry means the equitable distribution of all gain among those who earn it. This is a new idea among the working people in our towns: for the method of applying it is scarcely forty years old.

The co-operative idea as applied to industry existed in the latter part of the last century. Ambelakia was almost a co-operative town, as may be read in David Urquhart's *Turkey and its Resources*. So vast a municipal partnership of industry has never existed since. The fishers on the Cornish coast carried out co-operation on the sea, and the miners of Cumberland dug ore on the principle of sharing the profits. The plan has been productive of contentment and advantage. Gruyère is a co-operative cheese, being formerly made in the Jura mountains, where the profits were equitably divided among the makers. In 1777, as Dr. Langford relates in his *Century of Birmingham Life*, the tailors of that enterprising town set up a co-operative workshop, which is the earliest in English record. In France an attempt was made by Babœuf in

1796, to establish a despotism of justice and equality by violence, after the manner of Richelieu, whose policy taught the French revolutionists that force might be a remedy. Babœuf was the solitary social reformer who attempted to establish philanthropy by killing those who did not like it. But he, like all co-operators, was against mendicity and idleness.

In France, where no great idea ever dies, the conception of Babœuf was taken up by men who had the genius of persuasion in them. Then came Morelly, whose imagination had the mathematical quality of precision, and who defined the social problem thus: "To find that situation in which it shall be impossible for a man to be depraved or poor." Then St. Simon, Fourier, Cabet, Leroux, and others, reset the scientific idea of social life in luminous theories. England, practical and impartial, acts on its own ideas, and on those of others which have promise of results in them; and if it originates few ideas, it realizes more than any other nation originates. Besides, we had our Mores and Harringtons before even the French mind ran on schemes of life according to reason. More wrote his *Utopia* in 1516. Harrington came with his *Oceana* one hundred and forty years later. Excelling both in English practical genius came the great Quaker, John Bellers, the son of Fettiplace Bellers, proposing his famous "College of Industry," whose impress has since been on the minds of all English community-makers. Contemporaneous with the French revolutionists we had Shute Bar-

rington, Bishop of Durham, who surpassed all other bishops in human sympathy and social sagacity. He established at Mongewell, in Oxfordshire, the first known co-operative store; and he, Count Rumford, and Sir Thomas Bernard published in 1795, and for many years after, plans of co-operation and social life, far exceeding in variety and thoroughness any in the minds of persons now living.

"The only apostle of the social state in England at the beginning of this century," Harriet Martineau testifies, "was Robert Owen," and to him we owe the co-operation of to-day. With him it took the shape of a despotism of philanthropy. Lord Sidmouth and Lord Liverpool were friendly to his views, as it left the management of affairs in the hands which already held the reins. Mr. Owen was little attracted by political freedom, and thought, as many still do, that if the working people were well cared for, they would not and need not concern themselves with State affairs. There is reason to believe that the Duke of Kent, the most illustrious of Mr. Owen's personal friends, took a more liberal view of the interests of the people. Like his father, George III., who placed his name at the head of the Durham, Rumford, and Bernard Society, for "Bettering the Condition and Increasing the Comforts of the Poor" by devices of self help, the Duke of Kent gave his personal influence to advance Mr. Owen's social views. The amazing arrangements Mr. Owen made at his New Lanark Mills for educating his workpeople, and the large amount

of profit which he expended upon their personal comforts, have had no imitators except Godin of Guise, whose palaces of industry are to-day the wonder of all visitors. Owen, like Godin, knew how to make manufacturing generosity pay. Jeremy Bentham, who held shares in New Lanark, said it was the only investment he had made which paid him. It was here that Mr. Owen set up a co-operative store on the primitive plan of buying goods and provisions wholesale and selling them to the workmen's families at cost price, he giving store-rooms and paying for the management, to the greater advantage of the industrial purchasers.

The benefit which the Lanark weavers enjoyed in being able to buy retail at wholesale prices was soon noised abroad, and clever workmen elsewhere began to form stores to supply their families in the same way. The earliest instance of this is the Economical Society of Sheerness, commenced in 1816, and which is still doing business in the same premises and also in adjacent ones lately erected. Its rules stated that its object was "to supply the members with wheaten bread and flour and butchers' meat." The great war had long deprived them of both, and this society was commenced by intelligent dockyard-workmen who, although better paid than ordinary workmen, were yet subject to privations. These practical co-operative societies with economical objects gradually extended themselves over the land, Mr. Owen, with splendid generosity, giving costly publicity to his successes, that

others might profit likewise according to their means.

His remarkable manufacturing gains set workmen thinking that they might do something in the same way. Co-operation was put to use on the Sussex coast, where Lady Noel Byron aided it, in order that the savings of the store might assist poor men in the way of self-employment, by keeping market gardens, and setting up tailors', shoemakers', and carpenters' shops. The desire of workmen to become their own masters, and the double prospect of independence and profit, spread the idea over the country as a new religion of industry. The co-operative stores now changed their plan. They sold retail at shop charges, and saved the difference between retail and cost price as a fund with which to commence co-operative workshops. In 1830 from three hundred to four hundred co-operative stores had been set up in England. There are records of two hundred and fifty existing, cited in the *History of Co-operation in England*. Afterwards, when Mr. Owen proposed to buy land and to establish self-supporting villages, or, as he called them, "communities," the artisans of our towns desiring to live in a more provident and less anxious way, also set up co-operative stores to attain that object. By gifts and loans from wealthy enthusiasts, and by their own humbler subscriptions, they bought provisions wholesale and sold them at shop prices, which left them no worse off than before, and enabled them to send the profits to the Community fund. With these threefold incentives, co-operation spread from

1812 to 1844. Many societies perished and most of them dropped away about the end of that period. The difficulties which beset them proved to be deterrent, except when the members were under the impulse of novelty or the passion for principle. Besides, the stores were boycotted by the grocer and the workshop by the manufacturer, who refused to sell them provisions or materials. Boycotting existed in England in a pernicious form before the Irish acquired the art. Then, too, all stores gave credit, and as the workmen had little skill in bookkeeping, and their customers sometimes forgot to pay and sometimes did not intend to pay, the stores often became insolvent. There was no law of limited partnership then; every member who received any profit was regarded by the law as entitled to rob his colleagues, and the cashier or manager often did it.

In those days the profits made were divided among the shareholders, and all who were merely customers had no profit, while the shareholders, who might not be customers, had it all, which created no enthusiasm to buy of them. The Rochdale Society of 1844 was the first which adopted the principle of giving the shareholders 5 per cent. only, and dividing the remaining profit among the customers. There is a recorded instance of this being done in Huddersfield in 1827, but no practical effect arose, and no propagandism of the plan was attempted until the Rochdale co-operators devised the scheme of their own accord, and applied it. They began under the

idea of saving money for community purposes and establishing co-operative workshops. For this purpose they advised their members to leave their savings in the store at 5 per cent. interest; and with a view to get secular education, of which there was little to be had in those days, and under the impression that stupidity was against them, they set apart $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of their profits for the purpose of instruction, education, and propagandism. By selling at retail prices they not only acquired funds, but they avoided the imputation of underselling their neighbors, which they had the good sense and good feeling to dislike. They intended to live, but their principle was "to let live." By encouraging members to save their dividends in order to accumulate capital, they taught them habits of thrift. By refusing to sell on credit they made no losses; they incurred no expenses in keeping books, and they taught the working classes around them, for the first time, to live without falling into debt. This scheme of equity, thrift, and education constitutes what is called the "Rochdale plan," in contradistinction to that of the Civil Service Stores. A little "History of the Rochdale Pioneers," and the personal and social advantages which accrued to the members during the first thirteen years of the society's existence, led to the formation of two hundred stores in Lancashire and Yorkshire. The great store of Blaydon-on-Tyne was founded through Mr. Cowen, the late member for Newcastle, reading chapters of that narrative to his workmen at night.

The subsequent development of co-operation has been greatly due to the interest which Professor Maurice, Canon Kingsley, Mr. Vansittart Neale, Mr. Thomas Hughes, and Mr. J. M. Ludlow took in it. They promoted successive improvements in the law which gave the stores legal protection, and enabled them to become bankers, to hold land, and allowed their members to increase their savings to £200, which last provision led to some stores becoming rich, through the prospect it opened to members to acquire houses. So long as stores were dependent upon large grocers for provisions they were ill served, and sometimes not served at all, which not only induced but compelled them to establish a wholesale buying society of their own. This enabled them to obtain the best goods in the best markets and supply the humblest store with a quality of provisions equal to those in the best shops. Now there is the Wholesale Society behind each counter. The stores have trained and experienced buyers in the chief markets of the world. The extent to which co-operation has been developed may be told in a few figures if the reader is not afraid of them which he probably is, for statisticians often kill popular knowledge by stifling it with tables. In the Economical Section of the British Association learned professors deliver arguments in fractions. Instead of citing amounts in approximate numbers, they speak of £10 277 10s. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ d., or of £6,567,289 17s. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ d., which shows their accuracy—and incapacity to convince. Broad, palpable, portable results could be carried in the mind. The

its £3,396. The two Army and Navy Societies are not registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts, and their returns are not given.

The members of the co-operative societies of the Rochdale type now exceed 900,000, and receive more than 2½ millions of profit annually. There are 1,200 stores in operation, which do a business of nearly 30 millions a year, and own share capital of 8 millions. The transactions of their Co-operation Bank at Manchester amount to 16 millions annually. The Societies devote to education £22,000 a year out of their profits, and many societies expend important sums for the same purpose, which is not formally recorded in their returns. In the twenty-five years from 1861 to 1886 the co-operators have done business of upwards of 361 millions, and have made for working people a profit of 30 millions. That is the development of co-operation under the protection of the law and the good sense of numbers, of whom it may be said in Drayton's words—

“None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stick close together.”

The activity, it might be said the opulence, of this movement is beyond the capacity of statistics to indicate clearly. The splendid stores in many towns, the stately warehouses in London, in Manchester, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Glasgow, the co-operators' ships on the sea, their life-boats on our coasts, show that a new force in industry has come into the hands of the people.

Co-operation in other countries

bears no comparison with its rise and progress in England. The French excel in co-operation workshops, the Germans in co-operative banks, England in the organization of stores. No country has succeeded yet with all three. Italy excels even Germany in co-operative banks. It has, too, some remarkable distributive societies, selling commodities at cost prices, and is now beginning stores on the Rochdale plan. France has many distributive stores, and is likely to introduce the Rochdale type. England has held nineteen congresses, France two, Italy one; both these last countries now intend to hold them annually. America has held no congress, but it is likely to excel in industrial partnerships, and is introducing the English system of co-operation. France has commenced a new co-operative journal, edited by M. de Boyve of Nimes; Italy has commenced one, edited by Carlo Romussi, of Milan; and America one, edited by a lady, Mrs. Barney Sayles, beside having many newspapers, notably the *New York Tribune*, which have always advocated the cause.

Though but one force among many, co-operation has at least put an end to the apprehension that the working classes cannot accumulate capital, and it has extinguished among great numbers the foolish terror of capital and the ignorant defamation of it. Anyhow, co-operators know that capital is the nursing mother of all enterprise, and that no store can be commenced without it. If nobody had ever saved, nobody would possess anything. When savage tribes first took to pastoral life they had very

little capital, but they must have had some. It probably consisted of pickled junks of their enemies slain in battle; but without provision of some kind they could not have subsisted while they grew their first crops.

When co-operation began, the working classes had no capital—nobody believed in the possibility of their having any. They certainly had no belief in it themselves. Now there are many societies which pass resolutions requiring their members to take ten, twenty, or thirty thousand pounds out of the hands of the society to invest elsewhere, as the societies pay 5 per cent. interest, and their security is so good that they can borrow of bankers at 4 per cent. But if they continue to hold the savings of the members it diminishes the amount that might be paid to them in dividend; and it is part of the policy of a well-conducted store to pay the profits made in the palpable form of dividend. It not only attracts new members by its concrete amount, but renders clear to the member what he is gaining. Of course it is the same thing to the member whether he has his profit in dividend and interest, or has it all in the form of dividend; but this mental operation is sometimes beyond the capacity of the member, who cannot or does not combine the two forms of profit in his mind. Besides, the members ought to look out for other investments which would yield them the same interest as the store gives, and then the increase of dividend is larger gain. Nobody expected that the day would come when members of the working class would have

more money than they knew what to do with. As many as fifty-six societies have taken £80,000 of shares in the Manchester Ship Canal Company. The idea of working men having the public spirit or the means of investing £80,000 in an undertaking of this description would have been deemed a few years ago not only Utopian but absurd.

The question people frequently ask is, Will co-operation stand? For more than forty years it has not only stood but extended itself, and is still extending. The stores of Lancashire and Yorkshire stood the cotton famine. Halifax stood under the loss of all its accumulated capital. Like many wiser and more experienced men the directors invested in Honduras bonds and other foreign securities, which promised a high rate of interest. Not regarding the maxim that large interest means large risk, they found one morning that they had lost £70,000. No panic occurred in the store when this came to be known. They had invested like gentlemen, and they bore the consequences like gentlemen. They shrugged their shoulders as far as was possible without producing discomfort—wrote off their loss, and resolved to invest more prudently in the future. It was no case of fraud, but an error of judgment. The directors had invested in the hope of making a large profit. Had the profit come, the members would have condoned the unwisdom of the investment for the sake of the advantage; and as in that case they would not have blamed the risk, they had the good sense not to blame the loss, and in

due time they became rich again. Co-operative workshops have made as yet comparatively small progress. Even now there are few in England entitled to that name, in which capital being fully and fairly paid according to its risk, the whole profit made is divided among all concerned in producing it, according to the money value of their services. There are festivals of distributive societies held every year all over England, but only one festival of a productive society—that of Mr. Gimson's workmen in Leicester, a few years ago—has yet been held. Mr. George Thomson, of Huddersfield, an employer of energy and generous enthusiasm, has, however, converted his works into a real industrial partnership, and it seems likely that the movement will extend. When profit-sharing workshops come to prevail as stores do now, co-operation will sensibly determine the future of the working class by superseding hired labor, and terminating the precariousness of competitive remuneration. Trades-unions are beginning to consider the policy of advising their members, wherever they have a choice of employment, to give the preference to firms which concede a participation of profit to workmen. Capital will then have assured security. The employers will be freed from anxieties which now wear out many of them, and will be able to show their workmen well housed, well dressed, and glad some from the hope of competence, with as much pride as they now show their stately factories and splendid machinery.

When productive industry passes into the hands of the people, the

distribution of wealth will be under their control. There will not be equality, but there will be equity in its distribution, and none who produce wealth will be without their fair share of it. Were this state of things to come to pass it would not protect workmen from the reduction of profit through foreign competition. But in that case all would suffer equally from the depression. It would not be as now, when a few get rich by the vicissitudes of the many, whose misfortune is embittered by the pernicious contrast.

All the essential wealth of society, which consists of food and clothing, is practically reproduced every year; even tenements, railways, and ships, though more enduring, require constant care and repair. If all mankind ceased to labor for twelve months the race would be ruined. Therefore, since all the wealth of the world is reproduced by labor within a short period, it would all pass into the possession of those who produced it, had they the sense to provide the capital necessary for production, and to keep the control of the profits in their own hands. Co-operation is the commencement of this industrial evolution, which means a revolution greater than any bloodshed has ever accomplished. It may take centuries to accomplish all this; but it is something to discern the line of march and to know that more persons are upon the new and bloodless path than is imagined.

All the stores in the Co-operative Union are pledged to give genuine articles and just measure, and if they know anything against any

article sold, which the purchaser ought to be aware of, they are bound to acquaint him with it. Were this rule followed by tradesmen generally, it would close nine-tenths of the shops now open. So co-operation does something for commercial morality. Each of the twelve hundred stores will one day be pledged to establish at least one co-operative workshop in its vicinity which shall produce honest work. But to sell pure goods and honest workmanship there must be customers educated to buy them, and to think not of price so much as of excellence. Cheap work means scamping, fraud, and the demoralization of the worker, just as lying in daily life robs the mind of the power of measuring truth. Cheap prices mean more or less low wages to workers. The underpaid workman or workwoman must live in squalor. That means sullenness, hopelessness, precariousness, palor, and often fever and consumption. The stain of death lies upon most cheap things. It is of the nature of a crime to buy a thing unless you know, or endeavor to know, at what human cost it was produced. The only surety is to provide co-operative workshops where no mean work is done, and no mean wages paid to the producers. Prices should be determined by honesty in work and the reasonable welfare of the workers. This means that there is much to be done; but co-operation has it in its heart to do it.

Co-operation is the organization of fraternity, by rendering cultivation and competence possible to all. But the day of that is not yet. As Ephraim Jenkinson says, in the

Vicar of Wakefield, the world is in its infancy. Co-operation is as yet in that state; but the principle is in the minds of men. Co-operation was born of the feeling that unmitigated competition is at best but social war; and though war has its great conquests, its pomps, its bards, its proud associations and heroic memories, there is murder in its march, and humanity and genius were things to blush for, if progress cannot be accomplished by some nobler means. What an enduring truce is to war, co-operation is to the never-ceasing conflict between capital and labor. It is the peace of industry.—GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[IN TWO PARTS.—I. THE MAN]

"I AM grieved," said Southey, "that you never met Coleridge; all other men whom I have ever known are mere children to him, and yet all is palsied by a total want of moral strength." "He is like a lump of coal, rich with gas," said Walter Scott, "which lies expending itself in puffs and gleams, unless some shrewd body will clap it into a cast-iron box, and compel the compressed element to do itself justice." "He is the only person I ever knew who answered to the idea of a man of genius," said Hazlitt; "his genius had angelic wings, and fed on manna. He talked on for ever, and you wished him to talk on for ever." "He is," said De Quincey, "the largest and most spacious intellect, the sub-

limest and most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men." "Impiety to Shakspeare," cried Landor, "treason to Milton! I give up all the rest—even Bacon. Certainly since their day we have had nothing comparable with him. Byron and Scott were but as gun-flints to a granite mountain. Wordsworth has one angle of resemblance."

We are indebted to Mr. Hall Caine (*Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 1887), for the collection of these testimonies to the genius of Coleridge; and we may add another definition by Hazlitt, and one of deep pathos. "To the man had been given in high measure the seeds of noble endowment, but to unfold them had been forbidden him." And again, the saying of Wordsworth: that he had "seen men who had done wonderful things, but only one wonderful man, namely, Coleridge." And we conclude with the characteristic, and more evenly balanced verdict of a man of science. "With the most exalted genius, enlarged views, sensitive heart, and enlightened mind, he will be the victim of want of order, precision, and regularity." And the prediction of Sir Humphry Davy proved too correct.

It is not surprising that a German Professor* should have been induced to write about Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The Germans are, by nature and education, more qualified than his own countrymen to investigate the mind and works of this extraordinary man; so sym-

*Alois Brandl, Professor of English Literature in the German University of Prague.

pathetic with them in certain departments of thought, though diverging from them and approaching his own compatriots more and more as he advanced in life. In the main, Coleridge is to be compared with no other man; he is not even to be called cosmopolitan in his nature; for, instead of belonging to all nations, he was really of no nation, but a man who, being a law unto himself, a sect in himself, with a language and dictionary of his own, could never, in the nature of things, be popular. Professor Brandl, though he has published some new documents, has added little to what we know respecting Coleridge's life, which yet remains to be written.* He tells us in his Preface that he had originally designed to trace only "the influence of the German school of literary criticism on that of England, which is practically that of Coleridge," and that the further task he undertook was "almost against his will." Whether this be sufficient excuse for the mistakes he had made in some of the facts of the poet's life, may be a question; but we regard those mistakes the more leniently on account of his many valuable criticisms, which from their German origin are interesting to an English reader. We therefore avail ourselves of his criticisms, while silently correcting his verbal errors.

*While these sheets are passing through the press, we have received the eleventh volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, containing from the pen of Mr. Leslie Stephen, with copious references to authorities, by far the best account of the life of Coleridge that has yet appeared, though necessarily, from the nature of the work, in a condensed form.

Professor Brandl points to the birth of Coleridge as occurring at a critical period of the world's history, when the long smouldering conflict between old and new ideas was about to burst into flame — when France, under the rule of Louis XV. and of Madame du Barry, had sunk to the lowest stage of irresponsible government; when England — strange as it now may sound — the keenest of slave-traders on the high seas, was beginning that quarrel with her American colonies which ended in their severance from the British Empire; when the works of Rousseau were kindling restless thoughts in French minds, and the *Letters of Junius* were exciting curiosity and fear in English society; when the slow but inevitable retributions of bad government were nigh at hand, and the stability or instability of thrones and ancient governments was coming to its trial; when, in short, that Revolution, of the nature and possibilities of which no one could form a conception, was already in the air. It is impossible now to estimate sufficiently the effect of the first outburst of French revolutionary feeling, with its visions of brotherly love and universal happiness and equality, upon the English mind, "when, bliss it was to be alive, but to be young was Heaven." The common sympathies of our human nature were never more strongly evinced than in the hopes, the anxieties, and the joy which, up to a certain period, united all parties and filled every class in this country. Still, the ferment was in England characteristically different from that in France, where, apart from the revo-

lutionary excesses, it took an abstract form unknown to us, and aptly illustrated by De Tocqueville's anecdote of a French mother thus addressing her daughter, "*Je ne vous aime pas parce que vous êtes ma fille, mais parce que vous êtes un être !*"

It is easy now for all who study the history of the French Revolution to perceive the strong weather-indications that preceded the storm, but it is a very different thing to trace those slight and subtle signs, only recognizable long after the event, which Professor Brandl has pointed out in the writings of the landscape and lyrical poets of the eighteenth century.

England had long possessed what Germans call the Romantic school of Poetry; descriptive in the hands of Denham, Thomson, Collins, Goldsmith, and Cowper; and lyrical especially in those of Milton and Gray. And here it is that our German Professor leads us along a path of exploration as novel as it is interesting. He traces the increasing sense of equality in the rising middle class, and points out how a democratic element had crept in. Mallet is stirred with compassion for the suffering poor, Cowper and Shenstone for the negro slave, and Gray for all the sums of human ills which threaten every school-boy more or less. Cowper pleads against "robbing a poor bird of her young," comes boldly forward in defence of ill-treated oxen and hunted game, and in tones which anticipate the jargon of the revolution, announces that "the groans of the creation shall have an end;" while in entire independence of Cowper, though borne along on the

same tide, we find Burns compassionating the wounded hare, the field-mouse, and the mountain daisy, on turning one down with a plough. Here the young Coleridge enters the scene, and addresses those lines "To a Young Ass, its mother being tethered near it," which, though brought in ridicule against him, are significant of what may be called the democratic side of English poetry. It was only when the world was ringing with the revolutionary watchwords of a universal philanthropy, that a young poet would have ventured to address publicly a lowly animal as

"Innocent foal! thou poor, despised, forlorn!

I hail thee brother—spite of the fool's scorn!"

Sterne, it is true, in his *Sentimental Journey*, had penned an elegy to an ass, but its jeering tone is not to be mistaken — while Wordsworth's glorification of the same faithful animal, in *Peter Bell* — written later than Coleridge's poem — sufficiently shows how deep and earnest the feeling was with them both. Indeed, Coleridge disburdened himself of so many sighs over the fate of dancing bears, sucking pigs and spiders, that Lamb, in joke, proposed to him "to open a new form of intercourse with the most despised of the animal and insect race by a series of these poems."

If Coleridge at his birth (October 21, 1772) was ushered into a world charged with strange and stirring elements, he was no less exceptionally endowed both by nature and inheritance to respond to them. His father, John Coleridge, was a clergyman and a scholar, holding the vicarage of Ottery St. Mary, in

Devonshire, and conducting the old Free Grammar School there. By his second wife he had ten children, of whom nine were sons — Samuel Taylor being the youngest. Sound in faith and loyalty, he brought up his children with an English mixture of freedom of thought and submission to authority. He entertained an exaggerated aversion to that measured classical correctness of the school of Pope, against which his son contended, both by example and precept. A certain grotesque conscientiousness pervaded his life. He recognized the sanctity of earthly duties, and exerted himself honestly to fulfil them; but owing to his habitual absence of mind, and to his total ignorance of the world, he often failed. He wrote many books, which, though in request in the neighborhood, remained for the most part uncut — thus showing a greater confidence in his character than in his productions. No father more likely to be succeeded by such a son could well have existed, while the child, in his turn,

"showed the man.

As morning shows the day."

At three years of age young Coleridge could read a chapter in the Bible, and at six he joined the lowest Latin class in the school. He seldom played, and then alone, generally acting the scenes he had read. He lived in dreams and wonders. Nothing in the supernatural world was too strange for him to believe, and nothing in the material world excited his astonishment. His visions and delusions became so strong as to alarm his father, who endeavored to divert this unhealthy tendency by explain-

ing to him the mass and distance of the planets; such facts, however, took no hold of his imagination. Alluding to this time later, in letters to friends, Coleridge admitted that, though simple and innocent as a child, he had none of childhood's thoughts and ways. "But poets," as Professor Brandl reminds us, are "the least trustworthy of autobiographers, and Coleridge, of all poets, with his mystical vein, his feverish imagination, and his tendency to view all things with the inward rather than the outward eye, lived habitually in a world of visions."

The death of his father sent the family adrift. The future poet, who was only nine years old at the time, obtained a presentation to Christ's Hospital, through the kindness of Justice Buller, one of his father's former pupils. This school cultivated his mind and directed his taste, while it starved his imagination, as it did his body. But "many waters cannot quench love," and no system, however opposed to its instincts and aspirations, could have changed the bias of Coleridge's genius, or it would have succumbed to the life he led in the halls and cloisters of the old monastery.

We continue the life in its main facts, as helping to illustrate a character which, with its moods, follies, and virtues, admits but of one solution—the total absence of common-sense. Meanwhile one legitimate clue to Coleridge's subsequent career is partly furnished by the fact that, as a boy, he knew nothing of family life. His brothers are said to have resented rather than welcomed the patron-

age which clothed him in the blue coat and yellow stockings of a charitable institution, and Samuel remained eight years at Christ's Hospital without once returning home. Not that he felt any sense of degradation himself; he had warm affections, however scantily nourished, but not a spark of ambition. His marvellous abilities and memory, and his love of reading, placed him generally at the head of the class, but he neither aimed at such distinction nor cared for it when he got it. He made acquaintance with a shoemaker and his wife—both goodnatured people—and was all ready to become an apprentice to the craft. Nor did his dreaminess and absence of mind decline in the active little world around him. His favorite position was to sit crumpled up in a corner undisturbed by the noisy games going on, and read what no other boy would have looked at out of school hours; or to lie on the leads rapt in reverie, staring at the clouds as they sailed past. Once even in the crowded street, while ruminating on the feat of Leander, he so far forgot his surroundings as to imitate the action of swimming. Thus imaginarily employed, his hand came in contact with the coat-tail pocket of a gentleman, who immediately seized him for a thief; but who, hearing his explanation—and when did Coleridge, boy or man, fail to persuade with his tongue—took such a fancy to the lad as to give him, the highest object of his desire, a subscription to a neighboring library; of which Coleridge, soon devoured every book from *A* to *Z*.

He also commenced that study of

the Neo-Platonic metaphysics which equally indicated the bent of his mind and tinctured the whole course of his life. Professor Brandl points out, that Coleridge probably fell in with Thomas Taylor's translation of *Plotinus on the Beautiful*, published in 1787. To him Plato and Plotinus supplied that recreation which other boys find in Captain Marryat's novels. With Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary* in addition, it is no wonder that a web of entangled mysticism soon obscured the simple truths he had derived from his childhood. The vanity of the boy was flattered, by finding himself in this respect on a par with his teachers; and, some theological question arising, he complacently announced to the head master that he had become "an infidel;" on which he received what he called the only just castigation among the many which had fallen to his lot.

But whatever may have been the chain of metaphysical knots and religious doubts which bound and tied him in after life, Coleridge never really shared the skepticism of the time. On the contrary, he had what we may call a devoutness of nature further hallowed and maintained by purity of life—which was sure to throw him, metaphorically, upon his knees whenever any startling incident brought home to his mind the utter helplessness of Man. Witness his letter to Charles Lamb on occasion of the tragedy in the Lamb family; one of the most touching effusions of deep sympathy and fervent piety that ever was penned. The first poetic effusion, and his first love for a young dress-maker—doubtless related in the

sense of cause and effect—were kindled at Christ's Hospital.

Marked as was the difference between Coleridge and other boys, it was essentially increased by ill-health. The severe rheumatic affection he inherited from his father, which has perhaps been not sufficiently admitted as contributing both to the instability of purpose and to the ruinous habit which marred his life, began at school, where his musings and ponderings and feedings on his own mind were fostered by long periods of confinement to the sick ward.

In 1791 Coleridge, then not nineteen, entered Jesus College, Cambridge, as a Pensioner, the choice of the Church as a profession being indicated to him by the authorities of Christ's Hospital. He had no intention to bind himself to any definite study, and least of all did the study how to earn his bread attract him. Not that he spent his time idly, especially at first, when he obtained the Brown gold medal for the best Greek ode. He was very happy at Cambridge, and took his fling in opposite directions; oscillating between the depths of ancient Hellenic mysticism and the flights of modern revolutionary doctrines. The Cambridge undergraduate mind of that time was excited to the highest pitch by the fortunes of two great leading Unitarians—Priestly, "the Patriot, Saint, and Sage" of his *Religious Musings*, and the less known William Frend. At the close of Frend's trial before the Vice-Chancellor, which Coleridge followed with the liveliest sympathy, his clapping was so violent that he was on the verge of being included

in the same charge. It was no joke at that time to confess the creed of these men; and though Coleridge gloried in so doing, yet even he must have perceived how seriously it stood in the way of any University career.

At this juncture—not only poor, but in love, and in debt—he vanished from Cambridge—none knew whither; went to London; gave his last penny to a beggar; spent the night, half starved, prowling about the precincts of that Abbey where his bust now stands; caught sight of a recruiting advertisement, and under the name of Silas Tomkyn Comberback (with his own initials) enlisted in a regiment of Light Dragoons. The impulses of an irresolute man have accounted for many a strange story, but for none stranger than this. The College Hall was now exchanged for barrack and stable—the society of students and professors for that of rough and brutal troopers. Coleridge was the awkwardest of men. He could as little ride a horse as comb it; and his rifle, when left to his own care, was known by its dirty state. But though penniless, he had bribes of his own to offer; he wrote the soldiers' love-letters, and fascinated them with stories of a certain distinguished general, called Alexander the Great. In the course of a month—the regiment ordered to the seat of war, and no means of escape apparent—he was overpowered with the misery of his position. His Latin now came to his help. A line written on the stable wall, *Eheu! quam infortuni miserrimum est fuisse felicem*, caught the eye of a well-educated officer, and the following letter to

his eldest brother, Captain James Coleridge, published by Professor Brandl for the first time by the kind permission of Lord Coleridge, explains how he obtained his release:—

“To a mind which vice has not utterly divested of sensibility, few occurrences can inflict a more acute pang than the receiving proofs of tenderness and love where only resentment and reproach were expected and deserved. The gentle voice of conscience which had incessantly murmured within the soul then raises its tone, and speaks with the tongue of thunder. My conduct towards you, and towards my other brothers has displayed a strange combination of madness, ingratitude, and dishonesty. But you forgive me. May my Maker forgive me! May the time arrive when I shall have forgiven myself!

“With regard to my emancipation, every inquiry I have made, every piece of intelligence I could collect, alike tend to assure me that it may be done by *interest*, but not by negotiation without an expense which I should tremble to write. Forty guineas were offered for a discharge the day after a young man was sworn in, and were refused. His friends made interest, and his discharge came down from the War Office. If, however, negotiations *must* be first attempted, it will be expedient to write to our Colonel—his name is Gwynne—he holds the rank of General in the army. His address is General Gwynne, K.L.D. King's Mews, London.

“My assumed name is Silas Tomkyn Comberback, 15th, or Kings' Reg. of Light Dragoons, G Troop.' My number I do not know—it is of no import. The bounty I received was six guineas and a half; but a light horseman's bounty is a mere lure. It is expended for him in things which he must have had without a bounty—gaiters, a pair of leather breeches, stable jacket and shell; horse-cloth, surcingle, watering-bridle, brushes, and the long etcetera of military accoutrement. I enlisted the 2d December, 1793, was attested, and sworn in on the 4th. I am at present nurse to a sick man, and shall, I believe, stay at Henley another week. There will be a large draught from our regiment to complete our troops abroad. The men were picked

out to-day. I suppose I am not one—being a very indocile equestrian. Farewell.

February 20th, 1794.—Our regiment are at Reading and Hounslow, and Maidenhead and Kensington—our headquarters Reading, Berks. The commanding officer there, Lieut. Hopkinson, our adjutant."

His discharge followed in April. His friends fetched him in a coach, the officers shook hands with him, and his astonished comrades gave him three cheers, as with tears in his eyes he drove away. Those who witnessed this scene must have often recounted it when his name became famous. Coleridge returned to Cambridge for a short period. The authorities were lenient, and a public censure was his only punishment.

It was at about this time that his acquaintances began with Southey, two years younger than himself. Southey was as far gone in revolutionary opinions as Coleridge, however different in disposition—inferior in intellect, but superior in sense. The two young visionaries, for whom Europe was too old and slow, immediately swore eternal friendship, and between them the scheme, which they named "Pantisocracy," or the Equal Government of All, took shape. The plan was to found a colony in some primeval forest on the shores of the Susquehanna—a locality only selected for the euphony of the name—where there should be perfect freedom and equality, all goods in common, no laws, and no selfishness. They were to work with their hands and arms in the forenoon, and with their brains the remainder of the day; and each colonist was to be accompanied by a wife, as cook and housekeeper. All they wanted for immediate realization

was a sum of money, which they fortunately never succeeded in obtaining. The requisite wives presented no such difficulty. Coleridge joined Southey at Bristol, who introduced him to a family of the name of Fricker—daughters of a respectable tradesman deceased. Southey was in love with one of them. Another Pantisocratist was married to a second. Coleridge had remained true to his little dress-maker, but she had jilted him, and he now followed suit with a third Miss Fricker.

Bristol was a literary city, distinguished as the residence of Mrs. Hannah More and Mrs. Barbauld. It was here that Coleridge became known to Joseph Cottle, a young publisher, whose name deserves all honor as a kind friend and first encourager of the young man's poetical powers. On the strength of a promise of a guinea and a half for every hundred verses, Coleridge now married (October 4, 1795), and passed a long honeymoon of perfect bliss at Olevedon, which to this day retains the tradition of that time. To his marriage—though not to his wife, who was an excellent woman—may be chiefly traced the embarrassments of his life. He had no means, and no persistence in the art of acquiring any.

From this time his career may be divided into distinct periods. The first, from 1795-6, at Bristol. The second, from 1796-8, at Nether Stowey, a beautiful Somersetshire village—a time which the charms of rural leisure, and the neighborhood of kind friends rendered the happiest and most productive of his life, and where he formed his all-important friendship with

Wordsworth. The next period took him to Germany—the liberal Wedgwoods providing the means, and Wordsworth and his sister accompanying him (1798). This event proved as ill omened for him as his marriage. It fed and nourished that element of his mind which most needed a restricted regimen. — What Coleridge might have been without that visit to Germany it would be rash to conjecture—the unhealthy appetite perhaps the same, but its main supply cut off. Certain it is that the craving for a beatific vision he was never destined to attain, which was nourished at German sources, stood in the way of the regular discharge of his duties. He believed that this morbid craving had even stripped him of his poetic power. This, as will appear later, we are not prepared to admit. Coleridge enjoyed the social atmosphere of Germany with the double zest of a boy and a philosopher; he revelled in their childish games, and in their transcendental mysticism. Still, his eyes were opened to the degradation of a country, “cursed with a base and hateful brood of nobles and princelings; a fine people, but enslaved and helpless; taxes high, justice venial and public opinion despised.” This wonderfully changed his estimate of his own land—never to be understood except by comparison with others. But a year before, in the heat of revolutionary passion, he had condemned her to destruction; now he could say with Wordsworth, “We have learnt England’s value,” and he returned home (1799) prepared to be a better subject and a possible patriot. This reaction led

to a period of sane and profitable work in the editor’s room of the *Morning Post*, the circulation of which was largely increased by his articles. But Coleridge was born to disappoint, and the very recognition of his powers, which led the editor to offer him a partnership, worth £2,000 a year, roused all the irrational perversity of his nature. No duty, present or future, was thought of—the offer was met with the reply that he would not give up a life in the country and the lazy reading of old folios for twice £2,000 a year—adding that a larger income than £350 was only a real evil. Well would it have been with his responsibilities if, after this, he had made even that!

Meanwhile Wordsworth had settled at the Lakes, and thither Coleridge followed with wife and family, placing them in a house at Keswick. This was in 1800, from which time the descent in spirits, work, happiness, and health was unchecked. From this time also the fatal resource which held him so long captive may be dated. It matters little how it commenced—bad habits come easy to a man without self-control. As early as January, 1800, writing to Cottle, he mentions the “pleasurable sensations of a dose of opium.” Some medical book pointed to the efficacy of opium in benumbing pain, and Coleridge practised no moderation. His nerves now began to shake—he was visited by horrible dreams—and could not even command himself to revise the third edition of his poems. At thirty years of age he was a broken man. Having a friend at Malta, and being recommended to try a grape cure, he went there

in April, 1804. But it availed little to change his sky, while he did not change himself. His two evil spirits—the laudanum bottle and his dreary German books—moved with him; otherwise all things were in his favor. His friend presented him to the Governor, Admiral Sir Alexander Ball. The Governor was just then without a secretary, and appointed Coleridge to that honorable post. It is evident that the greatest respect existed between the two parties, though the fine old gentleman showed some impatience on his secretary's gravely propounding to him the (imaginary) distinction between "an unorganized mass of matter" and "a mass of unorganized matter." Sir Alexander did not dispute the problem, but ordered him off to Sicily to buy grain.

In September, 1805, he left Malta, took a land route through Italy; at the beginning of 1806 he was in Rome, mixing with all the distinguished society there; when, threatened by dangers, real or imaginary—for some doubt is thrown on this point—he hurriedly left the Eternal City, embarked from Leghorn for England, and, after a wretched passage of fifty-five days he reached his native soil in August, 1806, "ill, penniless, and worse than homeless."

His home now became more and more unbearable. No man is so difficult to please as he who knows himself to be in the wrong. Nor were matters improved by the harassing and expensive undertaking called *The Friend*, doomed, like *The Watchman* before it, to fail from sheer want of the commonest sense. Coleridge at this time had

no remedy for a false step, except a worse step. In the misery of his own making he flew the more to his two evil spirits, always ready to work hand in hand for his destruction, and at length, in the autumn of 1810, they drove him from his home, never again to return. But there was one redeeming feature in the sad wreck. Coleridge *always* knew himself to be in the wrong, and courted that control from without, which he could no longer exert from within. He found it among good people of the name of Morgan—old Bristol friends—living at Hammersmith. Strangers can enforce what nearer ties dare not urge. Mrs. Morgan laid her hand upon the laudanum bottle, and when he declared that he should die, she answered: "Better die than live as you do." This plan answered, as far as is known, and a certain amount of work, both in writing and lecturing, was the result. In 1813 circumstances obliged the Morgans to leave Hammersmith and retire to a small house at Calne, in Wiltshire. Coleridge went with them, and remained there till 1816, when, by no fault of his own, this arrangement broke up. Left to himself now in London, the consequences could be foreseen. Meanwhile, his medical attendant, Dr. Adams, took a wise step, and stated the case to Mr. Gillman, a medical man residing at Highgate. His name was not given, only his miserable sufferings, his intellectual gifts, and his determination to submit to control. The change was made in April, 1816, and not a day too soon; for, according to Mr. Cottle, he had long been in the habit of taking

two quarts of laudanum a week, and had once taken a quart in the twenty-four hours. From this time, though the laudanum was still secretly taken, and even copiously, his improved condition is well known; and in Mr. Gillman's house he remained for the next eighteen years, till his death in 1834.

This slight sketch of the life suffices in some measure to exemplify the character of our subject. We now turn to an analysis of the mind, which furnishes the wonder, the puzzle, and the speculation, and will furnish it for long to come.

To approach this in Coleridge's case with any chance of success we must take a leaf out of his own book, and begin, as he would have done, by an endeavor to define that element, or quality, or idiosyncrasy, or peculiarity—in short, that marvellous Something, by turns sublime in its power of creation, and childish in its helplessness of action, which distinguishes its possessor from the common herd. This is no easy task, for although all genius may be included under one common definition as the power of creating a new thing, without which there is no proof of genius at all, yet within this common ground will be found a host of complex varieties distinguishing man from man as sharply as in the common walks of life.

What is often called genius, and no word is more misused, is seldom found pure and simple. Nor, though more curious, and what is called "heaven-born" in that form, is it the form most beneficial to mankind, or profitable for itself. Genius, like the precious metals, requires the admixture of a harden-

ing and strengthening alloy. Plenty of instances, old and new, will occur to every one, where genius has been more or less combined with other qualities; Shakespeare's mind united genius, common-sense, wit, humor, and, according to some authority which Coleridge quotes, sweet temper as well. But it is precisely in Coleridge's case that genius takes that form, pure and simple, which is the rarest, the most phenomenal, the most difficult to define, and the most impossible to work. Departing as it does from the normal conditions of our human nature, this class of genius can only be accounted a disease. One, it is true, of a beautiful order and of inscrutable origin—without father, mother, or descent—convertible like the pearl, into high value, and predestined to high place; still, like the pearl itself, nothing more or less than a disease. In the light of its inspiration this class is generally a God-like missionary, revealing new and glorious truths—one of the appointed agencies by which this world advances in its course—but in the light of its unsuitability to the conditions around it, too often an exception, an anomaly, and a failure.

We are all contradictions to a certain extent, but the genuinely unalloyed genius is a contradiction from beginning to end—wiser than his teachers, yet never reaching man's estate—a creature of heavenly instincts, but of incorrigible ways; who brooks no authority, fulfils few responsibilities, forgets most engagements, keeps no accounts, and dates no letters. By all these signs Coleridge appears

to have been the most typical of geniuses who ever delighted, astonished, disappointed, and exasperated mankind.

Coleridge's contradictions — whether in practice or theory — are among the strangest that ever were chronicled. The elaborate *non sequiturs* between means and ends, purposes and fulfilments, that are gathered from his life, would be ludicrous if they were not melancholy. The absurdity of his Pantisocratic scheme was wont to draw a smile from him in his later life; but to his latest day the theory of it colored his thoughts and aspirations. Man never was, but always to be, blessed, and that by some ideal formula of persuasion of his own concocting. Who but he, a poor student at Cambridge, would have given a house-decorator *carte blanche* to do up his rooms, and then have accepted a recruit's bounty money ostensibly to pay his debt, which it never did, or could have done—but really because he had a prejudice against soldiers and horses, which he felt it right to overcome! Who but he would have volunteered a public sermon to the praise and glory of God, and then have used the pulpit to launch a philippic against the tax upon hair-powder; or have announced a lecture on Romeo and Juliet, and entered instead upon a defence of flogging at school, and an essay upon the European languages! Who but he would have written, with infinite labor, his own literary biography, and yet have devoted three fourths of the book to an analysis of the literary productions of a fellow-poet; or, in his very biography, have

omitted all reference to the city where his own literary career was begun and carried on, where he lived and worked with Southey, and where he married; not even mentioning Bristol by name! Who but Coleridge would have undertaken to prove the reasonableness and explain the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and yet have made no allusion whatsoever to the Third Person! There is indeed no end to the contradictions we might quote; but two more are too droll to be withheld, for who but he, while canvassing for his weekly paper, *The Watchman*, would have solemnly stated that he was far from sure that a Christian was free to read either newspapers, or any other works of merely political and temporary interest! Or again, whilst penning, the vehement pages of *The Friend*, would have expressed a doubt whether the liberty of the Press were a permissible privilege! When we add that the chief theme of the least reasonable of men was the Reason, and of the most irresolute of men the Will, the catalogue of inconsistencies is complete. Finally, who but he would have commenced one work after another and hardly completed one! or have ostentatiously advertised and proclaimed a series of the most ambitious projects, and not have commenced even one! He was, however, intrinsically inconsistent in this single respect, that he himself was as grand and as incomplete as his plans.

Deeply interesting to the reader, and consoling too, it is to find that, after gathering all we can from the various sources now before us, we

end by loving the strange, but unworldly human compound which they present to us. For under the wayward, sympathetic genius, there lay a pure-minded and loving-hearted man, not to be judged by what he *did*, or by what he *neglected to do*, but, as we shall see, by what he *was*. He can afford, therefore, to bear a not ungentle criticism, for, in heart and morals, he stands where none can pull him down.

"All who sin, suffer; whether they have genius or no." These are the words of grand old Christopher North, who knew something in his own person of the compulsions of the noble disease. And Coleridge suffered acutely and deservedly, though he had the best compensations outside that home which he naturally failed to make happy. He had excellent friends, and he kept them; friends who were privileged to enjoy the fruits of genius without paying too dearly for them, yet who were not close enough to be disturbed by its eccentricities. They fed upon his mind; they drew upon his intellectual bank; they basked in his charm; they entertained their guests with his originalities; and, in return, some of Coleridge's friends felt it a privilege to contribute to his material needs—and this, it must be owned, was a privilege which he did not grudge them—and they wanted him for nothing deeper than for such entertainment. Coleridge had devoted friends, from Wordsworth to Cottle. But Southey, for instance, being his brother-in-law as well as friend, did want him for something deeper, and consequently, Southey's friendship, though it never failed, was

taxed to the utmost degree of endurance.

But it is on those nearer still on whom the real pains and penalties of genius fall. Above all is the genius of the Coleridge kind trying to a wife. The common-sense of what is called the weaker vessel is terribly tried by the occasional lack of it in the stronger one! Mrs. Coleridge saw how Southey, by his orderly and conscientious work, earned the needful daily bread, not only for his own family, but often for that of his friend too; while Coleridge spent his time in dreamy inactivity and far-reaching plans, or plunged into literary enterprises, so injudiciously planned, and so irregularly conducted, as only to cost money and end in failure; at the same time never flagging in that wondrous power of speech which delighted friends and astonished strangers, but which must have been no small aggravation to her who knew that the marvellous flow only retarded and exhausted more needful springs.

And if Coleridge's talk did excite such feelings in the breast of his wife, it must be owned that her trial must as much have exceeded that of other women as his talk did that of other men. However rich his intellectual powers, there is no doubt that this was the line, and we take it first in order, in which his genius, defined as the power of creating a new thing, was most conspicuous. It was this faculty of the most brilliant and spontaneous talk that man ever uttered or listened to, which explains the enthusiastic verdict of his friends. A man's fame during his life is

determined by what he does best, and Coleridge's was determined by his talk. He loved this faculty better than anything he did or should have done: it was equally his favorite form of exertion and of indolence. A tolerably attentive listener was all the inspiration he required, and that not always. According to all accounts his talk was a kind of phenomenon, both as to quantity and quality; once heard, never forgotten; till people equally wondered how it was done, and lamented it should leave no trace behind. For the *Table Talk*, though claiming our gratitude, is but as a map which marks chief places, but tells nothing of the country which unites and divides them. The subjects he touched on are there, and their variety and abundance are marvellous, but the whole is but a kind of shorthand. This faculty with Coleridge grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. The fountain was in full play in Christ's Hospital when his young school-fellows would stop their bat and ball, and collect in a spellbound circle round him.

"Come back into memory," says Lamb, in a well-known passage, "Come back like as thou wast in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope, like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, logician, metaphysician, bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloister stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young *Mirandula*); to hear thee unfold in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of *Iamblichus* or *Plotinus*—for even in those days thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts—or reciting *Homer* in the Greek, or *Pindar*, while the walls of the old Grey

Friars re-echoed to the accent of the inspired Charity Boy."

The same spontaneons, only more varied, exhibition of power took place at Cambridge. Professor Brandl thus describes him at Jesus College, in 1791:—

"The usual aspect he presented to his friends was seated in his room on the ground floor of the large court—on the right of the staircase opposite the great entrance. Green lawns, old grey walls and waving tree-tops seen from the windows, and above, in the distance, some of the city towers; before him some philosophic treatise, or a volume of poems, or the last party pamphlet of the day, or some foreign travels, such as *Bruce's Travels in Central Africa*. Others might be exercising their arms and legs, or gratifying their appetites; his pleasure consisted in intellectual 'Will-of-the-wisping!' But what he thus mentally imbibed he was at all times ready to give forth again in literal torrents of talk. For this exercise the social habits, which to this day prevail at Cambridge, gave him rich opportunity. His room was a rendezvous for those who loved conversation. What delightful evenings round his tea-table! His friend (and schoolfellow), Valentine Le Grice, who had entered Trinity, gave in his old age an enthusiastic account of these meetings. With his wonderful memory Coleridge often recited verbatim what he had read in the morning. These recollections were mingled with visions full of enthusiasm and originality. With child-like confidence he would forecast the most splendid plans for the improvement of the world, the winged words pouring in melodious accents from the voluptuous lips. The oration brimmed over with logical absurdities, which, however, vanished beneath the hurricane of dazzling images.

"The orator had a wide mouth, not over good teeth, a small inexpressive nose, and a negligent mode of dress; but all was forgotten in the transporting, almost overpowering, warmth of his convictions. And he was proud of his power. His large grey eyes sparkled with 'noble madness:' on the pale, lofty forehead, with its overhanging locks of black hair, divided down the centre, there seemed to hover the prom-

ise of genial deeds. It was at such moments that some impudent fellow-student would cut off one piece of his gown after another without his remarking it. But generally his audience were dissolved in rapture; and their approbation, heartier and more discriminating than that of his schoolfellows at Christ's Hospital, encouraged him in his dreams."

When he visited London, in 1795, he frequented a little tavern, "The Cat and Salutation," with sanded floor, in Newgate street, where a different class of hearers assembled at the ordinary dinners. There he became so attractive to his astonished audience that the landlord offered him free commons if he would but continue to come and talk. As to quantity, his earliest publisher, the kind Cottle of Bristol, has recorded that in a single evening, and in language sufficiently pure and connected for publication, he would pour forth as much talk as would fill an octavo volume. We have many accounts of his wonderful talk at a later period of his life, of which Carlyle's description in his *Life of Sterling* is the best known.

Truly did Madame de Staël say of him that Mr. Coleridge was rich in monologue but not in dialogue. Hearers of Coleridge have declared that after listening spellbound to a flood of words, they have felt bodily benumbed as if something supernatural had passed before them. So large a scope did he take that if interrupted before he got to the end, he appeared to have been talking without an object; whilst his digressions rambled so far and wide that his hearers would doubt whether the connection with the main line would ever be recovered.

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[TO BE CONCLUDED]

THE CHURCH OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

FEW titles, if any, upon earth are higher and grander than that of "Queen of England." Nevertheless this title imperfectly expresses the position of Queen Victoria. She is Empress of India and Queen of a large fraction of the world. In like manner few titles are dearer to the hearts of a vast number of the Queen's subjects than that of "the Church of England;" but the title is too small for the thing which it signifies, and we are beginning to find out that the insufficient title is not only becoming false in virtue of its insufficiency, but is also liable to lead, in some cases, to practical misunderstanding and mischief. Thus we hear of the Church of England in Canada, or in South Africa, or in Australia; and the use of the phrase, besides involving somewhat of a contradiction in terms, may be used for the purpose of asserting an identity of laws and customs and practices amongst a number of independent branches of the Catholic Church of Christ, which it is practically impossible to maintain, and which all wise persons would shrink from even desiring. The wise maxim which enjoins unity in essentials, freedom in matters indifferent, and charity in all things, is liable to be forgotten in the stiff and starched determination that the mother Church, having as she has a peculiar history, and exhibiting in her present condition the marks of past conflicts and compromises, shall be reproduced in her daughters with such exactness that she must needs have a feeling of jealousy if any of them should be fairer

the wants of poor simple souls oppressed by the difficulties and religious poverty of Colonial life. It may be noted that in the year 1739 Bishop Butler preached the annual sermon for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and in it we find these weighty words, often quoted: "Christianity is very particularly to be considered as a trust, deposited with us in behalf of others, in behalf of mankind, as well as for our own instruction." He applies the principle to our colonies and factories, to the natives with whom we are brought in contact, and even to slaves: observing, however, very quaintly concerning the last, that if they are treated with the utmost rigor, as they certainly are, and made as miserable as they well can be for our advantage in this world, "this merely heightens our obligation to put them into as advantageous a situation as we are able, with regard to another."

The whole tendency, moreover, of the eighteenth century was in the direction of leaning on an arm of flesh, putting trust in princes, regarding the Crown as a necessary co-operator in all Church work. Because the nomination of Bishops in England was in the Crown, therefore it was concluded that no Bishops could be sent to the Colonies and Plantations except by royal appointment: and also, as a matter of fact none were sent; the full planting of the Church in foreign lands was postponed, with fearful loss to the good cause; the Crown was apparently jealous of Bishops; and so at length, amongst other disasters, it came to pass that John Wesley was seduced into the un-

catholic proceeding of undertaking himself to consecrate Bishops for his followers in America.

Obvious as it seems to any reasonable mind that the Church must be propagated through the Episcopate, that a Church without Bishops must die out, and that therefore there must be some flaw in the theory which would make the gift of the Episcopate to the Colonies dependent upon the caprice of a sovereign or the advice of statesmen, still the absurdity was long in dying; and even now in some portions of Her Majesty's dominions the action of the Church is not entirely free. I remember being much amused by a little incident which took place in connection with the first Pan-Anglican Synod. I was present at a gathering in which the principal guests were the American Bishops. "Tell me," said an elderly clergyman, "who these gentlemen are. They say that they are American Bishops."—"Yes," said I; "so they are."—"How can it be?" replied my clerical friend; "there is no King in America to appoint them." This was a survival of the eighteenth-century view of the subject.

Hence the consecration of Bishop Seabury by Scotch Bishops at Aberdeen in 1784 must be regarded as a notable event. It was the breaking up of the ice. This commencement of an orderly Church for the United States of America lies, however, somewhat outside the range of our present purpose. Nevertheless it may be permitted to observe, by the way, that the American Church, which may be said to have taken a fair start with the consecration of Bishops White and Pro-

voost in 1787, just one century ago, has abundantly prospered since. Some figures will be given hereafter; but no mere enumeration of the number of her ministers can give any adequate conception of the spiritual and intellectual vigor of the sister Church of the United States.

The year 1787 was a notable one, not only to the United States but to the Queen's dominions in America also. In that year was consecrated the first Colonial Bishop; and it is a touching fact that Dr. Binney of Nova Scotia, the lineal descendant of that first Colonial Bishop, was called to his rest while actually preparing to celebrate in a suitable manner the centenary of his see. Dr. Inglis, the first Bishop of Nova Scotia, had been in earlier times Rector of Trinity Church, New York. He appears to have been a man of strong character and well fitted for working as a pioneer. Certainly he needed much strength and faith too. His episcopal charge embraced the whole of the British possessions in North America, in which immense see he labored single-handed for six years, when he was relieved of Upper and Lower Canada by the foundation of the See of Quebec. His entire episcopate extended over twenty-nine years. The absurdity of assigning impossible sees did not seem to strike men in those days so strongly as it does now: the notion that Bishops were more or less ornamental, and that Priests and Deacons did the work, had somehow established itself; and the impossibility of rearing families without fathers, or of fighting armies without officers, does not

seem to have made itself plain. When we remember that, at a later date, the whole continent of Australia was ordered to consider itself as in the diocese of Calcutta, it is not uncharitable to credit our rulers, ecclesiastical and civil, in days not long gone by, with any conceivable or inconceivable absurdity.

Having thus brought down the history to a century ago, it will be convenient to divide the last century into two parts; the first from 1787 to 1837; the latter from 1837, the date of Queen Victoria's accession, down to the present time. The former half of the century I shall touch lightly, as being beyond my special purpose, and as being introduced chiefly as a background to more recent history.

The period from 1787 to 1837 includes the foundation of the following sees: Nova Scotia, Quebec, Calcutta, Jamaica, Barbadoes, Madras, Sydney, Bombay. Perhaps Bombay ought to be excluded, as dating actually from 1837. If we classify the sees, we have two Bishops for America, two for the West Indies, three for India, and one for Australia. It must not of course be supposed, nor do I intend to insinuate, that there was absolutely no Christian work going on where there was no Bishop to superintend it, but the number of chief pastors certainly gives some fair measure of the amount and vigor of the work, and it seems strange in the retrospect that we could ever have expected large success when depending upon machinery so lamentably defective.

Nevertheless there were men in those days who have left a noble

record behind them. Inglis of Nova Scotia, to whom reference has been already made; Mountain of Quebec; at Calcutta, the wise Middleton, and the gentle, loving, in every way admirable Heber at one end of the half-century, with the vigorous Daniel Wilson at the other. These and other good men worked under most discouraging conditions, but they worked right valiantly. Better Apostles and Evangelists have not been in these latter times.

Yet these lights made the darkness more visible. The Church had not really risen to a sense of the work with which she was charged. The mapping out of the whole British Empire, and the determination that there should exist no portion of it which should not possess the ministry of the Church of Christ in all its fullness and vitality, had not been adopted as the guiding principle of the Church of England. It needed some clear-headed, wise, strong, warm-hearted man to proclaim this principle. The Cape Colony, Tasmania, New Zealand, Mauritius, St. Helena, Newfoundland, British Guiana were all untouched by Church organization; while that which was done for India, Australia, British North America, was more like playing at Church, than real earnest.

So half a century passed away, with a result of eight sees founded; and in some cases the foundation so fettered and clogged and confused by the injudicious meddling and muddling of Parliament, that lasting mischief was done. To this present day Indian Church work is seriously hindered by the absurdi-

ties committed in the foundation of the See of Calcutta.

The real birth of the Church of the British Empire, or, at all events, the true and full recognition of the reality and meaning and possibilities of that Church, may be said to date from the year 1841. In that year the then Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, one of the most statesmanlike and far-seeing Bishops that the Church of England has produced since the Reformation, brought the whole subject forward in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. His proposal was to raise a fund for the purpose of extending the Episcopate to all the Colonies which were still without complete Church organization. The proposal was no sooner made than it was accepted. It was obviously in accordance with sound judgment; its strength and vitality consisted not so much in a new machinery for raising money, as in the assertion of a great principle. Money, no doubt, was raised, and the Colonial Bishops' Fund is still an active instrument for good. Something like three quarters of a million of money has been expended through its means. But the grandest benefit arising from the Bishop of London's action may, I think, be said to have been the assertion and the cordial recognition of the paramount duty which rests upon England, and the Colonies as well, of seeing that the English Church is co-extensive with the English Empire. As the sun never sets upon the Empire, so also it never sets upon the Church.

It was a fortunate fact for the

new Colonial movement that the first Colony taken in hand was New Zealand, and that the first Bishop was George Augustus Selwyn. The circumstances of this singularly happy appointment to a new post of unmeasured difficulty are so interesting as to be worth mentioning here. The new Bishopric had been proposed to the elder brother William, and had been declined by him on family grounds: doubtless the decision was a wise one, though he himself did not at the time recognize its importance. Then the spirit of the young Augustus was moved. Was the name of Selwyn to be disgraced? Was it to be thought that the Church's best blood was too good for the Colonies? Was a Colonial Bishopric to go a-begging? He consulted with his old friend, Mr. Gladstone, what he should do, and by his advice went straight to Lambeth Palace and offered his services. The result could not be doubtful. The Archbishop speedily gave him to understand that he might be Bishop of New Zealand if he would. Here is the letter in which he replied to the Archbishop's proposal; it is a document which deserves to be printed in letters of gold.

"MY LORD PRIMATE—To the call of the Church conveyed to me by your Grace, I can make no plainer or shorter answer than in the words of the Gospel, Matt. xxi. 30. *Ἐγὼ, κύριε.* I trust that I could have answered as willingly, if I had been called to some less favored portion of Christ's vineyard. As it is, I feel that 'the lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground; yea, I have a goodly heritage.'

"With respect to the suggestions of Lord John Russell, I will immediately make every enquiry; but as my resolution has already been formed upon other grounds, I beg your Grace to consider my

answer as final, so far as it depends upon me. I trust in God that I have counted the cost. I am most thankful to your Grace for the full and considerate manner in which you have explained to me all the circumstances of the case. I have written to Lord John Russell to accept the office."

It is no disparagement to those who had preceded him in the Colonial Episcopate to say that the like of him had not been as yet. The new generation and those to come, who did not see George Augustus Selwyn in his youth, may realize to a great extent what he was in personal appearance from Mr. Richmond's beautiful sketch: a face at once manly and singularly handsome; the figure of an athlete, an expression full of sweetness, gentleness, and humor. God Himself seemed to have set his seal upon that grand combination and form, "to give the 'Church' assurance of a man."

And a man he was, and just the man that was needed. A possible view of his mission was contained in the witty phrase attributed to Sydney Smith, who trusted that if the New Zealanders ate their Bishop he might disagree with them. But Bishop Selwyn had formed a high conception of the problem before him. His call was to found a Church for Englishmen and Maoris at the Antipodes. Nothing less than that; and he did it, and a great deal more.

The Maoris had enjoyed an evil reputation as cannibals; yet there were in them the seeds of better things. The race was by no means hopelessly barbarian, and a good deal of honest Gospel work had been done amongst them. A mission had been sent to the islands by the Church Missionary Society as long

ago as 1809. Work did not really commence till 1815; and the first convert was made in 1825. It was a long and faithful sowing in tears; but there was much joyful reaping; the whole of the New Testament and Prayer-book were translated into Maori in 1838; and before Bishop Selwyn arrived, the Maori nation might be said to have become practically Christian, as the country, by the wish of the natives, had become English.

It were long to tell all that Bishop Selwyn said and did. I must refer to his biography. For my purpose it is sufficient to say that he threw a halo of heroism, and something like a light of poetry, round the conception of a Colonial Bishop. On the voyage out he learned Maori, so that when he arrived he found himself in a position to speak to the natives. He at once commenced a journey on foot through his diocese, with natives carrying his tent and equipments. His first visitation occupied five months; he returned home ragged, and with his last pair of shoes tattered and torn. His whole episcopate was passed in the same spirit, though with a more widely extended plan, and with greater dangers and difficulties. War broke out between the English and the natives. The Bishop was in the midst of it as a peacemaker: he was eminently qualified for the task, for he loved both sides. The Maoris were his children; he knew it, and they knew it too. But Bishop Selwyn was not a mere ambassador of peace between warring people; he was a far-sighted, large-minded organizer of the Church. He arranged for the subdivision of his great diocese,

which is now divided into six, each bearing its own special title, so that the name of Bishop of New Zealand exists no longer. Selwyn is the only man who ever did, or ever will, bear a title which he did so much to render illustrious.

When Bishop Selwyn returned on a visit to England in 1854, his arrival excited as much interest as that of some great potentate. The very heart of England was moved; every one seemed to recognize him as a great hero, except himself; he was simple as a child, quite unmoved by the compliments and almost worship that he received, and appeared unconscious of having done anything remarkable. It was his burning words at St. Mary's, Cambridge, during this visit, which sent Mackenzie to South Africa.

I cannot pass away from Bishop Selwyn without reference to his remarkable scheme for evangelizing the natives of the islands of the Southern Ocean. Sailing about in his Church yacht, he brought boys from the various islands to be educated under his own care; the boys to return to their homes, there to teach their brethren and leaven the native society. It was an admirable scheme, which was consecrated by the martyrdom of Bishop Pattison, and is still being carried on with zeal and success by the second Bishop Selwyn, a worthy son of the first.

Thus the natives that walked in darkness saw a great light. It may be safely said that the Kingdom of Christ has been so firmly established in the Southern hemisphere, that we may look for a glorious fu-

ture. Undoubtedly in the list of founders and benefactors of the Southern Church, the name of Selwyn will ever be conspicuous.

But this great epoch in Colonial Church life has so dazzled me, that I have been led to pass over the founding of two sees which preceded that of New Zealand. I refer to those of Toronto and Newfoundland. Toronto may be regarded as included in the ordinary growth of the Church of British North America, which has happily since that time attained further expansion. Newfoundland deserves a few words of special notice, if only in consequence of the difficulty of the work involved and the singular simplicity and beauty of the character of Bishop Field, one of the earliest occupants of the see.

The see was actually founded in 1839, but the first Bishop was able to do scarcely more than spy out the land. In truth, it is a land which may well tax the faith and energy of the strongest man. It has been described as "a rough shore with no interior. There is not a human habitation beyond the immediate neighborhood of the coast, which, with its endless succession of coves, inlets, and bays, enveloped very often in mist and fog, gives a home and harvest-field of water to a race of pious and hardy fishermen. In no part of the world are the conditions of life harder. A long winter and a sterile soil forbid aught but the simplest efforts at husbandry; the stormy seas offer in the summer months a livelihood obtained at the cost of much risk. Amid the icebergs and flocs of the Arctic Sea the crews find the seals, which are to

them the most fruitful source of income."

In one sense Newfoundland was just the place to be put under a Bishop of its own; in another it was just the place to be put aside as not of much importance, or to be dealt with in some impossible manner after the example of Australia and Calcutta. Happily, good sense and charity prevailed; and in Bishop Field, who was consecrated in 1843, the desolate island found a pastor whose simplicity and faith and holiness were worthy of the days of the Apostles. I had myself the privilege of making his acquaintance in his parish of English Bicknor, in the sweet country of the Wye, not far from Monmouth, shortly before his appointment to the see. He was the very model of a Country Parson, after George Herbert's own heart; and the parish was what a parish should be. He was then, and long after, a bachelor; and he lived in solitary simplicity in the parsonage hard by the church, which was always open, he himself unlocking the door in the morning, and locking it in the evening with his own hand. He was great in schools, and when I visited him was very happy in the possession of a new village clock, which was erected upon the school-house, and which had been presented as a testimonial of respect by Adelaide, the Queen Dowager. What with church, parsonage, school, and the parochial and natural surroundings, the whole thing was a poem, and the parson of English Bicknor seemed to be the occupant of an earthly Paradise. I remember now across the long course of years the feeling of

admiration which moved my heart, when I heard that he had given up his parish and his old home to go to bleak Newfoundland.

However, as far as fitness for the work was concerned, he knew what he was doing. He turned out to be a capital sailor, and in his little schooner *Hawk* he voyaged about year after year, visiting the remotest bays and coves, and carrying with him everywhere the fire of Christian love, and the infecting power of a pure life and holy example. When he died in 1876, after an episcopate of more than thirty years, during which he had seldom been absent from his field of labor, he left between seventy and eighty churches, fifty clergymen, and half a cathedral, as the monument of an apostolic career which has seldom been surpassed, either in heroic self-sacrifice or in God-given success.

Two Bishoprics were founded in 1841 and 1842 of a peculiar kind, but which on that very account demand a passing notice. I refer to those of Jerusalem and Gibraltar.

The former is mixed up with much painful controversy, and was one of the unhappy causes which combined to lose John Henry Newman to the English Church. It is no part of my present intention to enter into that controversy; but I cannot fail to notice the present more hopeful condition of the whole question, as evinced by a recent letter from the Patriarch of Constantinople to the Archbishop of Canterbury. A newly consecrated Prelate has lately left our shores, and the Patriarch of Constantinople has cordially approved what has been done; recognizing the im-

portant fact that the mission of the English Bishop is to superintend English clergy and English people, and not to proselytize Christians of the Eastern Church. It may be hoped, therefore, that the controversy which has caused so much warmth and irritation is at last happily closed.

The Bishopric of Gibraltar is mixed up with no controversy, but is interesting because it bears remarkable testimony to the all-pervading character of the British Church. All round the Mediterranean, at Cannes, Mentone, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Palermo, Athens, Constantinople, Odessa, Smyrna, Malta, Gibraltar, and other places, are English colonies with their chapels and clergymen. Moreover, English sailors are to be found in all parts, who need spiritual guardianship as much as any class of society. The provision therefore of a Bishop, who, taking his title from a spot in Her Majesty's dominions, shall have charge of the outlying and detached settlements of the English Church, is a fact closely allied with the subject of this paper, and is one of the indications of the expansive and courageous spirit which has characterized the last half century.

The year 1847 was a notable one in the history of the Church of the Empire. In that year the Australian Church indicated its first signs of vigorous health and expansion. The Bishopric of Sydney was founded, as already mentioned, in 1836. Bishop Broughton worked as vigorously as man could work in a vast continent, the inherent difficulties of which were infinitely intensified by the system of trans-

porting convicts from England, which had unfortunately been permitted to prevail. But the abolition of transportation, the discovery of gold, and the earnestness of Churchmen at home, at length brought about a salutary change. In 1847, three Australian Bishops were consecrated for Newcastle, Adelaide, and Melbourne. These sees have since been subdivided, and at the present time Australia contains thirteen sees.

It was a great happiness to Australia as to New Zealand, that her early spiritual leaders were earnest, simple-hearted, wise, and vigorous men. To mention but one, Tyrrel, the first Bishop of Newcastle, who died in 1879: during the whole of his episcopate he never returned home. In fact he never left Australia but once, and that was for the purpose of making a missionary voyage with Bishop Selwyn. "He lived in the saddle, making visitation tours of 1500 miles at a time. His great diocese had 800 miles of coast-line, extended inland 700 miles, and was five times as large as Great Britain. With very high spiritual gifts, he had the rare combination of excellent habits of business. He was a great financier; setting a magnificent example, he induced the Colonists to give largely. He inaugurated an endowment scheme of £100,000, taking care that no parish should possess a sum that would provide the full stipend of its clergy; but by a combination of partial endowments and the voluntary system, he maintained the advantages and avoided the evils of both." Only conceive the privilege of possessing such a man

during the first thirty years of a new see!

Nor was Church progress in Australia confined to an increase of the means of grace, such as might be expected from the vigorous operation of wise spiritual leaders. There was co-operation as well. The sees were not to be independent, but to form a new province, according to the ancient model. And an important province it now is, with the Bishop of Sydney as Metropolitan, and the sees not only of Australia, but of New Zealand and Tasmania, included in the ecclesiastical republic. The southern sees of the Church of the Empire now number not less than twenty-one: that they will become vastly more numerous during the next half century may be prophesied with some confidence.

I have spoken of 1847 as being a notable year, and have illustrated that remark by reference to the consecration of three Australian Bishops; but the year was notable also as that of the consecration of Bishop Gray, the first Bishop sent from England to the Cape Colony. Like Bishops Selwyn and Field and many others, Bishop Gray went out at the cost of much self-sacrifice, and with the loss of bright prospects at home. The early part of his episcopate was laborious and anxious, but full of joy and success. The great wagon journey which he made to inspect the whole of the vast country committed to his charge, and in order to form an estimate of its requirements, may take rank with any missionary journey made since the days of St. Paul. His simple

narrative of his expedition gave him high place at once amongst spiritual pioneers. As the result of this journey he determined to attempt the subdivision of his enormous diocese, and to seek help at home for the accomplishment of the work. Home he came, and wandered for months up and down, telling his tale and asking for help. Seldom has any begging expedition been more successful: he returned to the Cape with the satisfaction of having founded the two sees of Graham's Town and Natal, and provided for the maintenance of two Bishops for the same. Thus was laid the foundation of a new province, which now contains eight sees.

Dark days were in store for Bishop Gray; but their darkness need only throw a passing shadow over these pages. The writings of Bishop Colenso involved Bishop Gray in a controversy from which he would willingly have shrunk, brought him into the Courts of Law, and have left a heritage of division and bitterness to the South African Church which all Christians must unfeignedly deplore. In this, as in many other cases, we may trust that sorrow will endure only for the night, and that joy will come in the morning. The end is not yet, but we may hope and pray that it is not far off. Meanwhile, Bishop Gray has left a goodly memorial behind him in a fully organized province added to the Church of the English Empire. Allowing for all drawbacks, there are few portions of Her Majesty's dominions in which better work is being done for the Lord Christ; and as the name "Cape of Good Hope"

took the place of the old name "Cape of Storms," so we may trust that the South African Church, which has been so conspicuously a Church of Storms, may speedily become a Church of Good Hope, or, still better, a Church of perfect unity and concord. The South African Church has a grand and important future in store for it; may God enable it to rise to its privileges and responsibilities!

South Africa, more perhaps than any other part of the Queen's dominions, has brought before Englishmen the problem of dealing with native races in an uncivilized condition. In India there is civilization of a high kind, and going back to remote antiquity; in New Zealand and Australia the number of natives is comparatively small and incapable of much increase; but in Africa the element of high civilization is wanting, and the supply of natives from the interior of the great continent is quite unlimited. Hence South Africa has brought England, more than any other Colony, face to face with the spiritual needs of our heathen fellow-subjects. Admirable work has been done, and is being done, in this direction; no one was more vigorous and more successful in the work than Bishop Colenso during the earlier portion of his career. But I refer to this subject for the purpose of observing, that in the last thirty years the Church of England has undertaken distinct missionary work outside the limits of the Empire upon a more systematic plan than was ever adopted before. The Universities' Mission to Central Africa is the most conspicuous instance. Stirred up by

the impressive appeal of Livingstone, the Universities first, old England afterwards, determined to send civilization and the Gospel of peace to the great Lake Country which Livingstone had explored. Mackenzie was the first leader of the Mission. I have long ago written Mackenzie's Life, and do not think it necessary to enlarge upon it here; but I would earnestly remark that for simplicity of character, purity of purpose, humility and courage, it would be impossible to name any one as his superior, or many as his equals. His early death, almost before he had entered upon his work, is well known; but the mission which has sprung out of his grave, is one of the most vigorous and the most remarkable that the world has seen in these latter days.

It may be suggested that such missions cannot claim a place in an article which professes to treat of the Church of the British Empire; but it is the apparent impropriety of the introduction which chiefly emphasizes its true propriety. The British Empire is in reality everywhere throughout the world; and our all-pervading commerce, and our ubiquitous possessions, give Englishmen a cosmopolitan character which no other people at this time enjoy. Why should not our Church be as ubiquitous as our people? and may it not be doubted whether the intercourse of Englishmen, as the ground of commerce with the uncivilized races of the world, is not likely to become sometimes a curse instead of a blessing, unless the Church rises to a sense of her power and her duty?

The missionary Bishops of the

English Church do in fact constitute a body of apostolic pioneers of Christ, whose habits and achievements, and in some cases whose noble deaths, throw into the work of the Church just that element of heroism and romance, which a somewhat dull mechanical age of committees and central organization seems to need. The days of Christian chivalry have not ceased, and the gallant conduct of the leaders of the great campaign has instilled such spirit into the rank and file, that it is easier to fill up vacancies occasioned by the fever of Africa with men of high quality, intellectual and spiritual, than it is to fill up vacancies with men of the same kind in our quiet English villages.

To return, however, within the limits of Her Majesty's dominions, though it cannot be said that the Church of England is duly represented everywhere throughout the world, it may certainly be affirmed that there is no portion of the Empire in which the seed has not been sown of a plant taken from the old English root. It may be interesting to the reader to see brought together in one focus a conspectus of the whole Church of the Empire as it now exists:

British North America contains 19 dioceses; India, 7; West Indies and South America, 7; Africa, and islands adjacent, 14; Australia, 13; New Zealand and Pacific, 8; China and Japan, 5: thus making a total of 73. In this enumeration Gibraltar and Jerusalem are omitted; on the other hand a few are included which are of a purely missionary character, and which lie, in whole or in part, outside Her Majesty's dominions. When it is considered

ples with regard to the Scriptural and primitive foundation upon which Churches ought to rest, above all by a common enthusiasm on behalf of the faith once delivered to the saints, and a common sense of danger from all enemies of the truth.

Some months ago I was permitted to publish in *Murray's Magazine* a paper on the subject of the proposed Church House, as the Church of England's Memorial of Her Majesty's Jubilee. May I add here that the Church House will only be what it ought to be, if regarded as the House of the Church of the Empire? Our brethren in the Colonies, in India, in the United States, feel this perhaps more keenly than we do ourselves; they know from experience what it is to arrive in London and to find themselves much alone; they need some house of call, not to say some place which they can regard as home, some place where at least they can make inquiries, and come in contact with home interests and home work. We in England have in fact been taken to task by some of our transatlantic brethren, because they say that we have not risen to the full height of our argument, and have not grasped the full idea of a Church House as the House not of the Church in England only, but of the Anglican Church or Churches throughout the world. I, for one, am willing to accept the brotherly rebuke, or at least to acknowledge that, so far as we have omitted from our thoughts the conception of a Pan-Anglican Church House, we have made a great omission indeed.

I will try to make amends by the

following suggestion: It seems probable that it will be inconvenient to lay the foundation stone of the Church House in the present year. Many preparations have to be made; the details of the building require the most careful consideration; the legal trust, the constitution, the arrangements for its government, will all need much time. Meanwhile there are so many other Jubilee schemes in hand, from the Imperial Institute downwards, that it might be prudent to postpone to the future anything that can without injury be postponed. Why not then—and this is my suggestion—postpone the laying of the foundation stone of the Church House till next year, when the Pan-Anglican Synod is to assemble? Surely a building, commenced under the auspices and with the prayers of representatives of the Anglican Churches throughout the world, would stand upon a foundation upon which few buildings stand. It would be a noble gathering of men, who in the case of a stone so laid would cry, "Grace, grace, unto it!"—HARVEY GOODWIN, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, in *Murray's Magazine*.

FRENCH PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

ON few subjects are English readers less instructed than on those of Land Tenure in France and the condition of the peasant proprietors in various parts of the country. It was proved, clearly enough one would think, that the Prussian five thousand million francs indemnity was paid off mainly owing to the accumulated wealth of the French

peasantry. Yet although the lesson has been seriously taken to heart on the other side of the channel, it is overlooked in England, and credence is given to any statements concerning peasant proprietors that happen to find their way into print. An eminent writer, the late Mr. Stanley Jevons, in a manual of political economy designed for the young, dismisses the question thus:—

“The peasant proprietors who still exist in Switzerland, Belgium, Norway, and some other parts of Europe, work almost all day and night during the summer, and are very careful and saving, yet they seldom grow rich or get more than a fair living out of the soil.”

When such a writer as Mr. Stanley Jevons could thus overlook the true status of the French peasantry, it is small matter of astonishment that general readers believe anything they are told by one-sided and superficial tourists. Very different is the summing up of the matter by the late Mr. Fawcett:—

“The extraordinary manner in which France has recovered her prosperity since the conclusion of the disastrous war with Germany, affords the most striking illustration of wealth diffused among the agricultural classes by a system of peasant properties.”

A no less trustworthy authority, the late Mr. Joseph Kay, sets himself the following task in his invaluable work—*Free Trade in Land*:—

“I wish to prove by the highest authorities that the French system, instead of promoting the ruin or impoverishment of the countries in which it prevails, and in spite of the ignorance of the French yeomen and peasant farmers, is rapidly increasing the wealth of the country, promoting the moral and economical prosperity and happiness of the farming and

rural classes, and by establishing the contentment of these classes, is at the same time increasing the stability of the Government.”

Such conclusions naturally force themselves on the mind of the English resident in France; but for those who are under the necessity of studying the question at home, Mr. Kay's book is of the greatest possible assistance.

It is now eleven years since I began the systematic observation of French rural life. One entire year, 1875-6, was passed by me with French friends in Anjou, La Vendée, and Brittany. In 1878 I spent four months in east central and eastern France, visiting several departments constituted from the ancient provinces of Brie and Champagne, and Burgundy and Franche-Comté. In 1879 I visited Auvergne. In 1880 and 1881 I made prolonged sojourns in various parts of Burgundy, besides visiting the curious region of the Morvan in the department of the Nièvre, also the Saône et Loire. In 1882-1883 I spent many months in the Vosges, Alsace-Lorraine, and various portions of Burgundy not before visited. In 1885 I visited several departments of central France, formed from the ancient provinces of le Berry, le Limousin et l'Angoumois, and during the present summer and autumn I have made the acquaintance of various parts of south-west France. It will thus be seen that I have already traveled over a considerable portion of ground, although my task is not nearly accomplished. I hope, indeed, to pursue these investigations till not a single district of agricultural France remains unfamiliar to me. I add that these sojourns

are invariably made not *en touriste*, but among French people, so that any information I may require, I obtain on the spot from those best able to inform me, and every facility is afforded for observing peasant life and judging for myself.

Admirable as are the letters of the late Mr. Kay just alluded to, I must take exception to one or two points. In the first place, he greatly over-states the ignorance of the French peasant; or perhaps I should put the matter thus: Since Mr. Kay wrote of France and the condition of the peasantry in that country, rapid and important changes have taken place, notably with regard to their mental development. Speaking from a very varied experience, I must say that there is no comparison between the intelligence and instruction of a French peasant proprietor and an English agricultural laborer. The former is immeasurably in advance of the latter, and that by reason of favorable circumstances, and not perhaps in consequence of natural superiority. To say nothing of the tremendous efforts made by the Third Republic to educate the rural population, let us consider the position of the peasant individually, and we shall see that it is in itself an education. He has not only the responsibilities of a capitalist on a small scale, already a most important mental training, to begin with, but he receives and has long received the benefits of a political education. The blue-bloused son of the soil becomes in time perhaps *conseiller municipal* and mayor of his commune. He is obliged to know something of the laws and constitution

of his country; he is accustomed to public business, to the interchange of ideas, to speaking in public, and to the give and take of civil life generally. We must remember, too, that the French peasant as a citizen dates anteriorly to the great Revolution. Already before 1789, one-fourth of the territory of France belonged to the people, and though the condition of the small farmer and *metayer* was often wretched in the extreme, still the possession of land had begun to tell upon national character. But we must go as far back as the Regency of the great Anne of France for the beginnings of political life among the peasantry. That wonderful stateswoman, who took in hand the government of France when she was only twenty-two, and added Brittany to the French crown, summoned the *Etats Généraux* in 1481. Upon this memorable occasion the peasants sent deputies to represent them in what was a true parliament, and for the first time in the feudal world were heard those ominous words, "*La souveraineté du peuple.*" The speaker, however, was not a proletarian, but a gentleman Philippe Pot,* Deputy of Burgundy. The subsidies asked for were granted and privileges accorded, but the *Etats Généraux* were summarily dismissed, having sufficiently alarmed the Court and the nobles. This fact is worthy of note as showing the early beginnings of the *Tiers Etats* as a political body in France. The French peasant may indeed be said to have

* The tomb of this orator and noble gentleman is to be seen at Dijon, and is one of the most curious monuments of the epoch

inherited a certain amount of political education, as well as those qualities of foresight, self-control, thrift, and sobriety for which he is so remarkable. I speak on this matter with less diffidence, having seen a very great deal of the rural population of widely different portions of France. I have heard the *maire* of a small commune in Anjou make a speech at the distribution of prizes at the village school; the peasants of the Jura pleading their own cause before the Juge de Paix; I have sat down to breakfast on fair-day with the peasant proprietors of the Morvan at Autun; I have partaken of their hospitality in Brie and Champagne, and driven with them for miles across country in Brittany; I have broken bread with them at the board of their richer neighbors in various regions, joined hands with them in the merry twilight dance out of doors, and have paid numerous visits to them in their own homes. My impression has ever been that the courtesy, intelligence, and reserve of the French peasant would do credit to any class in any country. The general cheerfulness, too, which so much struck Mr. Kay, is a characteristic feature of the agricultural population of France.

The other point in this writer's volume apt to mislead the English reader is this: he evidently wrote in ignorance of the numerous schools of agriculture established in various parts of the country, and which have exercised a very beneficial effect upon agriculture generally. Some of these schools are of a recent date, but one at least, and that of the first importance, was founded in 1830. I speak of Grand Jouan,

within a few hours' journey of Nantes, in the department of the Loire Inférieure. This college has done more than anything else to improve farming methods in what was before one of the most backward regions of France. The land is cultivated on scientific principles, the most approved machinery is used, the school farm is well stocked and a very great deal of attention is paid to fruit-growing and arboriculture. Many well-to-do peasants, sons study at Grand Jouan, and day pupils are received at the cost of £8 per annum. On the occasion of my visit in 1876, I found thirty young men pursuing their studies as out-door students. These youths in blue blouses are recruited from all ranks of society, but their work, their meals, and their recreations alike are taken in company. On a similarly large scale are the agricultural schools of Grignon, in Normandy, of Montpellier, and there are many model farms in various parts of the country. There is also a *ferme-ecole* near St. Honorelles-Bains, in the very heart of the Morvan.

The small French farmer is much more ready to take in new ideas and to try experiments than is generally supposed. I have lately described elsewhere the results of a visit paid last year to the department of the Indre, formed from the ancient province of le Bas Berry. I showed *firstly* that the value of land in that district has quintupled within the last thirty or forty years, owing to its transference from the hands of the largest proprietors to those of the peasants. *Secondly*, I showed that the condition of the

peasants, not only materially, but socially and morally, has steadily advanced. *Thirdly*, I pointed out that the average peasant owner thereabouts is a capitalist to the extent of from £800 to £1,000; and *fourthly*, that, so impressed with the advantage of the transfer are many large landed proprietors that they are gradually diminishing their estates, partly actuated by philanthropic and patriotic, partly by personal, motives. The condition of the people receives incalculable benefit, the State is strengthened and aggrandized, and more money is got out of the land. A similar change has been gradually taking place in the Jura. Within the last fifty years vast numbers of day laborers, by dint of thrift and toil, have transformed themselves into small proprietors, i.e. owners of from fifty to seventy acres. So persistent, indeed, has been the desire to possess land, and so uncompromising the economy of the rural population here, that the agricultural laborer may be already described as a survival. The difficulty of procuring hired labor in busy seasons is sometimes, as in Burgundy, a check upon further purchases of land. It is partly met in this way: the Jurasien is naturally patriarchal. Thus three or four married brothers will continue to live under one roof and share the labors of their respective holdings, or farm one holding between them. The small proprietor also works part of his time for wages as in le Berry. The *métayer* system is in force in the regions of the Jura given up to the culture of the vine. The proprietor lends the vineyard and

pays the taxes; the vigneron supplies the laborer and the manure; all profits are equally shared. The peasant of the Jura is not rich, but he is *aise*, that is to say, in easy circumstances. Family feeling is strong, and the moral tone of the people high. Here, as elsewhere in France, the entire absence of beggary strikes the stranger. People work hard and fare hard, but they are independent; they have a home of their own, and they are invariably contented and cheerful.

Tourists who form an opinion of peasant farming in France from the window of the railway carriage or of their hotel, are apt to fall into a singular mistake. They see a poor woman digging up potatoes or gathering in an armful of maize from a patch of ground a few yards square, and straightway set her down as a peasant proprietor. The fact is, and Mr. Kay points it out in his volume, that the owner of a cottage and garden in France is not to be confounded with the peasant proprietor proper. In rural and suburban districts it is very rare to find respectable people, however poor, who do not possess a cottage and garden. Just as opportunity makes the thief, so opportunity makes the possessor in France. Land is so easy of attainment that the notion of attaining it comes naturally to all. If a man has not money enough to buy a farm, or if he is an artisan, as at Chateauroux, with his savings he buys a house and garden, or a vineyard. Thus the workmen of the great watch manufacturies at Besançon, or the small watchmakers on their own account, purchase a garden and summer-house outside the town.

You see them on Sundays and holidays disporting themselves amid their flowers and fruit with their wives and children. Everybody possesses something, and it is wonderful how happy that something makes everybody. It is only the *declassé*, and ne'er-do-well, or the really unfortunate, who has nothing to call his own.

Education is very advanced in the Jura. The French babe now sucks in the principle of equality with his mother's milk, and as this influence tells greatly upon the character of the people, let me give an illustration. In 1885, whilst the guest of a Judge de Paix, in a beautiful little town of the Jura, I used to accompany my hostess to the *Ecole Communale* to fetch her little son to breakfast. Judging from the neat appearance of the children, both boys and girls, one might have supposed them all to belong to the well-to-do middle class. My friend informed me that these little scholars belonged alike to the richest as well as the poorest families in the neighborhood. The wealthy notary, the poor charcoal-burner, the prosperous merchant, the struggling artisan, all sent their children to the *Ecole Communale*. For the benefit alike of rich and poor who lived at some distance, hot soup was served at mid-day. It was pleasant to see the little children sitting down together to this truly fraternal banquet. The advantages of the system are twofold. Poor parents are stimulated to send their children neat and clean to school, whilst richer ones refrain from tawdriness or finery. There was no perceptible difference in the appearance of the children, and the

simplicity and appropriateness of their dress afforded a striking contrast to that of English children at our Board schools.

Agriculturists here have hitherto been at a sad disadvantage in the matter of transport. The new railway in construction from Champagne to St. Claude and Nantua, that is to say, right through the heart of the country, will tend very greatly to develop its resources alike rural and industrial.

If such then is the condition of the peasant proprietor in the Berry and the Jura, where life is hard and the soil often unproductive, what may we expect to find it in rich, sunny Burgundy? The *vigneron* in the Côte d'Or is what in homely phrase we call a substantial man. He wears the blue blouse as well as his neighbors of the Jura and the Morvan, but his manners are more polished and genial, and he enjoys many more luxuries. He purchases books when he goes to Dijon, and he reads a newspaper daily. He takes out a shooting license when the season comes round, and bags game for the family dinner. He oftentimes sends his sons to Paris or Dijon to study law and medicine, and his daughters to the best convent schools. The fête of the vintagers' patron saint is celebrated by him and his fellow-vignerons with a banquet, when the best of cheer loads the board. His poultry-yard is well stocked, he has a goodly wine-cellar, well furnished also; his cupboards are full of home-made jams and cordials, and his presses contain enough linen to set up a dozen middle-class families in England. At the *Recette Générale*, when the dividends are paid

to investors in the State loans, it is an instructive sight to see these good people, men and women, pouring in with their coupons. The phylloxera has appeared in the Côte d'Or, but it takes more than a few bad seasons to ruin the peasant proprietor.

The sources of rural wealth in this department are very numerous. Fruit and vegetable culture are important items. The French peasant—hence his wealth—never despises small sources of profit. If one crop fails, another makes up the deficit.

Nothing can be more self-evident than the easy circumstances of the rural population in these parts. The villages are well-built, well-kept, and for the most part clean. There are vines and flowers in every garden, and every house possesses an excellent wine-cellar. The wine-cellar is often the most important part of the dwelling. The rule is wealth; poverty the exception. Beggary is scarcely known.

Wages are very high, so high that the peasant-proprietors are thereby prevented from adding to their land as they otherwise would do. The tendency in France, as I have elsewhere stated, is to increase rather than diminish the size of holdings. When, however, wages are four or five francs a day, besides board, and laborers are not always to be had upon these terms, the acquisition of land is temporarily checked, and its value temporarily depreciated. Such, at least, is the case in many parts of the Côte d'Or at the present time. Of course, what is called *la fermage*—in other words, the employment of

agricultural labor—must diminish throughout France in proportion as land falls into the hand of the cultivator. Machinery will doubtless change this, and the system of *métayage*, or agricultural partnerships, which must come more and more into vogue.

In the construction of roads and railways, Savoyards and Piedmontese are employed in great numbers. These workmen are objected to in rural districts, and, moreover, only skilled hands are of use in the vineyards, the process of trimming the vines being a very delicate and elaborate one. The French peasant is generally supposed to live a life of extreme sordidness and squalor. In the Côte d'Or the *vigneron* invites you to sit down in a well-furnished parlor, and brings out a variety of choice wines and liquors. He is delighted to offer you the very best his cellar affords.

Indeed, if geniality were not found in a region so favored, where should we look for it? Here, too, excessive well-being has not materialized the character. I have alluded to the eagerness with which the father of a family seeks the social advancement of his children. The enforced military apprenticeship is another social leveller. Young men of all ranks and conditions of society here meet on precisely the same footing, greatly to the improvement of the rougher and less tutored. Without doubt in time the very name of *payson* will disappear from everyday speech. When the peasant proper shall have ceased to exist on French soil, the word will have no longer any *raison d'être*. No sooner does a peasant purchase his bit of land now

than he is straightway called a *cultivateur*. Similarly, domestic servants, when they have saved up money enough to retire upon, become at once *rentiers*.

The curious region of the Morvan deserves a chapter to itself, alike from an economic, historic, and picturesque point of view. It lies in one of the last provinces added to the crown of France, namely, the Nivernais, purchased by Mazarin from the Italian house of Nevers. Village communism existed in the Morvan till the year 1848. These village communes dated from the Middle Ages, and afforded another example of the early period at which the French peasant began to possess the soil.

The climate of the Morvan is rude, and the soil for the most part naturally unproductive, has been rendered fertile by artificial processes, notably the application of lime and clay. To appreciate the condition of the Morvandians, we must do more than journey right through the heart of the country. Remunerative as is such an expedition to the lover of the picturesque, it will afford a very inadequate idea of the agricultural prosperity of the country. Round about Châteaun-Chinon, the superbly placed capital of this little Celtic kingdom, the impression is one of an existence laborious in the extreme. We see women far afield getting in their potatoes, youngsters keeping geese and goats, few other signs of activity or animation. The greater part of the lands hereabouts is given up to pasturage, and the wealth of the farmer is derived from cattle-rearing. In the less arid and more sunny regions, round about St. Hon-

oré-les Bains, for instance, we find the land well cultivated and every sign of prosperity; whilst to realize the wealth of the Morvan farmer, we must attend the great September cattle fair at Autun.

The instructive part of the business is the behavior of the farmers themselves. I had put up with a couple of French acquaintances at the first hotel in the town, and to my astonishment next morning found the dining-room crowded with blue-bloused peasants! Here, to the most expensive inn of a cathedral city, came scores and scores of the wearers of blue blouses whom I had seen earlier driving in their cattle to market. I soon discovered that these men were rich, highly respectable, and well-mannered farmers. The blue blouse was simply worn to protect the Sunday broadcloth. The tables were crowded with these guests, some of whom had brought their wives and children with them in gigs; the greater number, however, had come on foot, driving their stock to the fair. Herein consists the stability and solid wealth of the French farmer; he is not above attending to his affairs himself, and not ashamed of the uniform of labor. As my companions informed me, these guests at the mid-day ordinary were rich but working farmers—peasant proprietors in fact. By six o'clock all had returned to their homes, leaving the enjoyment of the fair and the fireworks to the townsfolk. Such an experience as this makes us understand how it is that French farmers can tide over a succession of bad seasons that prove fatal to English ones. Rigid attention to business, foresight, econo-

my, above all a permanent interest in the soil, render the French farmer independent of evil days.

The métayer system is in force in the Morvan. The owner of the land supplies the stock and farming implements, the métayer manual labor, and the profits are equally divided. Tenant-farming on a large scale is also practiced round about Autun. It will be seen, therefore, that no matter in what direction we go in France, we find all kinds of land tenure. The parcelling of the territory into tiny portions insisted upon by ignorant writers is entirely a misconception. The tiny portions exist as freeholds, but they are mere gardens and vineyards, having nothing whatever to do with the question of peasant proprietorship proper.

At the same time we must bear in mind that the rich farmer in France, whether a tenant, métayer, or freeholder, or all three combined, belongs to the peasant class, or at least originated from it. Take the case of Seine et Marne, that fertile agricultural region round about Meaux. Here the farms vary in size from fifty to several hundred acres, the tenant farmer almost always possessing land of his own. Nowhere is French rural life more prosperous than in the valley of the Marne. Agriculture is very advanced, and machinery is largely used. The soil is extraordinarily productive, and the farm buildings are spacious and handsome. Cheese is the most important production, but the farmer has also corn, fruit, and vegetable crops to fall back upon if the first fails. Beggary does not exist in this department; most of the villages have hot and

cold public baths, and the cleanliness and neatness of the people are universal. Here we find, coupled with great thrift and laboriousness, a considerable amount of comfort, nay luxury. On Sundays and fete-days, the working dress of both sexes is exchanged for the *costume bourgeois*, and some of the farmers' wives even drive to market attired in the latest fashion. Yet during the week all put their shoulder to the wheel in right good earnest. Education among both sexes is very advanced. The sons and daughters of rich peasant proprietors are, in fact, accomplished; they learn singing, drawing, the art of declamation, etc. I was present at a distribution of prizes at the Ecole Communale of a small village, and I saw a little play admirably performed by the scholars of both sexes.

During last summer, and autumn I not only revisited localities already familiar to me, but also made leisurely sojourns in several departments with which I had been before unacquainted. In Maine et Loire I found that enormous progress had taken place within eleven years. Upon the occasion of my first visit, I described the caves or small underground dwellings in the commune of Genne, occupied by small peasant proprietors. These were now being gradually put to other uses, and in every village I found new substantial little houses of recent construction or in course of being built.

I was staying in a pleasant country house within a stone's throw of two of these peasants' homes that may be taken as types. The first, a small but wealthy *culti-*

vateur, was building for himself. It had the appearance of a suburban villa, consisting of kitchen, offices, and parlor on the ground floor, four airy bedrooms approached by a neat staircase on the second, and above these, attics. The cost of building is considerably reduced in these parts by the fact that the peasants mostly possess excellent building stone on their own land. We were assured that the outlay would not exceed £250. It must be remembered also that most of the work is done by the owner and his family. We next paid visits to quite small land-owners, retired domestic servants and others, who had built themselves neat little cottages at a cost of £80. Some interiors were very clean, and in addition to good furniture were pictures, bits of ornamental pottery, and other objects for grace; others wore a less cared-for appearance. Flowers and flower-beds are beginning to be thought of. In fact, here as elsewhere, it is impossible to over-estimate the effect of increased railway communication upon the condition of rural France. Wherever we go we find new lines already opened or in course of construction. The railway not only brings new ideas, but takes the rustic into the world. If the elder folks are stay-at-home, the younger of both sexes from time to time quit the paternal nest. They thus see how others live. They realize the comfort of *bourgeois* dwellings, the advantages to health and well-being accruing from easy circumstances. By little and little, therefore, the home of the peasant undergoes complete transformation. The moral tone of some of these

village-folk is very high. In even hard-working, uninstructed families, we find the young daughters as carefully guarded from evil influences as if they belonged to a great house. At the out-of-door dinner-table, where often the entire household of a farm sit down together, I was assured that no coarseness or unseemly jests are admitted. Yet the gaiety of these rustics is proverbial. Sunday in Anjou, I observe by the way, as in most parts of rural France, is strictly observed as a day of rest.

The Maine and Loire, is essentially a land of small ownerships. Everybody possesses a bit of land, but often that possession is a very small portion indeed. Enough it is, however, to impart independence of character, and deprive old age of its terrors.

I was the guest of a widow lady farming a little property on her own account, her household and farming folks numbering from a dozen to fifteen souls, receiving besides board daily wages. But on inquiry I found that most of these good people had little possessions of their own. Thus the *fermier*, or farm-bailiff, owned a profitable little vineyard and a bit of land on which he intended to build a house and retire in his old age. The dairymaid, a most respectable, hard-working young woman, owned a house and a plot of ground. She had also laid by money, and in due time will retire from service, purchase a cow or two, and sell cheese and butter on her own account. Then there was the indoor manservant who waited at table, watered the flowers, and drove us out. He, besides owning,

a house and a herd or two, was in the enjoyment of £20 a year, the interest of invested capital.

These instances may be taken as typical of the condition of the peasant class in France. The Maine and Loire is by no means one of the richest or most enlightened departments. It is a region of small holdings; that is to say, the average is from seventy to eighty acres in extent, while *closeries*, or farms of two or three acres, are common. We must not look here for the wealth we find in the Côte d'Or or in Seine et Marne. Yet agriculture of late years has made great strides throughout Anjou. Land has gone on steadily increasing in value, while the comfort enjoyed by all classes is proportionately advancing. My hostess one day received a small peasant proprietor and his sister-in-law to dinner. When the time came for return, they drove home in a comfortable wagonette recently purchased for their own use. Such a condition of things must be seen to be realized.

One result of peasant proprietorship is the great security of property. Everywhere we see orchards and gardens exposed to depredation, but none occur. Fruit and vegetables grow by the roadside, and no one touches what is not his own.

Although the small holding is the rule here, some very large farms exist. Thus one of our neighbors was a lady managing on her own account a farm consisting of several hundred acres, a large part of which was vineyard. If the phylloxera invades Anjou, the lady for the time being will be ruined. From Angers I journeyed to Niort,

chef-lieu of the Department of the Deux Sevres, traversing a part of the Vendean Bocage. Just eleven years before I had travelled by diligence from Poitiers to Parthenay, thus striking through the Bocage in a more westerly direction. What changes have come over this rich country in the meantime! New lines of railway have intersected it in every direction; new, spacious farm-houses and buildings have sprung up everywhere; on all sides we find evidence of wonderful material progress. Niort is now a junction of first importance in this part of France, as its magnificent railway station indicates. Rapid, however, as is the development of French towns in consequence of these improved means of communication, the effect on the country is far more considerable. The value of agricultural produce is greatly increased, and the introduction of improved agricultural methods made much more easy. Artificial manures and new machinery are now much used hereabouts. Immediately round about Niort is a luxuriant belt of orchards and market-gardens. We must indeed go into the heart of the Bocage to find the typical Vendean farm of several hundred acres, but within an hour's drive of the town important tenant farms may be seen. Mule-rearing is a specialty of this region, so rich in pastures. I visited a leasehold farm of between four and five hundred acres thus stocked: sixty head of mules and horses, ten oxen, fifteen cows, and sixty sheep, besides goats, pigs, and abundance of poultry. The farmer, a true type of the prosperous peasant, although hard at work

with his men, quitted his task to show us the stock. Like most, we might indeed say all, tenant farmers in France, he possessed some land of his own on which to build a house and retire in old age, leaving the larger business to his children. The housewife was busy at work, also wearing the peasant dress. Yet these good people were capitalists to the extent of several thousand pounds, and in England would long since have set up as fine ladies and gentlemen. No wonder that agricultural crises are tided over in France!

Take by way of example the two departments next visited by me, the Charente and the Charente Inférieure. No part of the country has been more cruelly ravaged by the phylloxera; over the Charente, indeed, a very wave of ruin has swept within the last few years; its vineyards have been reduced by one-tenth, representing a loss of millions, and such losses, of course, have been most severely felt by the smaller vintagers. I had a long conversation with a resident, and his account of what the country folks had gone through, was harrowing. Now matters have taken a more cheerful path. The ruined vine-growers have turned their attention to farming generally or trade. Many have migrated to the towns, whilst local industries have been opened in various places. The worst may be said to be over. Yet here and there in this very department you find evidence of solid wealth among the peasantry, a condition of things without any analogy among ourselves.

My host, for instance, in one of the large towns, had in his employ

a *femme de menage*, or charwoman, who came for a few hours every day to cook and do housework. This good woman, neat, clean, intelligent, trustworthy, possessed capital to the extent of £1,000 invested in the public funds. Her husband had a market garden, her son was a commercial traveller, her daughter a milliner's apprentice. Yet well-to-do as was this family, we found the mother glad to add to the little stock and provide still more securely against the evil day.

Again, in 1885, during the grand autumn manoeuvres, in this very department a peasant farmer, mayor of his commune, entertained a general and his staff for two days. His wife and daughters joined their guests at dinner, and the table was set in a well-ordered *bourgeois* family; the fare was abundant, several hundred francs being spent upon the entertainment. And this took place in a region almost completely devastated by phylloxera!

I spent several weeks in the Charente Inférieure, staying all the time at the charming little sea-side village of St. Georges de Didonne, near Royan. The name is familiar to all readers of Michelet's *La Mer*. St. Georges itself, may be described as a small Arcadia, where every one sits within his own vineyard and beneath his own fig-tree. The people work hard and fare hard, but want is absolutely unknown. Wherever you go you see neatly dressed, cheerful, sober people. Nevertheless the department has suffered only less than the Charente from the phylloxera. The ruined vineyard if replanted with other crops only produces one-fourth of its former revenue, and in many

places is abandoned altogether. Immediately around St. Georges the rich soil and abundant sunshine produce fruit and vegetables in great luxuriance, a great source of wealth to the people, who supply the Royan markets. But in the heart of the country, the aspect of affairs is sad indeed, vineyard after vineyard hopelessly blighted either by the phylloxera or the mildew, both enemies being active here. But you hear no complaints, no appeals for help. Other crops are cultivated the more sedulously in order to make up for the loss, and people are ready to turn their hands to anything in order to earn money. Round about St. Georges you see neat little one-storied houses just built or in course of construction, each with its vineyard and bit of garden. These, one and all, are erected by the peasants or fisher-folk for their own use; in fact, they are little freeholds, the reward of hard-earned savings. In the Charente Inférieure, just as anywhere else throughout France, you find all kinds of land tenure in force, métayage, tenant farming, peasant proprietorship alike on a small or on an extensive scale. The country round about St. Georges, being at some distance from the great lines of communication, shows much backwardness in the matter of agriculture. I visited a small métairie which reminded me of Breton experiences eleven years ago: the dungheap before the front door, liquid manure running to waste, poultry familiar with the kitchen, and so on. But it must be remembered that the small métayer, squalid as is his dwelling, poor as he often is, ignorant as he often is,

gradually develops into the prosperous and enlightened tenant farmer or freeholder. Métayage, indeed, is a stepping-stone between the position of a day-laborer and that of a capitalist.

Let me by way of conclusion add a few facts concerning these agricultural partnerships in France. We find in the department of the Landes 27,484 métairies, in the Allier 11,632, in the Gironde 11,568 in the Charente 10,775, in the Lot 10,000, in the Haute Vienne 8,337, in the Cantal 2,292, in the Creuse 2,069, and so on, métayage more or less prevailing throughout the entire country. In a recent official report on the Limousin, it is announced that in three hundred métairies profits had more than doubled within the last twenty-five years. In the Alps Maritimes, round about Grasse, are to be found small parcels of land cultivated on this system; many vineyards also in the south-west are veritable métairies—in other words, partnerships with half profits. The métayer is regarded as a most valuable agent in developing and improving agriculture.

Tenant farming is also largely practiced in certain regions. We find about one tenant farmer to three or four owners or métayers. Picardy, Artois, La Brie (Seine et Marne) La Beauce (Eure et Loire), and *le pays de Caux* in Normandy are what is called in French *pays à grandes fermes*, i.e. given up to tenant farming on a large scale. We find there farms of from 250 acres and upwards let on lease, precisely as is the case in England. In a recent official inquiry it is shown, however, that these large tenant

farmers suffer more during periods of agricultural depression than the peasant proprietors and the métayers. The scarcity of hands, the diminution of profits on beet-root sugar, the substitution of petroleum for colza-oil, have interrupted the prosperity of the large farmers of Picardy and Artois.

One word more. If I wished to back up statements based upon personal experience by unimpeachable authority, I have only to cite the name of M. Henri Bandrillart of the Institut. This writer, has devoted years to an official inquiry into the condition, past and present, of the French peasant. His work on Normandy, his contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other periodicals, are mines of information to those who cannot themselves study the question of peasant proprietors on French soil.—MATILDA BETHAM-EDWARDS, in *the Fortnightly Review*.

THE CREATURES WE BREATHE.

THAT the air we breathe is more or less laden with living organisms is a fact which is far from acceptable to most persons, and yet it would require but little persuasion to convince the majority of mankind that air without organisms would be undesirable indeed; for without one micro-organism at least, which is very widely distributed in the air, we should have to forego those numerous, complex, and much appreciated pleasures which are derived from the consumption of alcohol in its various forms. How many would vote the earth flat and stale but for the products which

are alone elaborated by *yeast*, which was the first micro-organism to receive attention, and which, in spite of the many powerfully organized endeavors to undermine its position, is likely also to be the last to absorb the interest of man. But there are other micro-organisms in the air besides yeast, and it is the firm conviction that many zymotic diseases are propagated by means of air-carried microbes, that renders the investigation of the subject of aërial micro-organisms peculiarly interesting and attractive.

The systematic examination of the aërial microbia commences with those marvellous discoveries with which the name of Pasteur is so inseparably connected, and with which the latter half of the nineteenth century will for ever be associated. These now classical researches of Pasteur's on the presence of micro organisms in the atmosphere were undertaken in connection with the fierce controversy which raged thirty years ago on the *Spontaneous Generation of Life*.

The supporters of this doctrine contended that the presence of the smallest particle of air was sufficient to determine the generation of low forms of life in certain highly putrescible substances, such as milk, blood, broth, and the like. But the opposition to this theory, marshalled by M. Pasteur, contended that it was not the air, but certain living germs suspended in the air, which, gaining access to these putrescible materials, give rise to those growths which make their appearance in them. That Pasteur succeeded in proving the truth of

this assumption is now well known, and it was in connection with the elaborate and beautifully planned investigation which he conducted, to place it beyond all reach of doubt, that we have handed down to us the first systematic series of experiments made on the presence of micro-organisms in the atmosphere.

Pasteur exposed specially prepared flasks containing some highly nourishing fluid, such as clear broth, in various places, with the following striking results. Of twenty exposed in the open country of Arbois, eight became subsequently turbid, or, in other words, eight had become contaminated with micro-organisms. Of twenty exposed on the lower heights of the Jura mountains, five became affected, whilst out of twenty others exposed at the Montanvert, close to the Mer de Glace, at a height of upwards of six thousand feet, only one flask broke down. Thus it appears that the higher the altitude reached, and the greater the distance from human habitations, the purer, as regards the presence of micro-organisms, is the atmosphere. These are facts which subsequent experiments by other methods have fully borne out.

The beautiful experiments which Professor Tyndall carried out in this country on the presence of micro-organisms in air are well known to all, and it is to him we owe the important discovery of the rapid subsidence of these microbes in calm air. Miquel again has shown how dependent is the distribution of these microbes in air upon their surroundings, by the experiments made at Montsouris at

different seasons of the year; but the following results obtained in London, and by a more recent and more accurate method, show very clearly that the maximum number are to be found in the hottest months of the year.

Thus, in a volume of air equal to about two gallons (ten litres) collected on the top of the Science and Art Department buildings at South Kensington, at a height, therefore, of some seventy feet from the ground, and so removed from any *local* disturbance of the air, I found the following numbers of micro-organisms in the several months of the past year:—January, 4; March, 26; May, 31; June, 54; July, 63; August, 105; September, 43; October, 35; November, 13; December, 20.

In the country, as might have been anticipated, I have found a very appreciably smaller number of micro-organisms than in air in London. Moreover, the more remote the place is from houses and from the frequented thoroughfares of traffic, the dust of which is always rich in refuse organic matter, the freer does the air become from suspended microbes. Thus the air of an extensive heath near Norwich was found to contain from five to seven micro-organisms in the two gallons of air, whilst in that of a garden near Norwich were found as many as thirty-one. Again, on the Chalk Downs in Surrey I found on one occasion only two; this, however, was very early in the year (February, 1886), and snow was on the ground; later on, at the end of May in the same year, I found thirteen, but in a garden near Reigate on the same

day there were twenty-five. So that there is a considerable difference found in the microbial richness of the air in different places in the country. I have also tested the London air under the most favorable conditions, viz.: in the open spaces in the parks, and these experiments show that although such air generally contains fewer microbes than the air even on the roof of the Science Schools (at a height of seventy feet), yet the number is in excess of that found in the country, although the situations chosen were large surfaces of grass from which little or no dust could be blown about. But the air in the streets was found to contain numbers immensely in excess of anything that was discovered in the country, the result being in some instances as high as 554 in the two gallons of air. This last figure was obtained in the Exhibition Road on a dry and dusty day when vast multitudes of people were thronging to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition which was then open.

The striking contrast to the number of micro-organisms found in the various places previously referred to is the number found in the air at sea. I have not myself had an opportunity of making any experiments at sea, but some have recently been made by Dr. Fischer, a surgeon in the German navy. From his experiments it would appear that the maximum distance to which, under ordinary circumstances, micro-organisms can be transported across the sea lies between 70 and 120 sea miles, and that beyond this distance they are almost invariably absent. A point of

particular interest in connection with Dr. Fischer's experiments is that they show in a very striking manner that the microbes, which are always abundantly present in ordinary sea-water, are not communicated to the air, excepting in the closest proximity to the surface, even when the ocean is much disturbed.

Before passing on to the microbial condition of the air within doors, I will just briefly refer to some experiments which I made at different altitudes, fully confirming those of Pasteur to which reference has already been made. Two gallons of air examined on the top and at the bottom of Primrose Hill, gave respectively nine and twenty-four micro-organisms. Again, the same volume of air examined at Norwich Cathedral on the top of the spire (300 feet) gave seven, on the tower (180 feet) nine, whilst on the ground eighteen were found. Again, at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Golden Gallery yielded eleven, the Stone Gallery thirty-four, whilst the churchyard gave seventy.

Within doors we find that the number of micro-organisms suspended in the air depends, as we should have expected, upon the number of people present, and the amount of disturbance of the air which is taking place. In illustration of this the following experiments made at one of the Royal Society's conversazioni held at Burlington House last year may be mentioned. At the commencement of the evening, when a number of persons were already present, and the temperature was at 67° Fahr., the two gallons of air examined yielded 326 organisms; later on, as the

rooms became densely crowded, as indicated by the temperature rising to 72° Fahr., the number reached 432. The next morning, on the other hand, when the room was empty, the air yielded only 130, but even this is doubtless in excess of the number which would be present in the room in question under normal conditions, in which, judging from experience, I should expect to find about 40 to 60 in the same volume of air. Again, I found that the air in the large entrance hall of the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road yielded under ordinary conditions from 50 to 70 organisms in the same volume, but on Whit Monday, when an immense number of visitors were present in the building, I found as many as 280. Again, on a paying day at the South Kensington Museum, I found about 18, but on the Saturday, when no entrance fee is charged, there were as many as 73 organisms present in the same volume.

As an instance of the immense number of microbes which may under given circumstances be found suspended in the atmosphere, the following experiments showing *the number falling on one square foot in one minute*, may be mentioned: The first experiment was made in a railway carriage (third class) on a journey from Norwich to London. Soon after leaving Norwich I tested the air; there were at the time four persons in the carriage, one window was closed, the other open, and the experiment was made near the open window. I found that under these conditions 395 organisms were falling on the square foot in one minute. On reaching Cambridge,

the carriage was taken possession of by a number of men returning from Newmarket races, and remained quite full (ten persons) to London. About halfway between Cambridge and London I made a second experiment, one window being shut, and the other was only open four inches at the top; the air was tested near the closed window, with the result that no less than 3,120 organisms were found to be falling on the square foot in one minute. On another occasion I made an experiment in a barn in which flail-threshing was going on. The atmosphere was visibly laden with dust, and on testing it I found that upward of 8,000 organisms were falling on the square foot in one minute. It would probably be difficult to find a place in which the number of suspended microbes was greater than this, the great abundance of bacterial life in the material under treatment, the dryness of the latter, and the violent commotion occasioned by the threshing being all highly conducive to the distribution of an enormous multitude of micro-organisms throughout the air.

The careful study of the various micro-organisms present in air has hitherto received but little attention; it is, however, well known that important functions are performed by them in the laboratory of nature, but only in very few cases has any particular action been identified with a specific micro-organism. Apart from the theoretical interest attaching to the particular work performed by specific micro-organisms, there is the question of the influence which is exerted by these micro-organisms on health. Now,

although there have been so far practically no organisms discovered in air which are known to be connected with any of the diseases to which man is subject, yet there cannot be a doubt that, in the immediate vicinity of the foci of infection, such harmful organisms are present, and that their distribution and conveyance through the atmosphere must take place in just the same manner as in the case of those micro-organisms which we have been considering. It is, moreover, this familiarity with the circumstances which are favorable or unfavorable to the dissemination of micro-organisms in general which should guide us in avoiding distributive influences coming into play in cases of zymotic disease and in the management of the sick-room generally. Thus it was from considerations of this kind that the principles of antiseptic surgery were laid down by Sir Joseph Lister. The manner in which the presence of micro-organisms in air should be regarded has been recently most concisely described by Professor Bourdon Sanderson in the following words:

"Considering that we know the living dust of the air *does* contain organisms which are capable of producing putrefaction and inflammation in wounds—for that is a thing about which we are certain—and that it *may* contain the distinctive or specific poisons of particular diseases; therefore, just as when rabies is prevalent amongst dogs all dogs should be taken care of, or as in countries where there are poisonous snakes care is taken to keep all snakes out of houses, so it behooves every one to be as careful

as possible to maintain the air as free as possible from these minute organisms, not because they are all dangerous, but because we do not know where the danger lurks. And hence the importance of acquiring a complete scientific knowledge of everything relating to their natural history, for it is only by the possession of this scientific knowledge that we can hope to become masters of the conditions which influence the development and growth, the origin and existence in the air and water and other media, of these more dangerous organisms on which disease is directly dependent."—PERCY FARADAY FRANKLAND, M. D., in *The Nineteenth Century*.

YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN.

OUR young married ladies in society exercise a great influence, and at the present day are very much to the fore, while a great deal of what goes on in the fashionable world may be attributed to the power they now wield, for good or evil. How frequently is it the case for young girls who are pretty and lively to remain comparatively unnoticed till some man falls a victim to their charms, and then when they bloom into pretty young married women they at once become the rage and fashion, and find themselves run after and admired by the men who hold a high position in the "smart set," and who think that girls, as a rule, are hardly worth speaking to! This, of course, is extremely flattering to their vanity, and there are many who get their heads turned by the attentions of those men whom they were

the pretty young married women will be there; and where they are, the good men, as they are called, will also collect. The present habit of loose conversation may to a great extent be attributed to them, as they allow the men to say things that formerly would never have been dreamed of. Men now are what the women have made them, and when they find that they are allowed freedom of conversation and unlimited flirtation, they avail themselves of it, and this cause is to a great extent answerable for the general lowering of the tone of society nowadays. It is thought nothing extraordinary at the present day for a young married woman to sit out most of the evening in a quiet corner or conservatory with the same man, or to give a man a lift in her carriage part of the way home. If a young girl sits out a long time with the same man on several occasions, the world immediately says it will be a match, or, if not, that it ought to be, and that he is behaving very badly to her. Why, then, are we to suppose that a young married woman may be doing the same thing constantly without rousing the suspicions of others?

But notoriety is the prevailing fashion, and it is considered a great thing now to be seen in music-halls and restaurants chiefly used by the *demi-monde*, not that there is any pretence that these places are more amusing than the theatres, etc., but there is that feeling, so charming to many ladies of the present day, that they are doing something that is out of the way and almost wrong. There is the same fascination in going to

these places that there is in reading French novels of more than doubtful morality. Let it but be known that there is a book out that is hardly decent, and the rush for it is immense among our young married ladies, and even among some of the elder spinsters. Indeed, not to have read any book that is more indecent than usual is to be out of the fashion. The young married woman's star first came into the ascendant when certain ladies were taken up by society for their looks alone, and not for the position they held; these were the rage for a time, and to be friends with them, and to copy them in many ways, was the ambition of many who, though not prepared to go the lengths that these did, did not object to be classed in the same category. Fashion must be obeyed, and it is the fashion to have "cavaliers" dangling at their skirts, and though they would perhaps blush to own it, they put themselves in the position of being stigmatized as unfaithful to their husbands. To evince a decided preference for their husbands over other men is antiquated and out of date; and, if a real affection exists in the present phase of society, great care must be taken to hide it absolutely, except when the young couple are quite alone. It would be absurd, of course, to say that all women are alike, and that none of them are sensible and good wives, who accept the flattery of men at what it is worth; but there is still this lowering tendency in society of the present day, and there are many nice young married women who get their heads turned by the attention they receive. Even if

they do not in their downward career lay themselves open to anything worse, at any rate they set the tongue of scandal wagging at their expense, and what may be but foolishness, is looked upon as worse by the world. They have great influence now; let them use it in the right way to keep up the tone of society, to keep men in their proper places, and not to encourage that fastness, which verges on vulgarity, in either conversation or actions, for men very soon discover with what ladies they may take liberties - *Saturday Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY.—Upon this pregnant topic Prof. William G. Sumner thus discourses in the *Independent*:

"At present poverty is correlated with ignorance, vice, and misfortune. The slow and tedious processes which we have hitherto been invited to employ and trust, have aimed to abolish poverty by working against ignorance, vice, and misfortune. . . . The philosophizing which goes on about these things is one of the marks of the literature of our time. Most of it is as idle as it would be to write essays about the misery caused by mosquitoes, or the hardships of summer board, or the distress of excessive heat. When all is said, the only rational question is, 'What can we do about it?' . . . The world will not turn backward, because some think that its going forward does not inure to the equal advantage of all; nor even because its going forward is attended by revolutions of industry which are harmful to very many of us. . . . It is plain, however, upon a moment's reflection, that poverty and wealth are only relative terms, like heat and cold. If there were no difference in the command we have over the material comforts of life, there would be no poverty and no wealth. As we go down in the scale of civilization, we find the contrast less and less. So, on the contrary, as we go up in civilization, we find the con-

trast greater. There is every reason to suppose that this distinction will become more and more marked at every step of advance. At every step of civilization, the rewards of right living, and the penalties of wrong living, both become far heavier. Every chance for accomplishing something better brings with it a chance of equivalent loss by neglect or incapacity. An American Indian who had a bow and arrow was far superior in wealth to one who was destitute of those things, but one who has a breech-loading rifle is separated from one who has not by a far wider interval. The men among whom there is the least social problem are those who are in the lowest stages of barbarism, among whom no one has such superiority over the others, in his emancipation from misery, as to make them, by contrast, feel the stress of their situation. There is a sense in which it may be said that it is easy to provide a precept for the abolition of poverty. Let every man be sober, industrious, prudent and wise, and bring up his children to be so likewise, and poverty will be abolished in a few generations. If it is answered that men, with the best intentions, cannot fulfill this precept because they make innocent mistakes, and fall into errors in judgment, then the demand is changed, and we are not asked for a means of abolishing poverty, but for a means of abolishing human error. If it be objected, again, that sober, industrious and prudent men meet with misfortune, then the demand is for a means of abolishing misfortune."

"ARKANSAW" OR "ARKANSAS"—The proper pronunciation of the name of this State was long a matter of question. Some forty years ago when Mr. Dallas, as Vice-President of the United States, was President of the Senate, the two Senators from Arkansas pronounced the name differently. Mr. Dallas—courteous gentleman as he was—always recognized this difference. When announcing these Senators he would say: "the gentleman from [Arkansaw or Arkansas, as the case might be], has the floor." We had supposed that the question of pronunciation was settled years ago by the Legislature of the State in favor of *Arkansaw*. But Mr. Robert T. Hill, of the U. S. National Museum, writing to *Science*, complains that New Englanders, misled by

Yankee lexicographers, will still persist in saying *Arkansas*. He says:

"It is really exasperating to be obliged to explain and apologize every time one pronounces this word correctly in intelligent New England circles, where the later and improper pronunciation was invented and has been established parasitic upon our nomenclature. Had not the Legislature of the State officially declared the final *s* liable to properly have the sound of *-saw*, not *-sass*, or had not the inhabitants, from earliest settlements, to say nothing of the people of Louisiana, of which *Arkansas* was once a part, always pronounced it *-saw*, there would nevertheless be no authority for the curt and abbreviated *-sass* which is generally given. The word is an attempt upon the part of the first French missionaries of Marquette's time to phonetically spell in French the name of a tribe of Indians, and no Frenchman would ever pronounce the combination of letters in the manner taught by the New Englanders. The final *s* was and is silent, and the *a* has the nasal *aw*, so common in many Frenchmen's speech. As for the old comparativists, who, regardless of the inconsistency of English spelling, always inquire, 'if *Arkansas* is *Arkansaw*, why is not *Kansas*, *Kansaw*,' they may be glad to learn that *Kansas* was *Kansaw*, and early Anglo-American travellers so pronounced it, and even attempted to spell it phonetically in English, as can be seen in the report of Lieutenant Long's expedition to the Rocky Mountains, 1819-1821, where the word is spelled *Konza*—the nearest combination of English letters that can approach the true French sound. But *Arkansas* is not the only French geographic term that has been sacrificed to the attempt of New England lexicographers to create in that region a standard pronunciation of the English. The word *chien*, for instance, which was originally applied to the Indians from their system of police, I believe, and meant literally the 'Dog Indians,' now graces the rivers, counties, cities, and mountains of our maps as *Cheyenne*—the most plausible illustration of a Yankee-phonetic pronunciation of a French-spelled word. 'Arkansaw' may be difficult to say, and may fall heavily upon our ears, but it is proper all the same, and the sooner 'Arkansas' is abolished the better for our consistency."

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLUB OF NEW YORK.—Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, of New York, contributes to the *Westminster Review* an article upon "European Aristocracy," in which he says, by way of illustration of his main subject:

"The Nineteenth Century Club is a coalition of all classes on the basis of liberty and good manners, to promote justice and encourage culture; so jealous is it of its freedom that it refuses to be hampered even with the ordinary restrictions of a constitution and bye-laws. As a society it stands committed to no theories in any department of thought, nor does it commit its supporters to any. Its membership, consisting equally of both sexes, is most cosmopolitan. The pulpit and press, the bench and bar, the stage, fashion, commerce, theology, socialism, and free thought, are all represented: while on its platform Conservatives and Radicals meet in polite encounter upon questions of religion, politics, political economy, philosophy, ethics, art, history, etc. The unwritten code of the club is expressed in its three watchwords, 'Toleration, Courage, and Courtesy.' It provides a neutral ground above which floats a flag of truce, upon whose folds are written the words, 'Fair-play to every honest thought.' Perhaps the most succinct description of the New York Association is to characterize it as an amalgamation of the French Salon, the American Debating Society, the English Social Club, and the Radical Reunion. It holds its meetings in a large and beautiful hall, and a committee of ladies in full toilette receive the guests, who appear in evening dress. The audience is always equally composed of women and men. The address of the evening and its discussion generally occupy about two hours and a quarter; the company then adjourn to another room to partake of a light collation, and another hour is there spent in conversation, when the gathering disperses. The prosperity of the project in New York has been something unprecedented, and surprises none more than its founder, the present writer. It depends for such success solely upon the genuine interest it excites. Its dues are very small and it makes no demand on any one, not even upon one's time unless one wishes to give it. It has simply placed itself upon its merits against all other social attract-

ions, and its sessions have been continually crowded. Graced by womanhood, surrounded by the atmosphere of art, showing 'privilege to none and justice to all,' it constitutes a 'modern symposium' wherein every view from opposite standpoints is maintained by its most redoubtable champion, to be reported on the spot by a deft and ready press, and heralded the next morning in the journals of the day to thousands of eager readers. It may be well to add that the New York Club is now seriously considering a plan for the construction of its own club-house, in order that, as auxiliary to its main purpose, the ladies and gentlemen who compose it may enjoy fuller and freer facilities (under all the refined restrictions which at present appertain to social intercourse) for instruction, entertainment, and recreation—such as a library, reunions for music, declamation, and other such diversions, as well as for dinners and banquets; thus affording opportunities not only for the gentler amenities of life among the members, but also for receiving privately invited guests, or for honoring publicly distinguished visitors. These accessories might well be made to supplement such a project should it be seen fit to undertake it in any city. It would, moreover, properly come within the scope and spirit of such a club to set the seal of approval or disapproval on any conclusion at which its various members might arrive. It could even go further: it could undertake works of goodness appealing to a common patriotism or humanity, irrespective of opposing creeds and platforms, and from its all-sided ranks, if needful, arbitrators could be drawn to settle disputes arising from the conflicts between labor and capital, between science and theology, or from other such social antagonisms. Thus is a plan presented which, without pledging aristocrats or plutocrats to any policy, enables them to become the champions of toleration, and perhaps to harmonize upon the platform issues which otherwise must be fought out on the awful field of war."

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.—We had supposed that the existence of this wall, and its general course and structure were facts beyond dispute. The current statements respecting this wall are thus summed up in *Chambers's Cyclopædia*: "It traverses the northern boundary of China,

extending from 8½° E. to 15° W. of Pekin, and is carried over the highest hills, through the deepest valleys, across rivers, and every other natural obstacle. The length of this great barrier is 1259 miles. There are four different kinds of masonry in various parts of it; but the most important portion consists really of two parallel walls of burnt brick, the interval between them being filled up with clay, stone, and brick-bats. Including a parapet of 5 feet, the total height of the wall is 20 feet; thickness at the base, 25 feet, and at the top 15 feet. Towers or bastions occur at intervals of about 100 yards. These are 40 feet square at the base, and 30 feet at the summit, which is 37 feet, and in some instances 48 or 50 feet from the ground. Earth enclosed in brickwork forms the mass of the wall, but for more than half its length it is little else than a heap of ground and rubbish."—We are now told that so far from there being a wall, even in ruins, there never was any such wall at all—that, in short, the Great Wall of China is an absolute humbug. In the *London Times* we read:

"Abbé Larrieu, formerly a missionary in China, has published, at Paris, a pamphlet on the Great Wall of China, to demonstrate that this structure does not exist and has never existed. The popular belief is that this wall stretches for about 800 leagues across China, from the sea to the province of Kan-Su, that it is wholly constructed of cut stone, and 30 cubits high by 12 broad. It is believed to run straight on regardless of obstacles, going down valleys, and up mountains, without a break, except such as time has made, along its whole course. This notion originated with a Jesuit named Martini, who visited China about 1650, and his description was followed by subsequent writers. M. Larrieu has lived for several years under what would have been the shadow of the Great Wall had there been one; he has studied the writings of recent writers—especially Abbé Huc—who have crossed the line of the alleged wall in various places; he has likewise studied the Chinese history of the subject, and his conclusions are as follow: (1) the term 'Great Wall' is at the bottom of all the misunderstanding, and it comes from the Chinese expression, 'the wall of the ten thousand li;' (2) as described by Martini and other writers who have copied him, this wall does not and never did exist; (3)

a Chinese Emperor undoubtedly did conceive the idea of a great wall from the Gulf of Liao-Long on the east to Kan-Su on the west, and this, though never realized, had a beginning: (4) all along the proposed line of the wall square towers of earth, or of earth faced with brick, were constructed at considerable distances from each other, but these were never joined together by any wall as was originally intended. In some of the defiles along the route there are walls, but these were intended to close these particular passages, or they are merely the walls of villages, and are not parts of a larger scheme. Hence the only part of the scheme of the Great Wall carried out was the construction of these scattered towers; the rest never went beyond the brain that conceived it; it was never more than a fancy, and it is now a myth. This huge Chinese wall, says Abbé Larrieu, is a huge Chinese lie; and as for the million soldiers which were said to guard it night and day, they are myths likewise. The alleged Great Wall is a favorite excursion for Europeans visiting Peking, and such a question as whether it exists at all or not should be an easy one to settle definitely."

THE MONKS OF MOUNT ATHOS.—This mountain, which rises sharply to a height of nearly 8,000 feet above the Grecian waters which wash its base, has been for more than a thousand years the seat of monks and hermits. At this day there are said to be within a small space not less than 935 churches, chapels, and oratories. Not long since a couple of Oxford gentlemen visited the monasteries, with a view to bring about a union between the Anglican and Greek Churches. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Athelstan Riley, Professor of Literature at Oxford, has just issued a book, *Athos; or the Mountain of the Monks*, describing this locality. One notability, whose name and titles read, "The Altogether Most Holy One, Philotheos, by the Mercy of God the Most Reverend and Divinely Appointed Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Most Holy Metropolis of Xanthé and Christopolis. Highly Esteemed and Right Honorable," is described as being "full of good nature towards his equals, haughty and unbending towards his inferiors; indolent beyond belief, absolute idleness being his chief delight, and in character a pattern Orient-

al." The daily routine of life at an orthodox monastery is thus portrayed:

"The monks rise a little before midnight and go to the church. Then they say Matins and the offices of the First, Third, and Sixth Hours. These last until about 4 A.M., except on Sundays and festivals, when they do not terminate till 6 o'clock. After the Hours comes the Liturgy, celebrated in the principal church on Sundays and festivals, in one of the smaller churches on week-days. Then they drink a little coffee and have a meal at eight. After this repast they pursue their ordinary avocations, and have at least an hour and a half's sleep before 3 P.M., when they sing the Ninth Hour and Vespers. This service lasts till about half-past four. Then comes supper at six, and then Compline, which lasts an hour, after which they retire to rest at about 8.30 P.M. But on the festivals called *Agrupnia* they are in church the whole night, since Great Vespers and the night Offices begin immediately after Little Vespers, and last from twelve to fifteen hours. These festivals occur on the average rather more than once a week. On three days in the week—namely, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays—the monks have only one meal, and this is eaten in the middle of the day. Besides these weekly fast-days there are the four Lentis, and several other particular occasions. On these days eggs, cheese, fish, wine, and oil are forbidden. In idiorhythmic monasteries flesh meat is eaten on feast days; in coenobite ones the monks never touch it."

SORGHUM SUGAR.—From time to time for several years we have had reports to the general purport that in one or another species of the sorghum plant we had a means of producing sugar far exceeding the ordinary sugar-cane. At the August meeting of the American Association, Dr. H. W. Wiley read a paper on this subject, which is thus mentioned in *Science*:

"Dr. Wiley presented, in the paper on sorghum, the mean results of all the recorded analyses of sorghum juices. The important fact is brought to light that this average juice is unfit for sugar-making, containing at the rate of a little over twenty pounds of available sugar to the ton of cane. In many instances, however, the percentage of sucrose in the juice is remarkably high."

THE REDEMPTION OF ASTROLOGY.

THE redemption of Astrology, as a potent means of influence over many minds, from the grasp of the ignorant impostor and the mischievous quack, can only be effected by the application to astronomical phenomena, considered as parallel to recorded events, by competent students, of the methods of inductive science. It might, indeed, be desired that such students should be persons not anxious to establish any theories of their own on the points which they undertake to investigate. But this is hardly to be expected. It is only in the tempting pursuit of the will-o'-wisp of theory that men are at all likely to devote to such a research the necessary time. All, therefore, that the intelligent public has a right to expect is, that writers on this, as indeed on other subjects, should clearly and distinctly draw the line between the facts which they report and collate, and the theories on which they attempt to explain their connection.

An admirable instance of this useful kind of work may be cited from the pages of the now defunct *University Magazine*. In that periodical, in March, 1880, under the somewhat fanciful title of *The Soul and the Stars*, a writer of established literary position, using the *nom de plume* of "A. G. Trent," has brought together more than fifty horoscopes of men and women of good or evil eminence, with the aim of illustrating the statement that insanity is to be feared in the case of persons born under certain stated aspects of the planets. In

this essay that careful distinction between facts and opinions which lies at the very root of inductive discovery is carefully observed. The writer states a very clear and distinct theory; one moreover that is both new in respect to the definite light which, if established, it would throw on the rules of astrology, and worthy of minute attention on philosophical grounds. Having done this, he with equal distinctness brings forward the facts on which he bases his opinion. It is thus competent for those who are skeptics as to the theory, to investigate the facts, and to see how far they are able to explain them on any other hypothesis.

It would, however, be injustice to the author of *The Soul and the Stars* to regard the value of his paper as limited to the outcome of the special inquiry undertaken as an example. All that Mr. Trent claims is, that he has produced evidence in favor of the establishment of a *prima facie* case, to the effect that the moral and intellectual character is profoundly affected by the positions of the heavenly bodies at the time of birth. Such a position, if established, would have a wide-reaching importance. It would tend, on the one hand, to remove much of the difficult and contradictory nature of astrological theory, as now expounded; and on the other hand to bind together astral and biological influences in a philosophical harmony, hardly less comprehensive and universal than the theory of Gravitation itself.

One consideration, however, suggests itself on the threshold, in regard to which the present re-

marks will not be in vain if they elicit a satisfactory explanation from the author of *The Soul and the Stars*. With our present knowledge of the infinitesimal delicacy of the operations of nature, whether as analysed by the chemist or as observed by the electrician, it can not be asserted to be an *a priori* impossibility that the planets of our system should exert, by their relative positions and movements, an appreciable influence on living organisms. In fact it may be broadly stated that it is perfectly well known that, as far as the agencies of light, and heat, and gravity are concerned, such is unquestionably the case. How far the action of the influence of the special class of influences grouped under the term electric or magnetic may be capable of direct appreciation is a more difficult question; but from the knowledge that we are gradually acquiring of the correlations of physical forces we may be able to form a tolerably decided opinion as to its probability.

Assuming, then, for the sake of hypothesis, the possibility of physical planetary action on living terrestrial organisms, the inference that such action must vary with the varying position of the heavenly bodies is obvious. And it is consonant with what is known as to the intensified power of chemical or electric action on bodies in a nascent state (as the term is used by the chemist), to suppose that such planetary influences would be most powerful on an organic being at the moment of the origination of organic life.

But the hour noted by the astrologer as that in which the key-note

of biological history is thus struck, is not the moment of origination of life, but the minute of birth. It is, of course, more convenient than this should be the case, as one event is capable of an exactitude of date which can rarely be assigned to the other. It is also in harmony with the old biological, or rather theological, assumption, that life commences with the first breath of atmospheric air. But the force of the argument which applies to the commencement of organization seems to be greatly, if not wholly destroyed, when the influence is only regarded as acting at the moment of first assuming an independent existence, apart from direct connection with the parent. And this serious difficulty lies in the way of supposing that the relation between the heavenly aspects at birth and the constitution or fortune of the "native" (supposing such to exist), has the physical explanation suggested by the author of the paper in question.

If this difficulty can be removed, the theory of the author of *The Soul and the Stars* will possess remarkable claims on the attention of the philosopher; and its establishment would be a decided step towards removing one of the great obstacles to the acceptance of astrological ideas by persons of logically constituted minds. Modern astrologers assert that the position of the planets in nativities has a direct influence on the life and history of the native. But, in many questions, such position is regarded not as in any way influential, but simply as symbolic or indicative. This arbitrary division is destructive of that unity of structure that charac-

terizes a true science, even if it be one that has not passed beyond the empiric or inductive stage. It is one which leads to perplexity in the intermediate questions of mundane or political astrology; and it exposes the theory of the astrologer to the same objection that is absolutely fatal to the theory of "natural selection," eked out and patched as that has been by its author by the opposing and counteracting theory of "sexual selection." When we are told that certain forms or faculties become developed, in certain plants or animals, because they aid their possessors in the battle of life; and at the same time that the possession of certain other forms or faculties, which may happen to be hostile to such an end, is to be traced to a totally different cause, we see at once that no grasp of a *vera causa* has been obtained, and that the only real argument of the Darwinite can be thus stated—"Such a peculiarity must be due to such a cause, or else to something else." In the same way when we are told that such a planetary combination is in one case an efficient cause, in another only a code of signals—we are justified in waiting for some further light, if only in the form of intelligent hypothesis. But if we can once ascertain the existence of real causal connection between planetary positions and human constitutions, we are on the road to a general theory that may comprehend and harmonize the four distinct branches of Genethliac, Mundane, Meteoric, and Horary Astrology.

If this difficulty as to date can be

removed, the theory of Mr. Trent would go far to explain some of the most obscure phenomena of hereditary descent. "The fact of inheritance remains undisputed, but a new and powerful instrument is enlisted, sufficient to account for any degree of variability consistent with the general unity of type." That play and balance, not of substituted, but of co-acting forces, of different origin, which is one of the most conspicuous conditions of organic life, would thus be traceable to causes essentially distinct. Thus, in the case of brothers, while the organizations, originating in the force of heredity, might be expected only to differ in so far as might be due to the difference in age, health, or other conditions of the parents at the time of conception, a totally different set of those cosmical conditions which, for the want of a better name, we must call electric, might account for those marked individual differences which we often find to vary the general or family resemblances.

In this view of the case a new aspect is given to the astrological doctrine of "directions," which, when spoken of as efficient causes, form such a stumbling block in the path of astrology. Admitted a certain planetary influence at birth, establishing a definite relationship between the mental or physical constitution of the child and the position of the planets, it will follow that the change of such position has a direct tendency to influence the future history of the native. Let us suppose any such conjunction, opposition, or other aspect as would have a distinct influence, for good or for evil, on the

conduct, the value of the kind of study known as that of "directions" would lie in the indication of the time when such aspect would actually be formed; and would, in fact, prove only a rude substitute for the calculations of the true movements of the planets, such as we can now derive, for years in advance, from the columns of the *Nautical Almanack*.

The connection between the celestial aspects and meteoric phenomena (if established, which is as yet very far from being the case) can only be regarded as physical—using that word in the broad sense in which it was employed before chemistry, electricity, and the like were ranked as studies separate from physics. Meteoric astrology, if attainable, would thus follow the same rules as genethliac astrology. And the same rule would apply to what is spoken of as mundane, or more properly speaking, political astrology; the history and changes of rulers and people being mainly affected either by the character and conduct of individuals, or by such cosmical influences as produce years of plenty or of famine, of health or of pestilence.

There remains the question of horary astrology. This is now regarded as matter of symbolic indication alone, in which the aspects of the planets have no influence or causative power. No philosophical theory of such a system of divination has yet been attempted; and it is more difficult to imagine any possible explanation than it is to adopt the hypothesis of causal influence. On the other hand it is to horary astrology that the student is continually referred for

that empiric study of the subject which must precede any justifiable credence. Nor is it easy to adduce any evidence in favor of the before-named branches of astroligical study that is not attainable as to horary questions, under certain conditions. It is therefore to be anticipated that more mature and impartial study will have the result either of discovering the essential unity of astrological rule under every branch of its manifestations, or of scattering the whole mass of observations to the wind.

The solution, or any material advance towards the solution, of so ancient, so influential, and so difficult a problem is a task not unworthy of the leisure of the noblest mind. It is a problem as to which it is hardly permissible for the true lover and student of truth to remain in contented ignorance. To speak of the question as one of mere imposture preying upon ignorance, is to come under the condemnation, "These speak evil of those things which they know not." To rush in where the greatest men of past history have only trodden with modest reverence is the characteristic of—to use the mildest term—the unwise. A modest skepticism, and a modest faith may join hand in hand, in the effort to learn the lesson taught by the fires of heaven. The credulity of skepticism may be more mischievous than the credulity of superstition. For the latter at least admits the existence of much of which the explanation is unknown; the former simply denies the existence of what it is unable to understand. Had the dogma of Auguste Comte as to the limits of human research been ac-

cepted by men of science, the brilliant discoveries due to the spectro-scope which have given information as to the constitution, the distances, and the movements of some of those heavenly bodies as to which the Frenchman asserted that we could not possibly obtain any information, would never have been made. The credulous negativism of Comte would have arrested the researches of Mr. Huggins.

Apart, then, from that self-contented frame of mind which is satisfied with the denial that any astrological problem exists, there are but two lines of research on which the construction of any scientific theory on the subject can be framed. These are, respectively, the causative and the symbolic character of the planetary aspects. Of the first hypothesis we have just spoken. It is one the establishment of which would be a fitting pendant to the work of Newton himself. As a mere explanatory theory, viewed in the same way as that in which the Copernican system has been accepted by some authorities as a method of ready calculation, without reference to its physical truth, it has much to recommend it. Two sets of phenomena, however, are as yet unexplained on this theory—the first, those which are referred to the hour of birth, and not to the origin of organization; the other, those of horary questions. To the second hypothesis, that which regards the heavenly aspects as merely symbolic, or as elements of a great horological system, of which the diurnal apparent motion of the sun forms only a part, it can not be said that there exist any objections of a purely astrological nature.

But in regarding that hypothesis we have to contemplate a theory yet more lofty, yet more comprehensive, and yet more wrapped in unpenetrated obscurity than even that of the cosmical influence of the planetary bodies on each other, and on our globe and its inhabitants.

It appears to us in the highest degree improbable, as well as undesirable, that mankind should ever attain a condition in which the planetary aspects should be regarded as plainly directive of human action, or should be acknowledged as influences of the same nature as the changes of light or of heat wrought by our changing positions with regard to the sun. The question will then arise, With what object could a universal, minute, and accurate system of celestial telegraphy have been introduced into creation? It is difficult to give any reply to such a question, unless it be to the effect indicated in the pages of the *Scottish Review* in January, 1886. It is there suggested that analogy would lead to the hypothesis that the rule and governance of a controlling intelligence and wisdom must be carried out by a vast and organized hierarchy of ministrant powers. "For any such scheme the existence of a vast horology marking, by visible signals, the moments for the performance of distinct duties, is, according to our limited intelligence, an indispensable necessity. For such an horology the movements of the heavenly bodies supply adequate elements." If, then, with the Catholic Church, and in accordance with most forms of ancient religion, we accept the

idea of such a hierarchical order, there is an argument of extreme weight in favor of the symbolic or indicative meaning of the positions of the planets, without in any way negating the hypothesis of causal action. But if, on the other hand, we reverently suppose the exertion of divine power to be constant and direct in every part of the universe, the need for such an horology, and thus the argument for its existence, would be less apparent. Thus a philosophic doubt, unsolved if not insoluble, suggests itself as to either theory; and all that is at present competent to the scholar is that patient collection and co-ordination of facts which forms the true method of inductive science. But to the latter hypothesis the objection is drawn wholly *ex ignorantia*; nor does it seem that there can be any clear ground for supposing the co-operative action of divine will and power, and of the agency of a celestial hierarchy, to be impossible, than there is for asserting that human action is altogether uninfluenced by spiritual suggestions or contact.

For such a co-ordination, that is to say for a comparison between celestial phenomena and the great movements of national life, the history of the last few years affords unusual data. Nor can it be denied that the political history of Britain, of late, has so far resembled the wonted course of ancient history, when it was made by a few prominent individuals, that the personal element has assumed disproportionate importance. It would be more easy to give a sketch of the policy and prosperity of Britain, for the last forty years, in a series

of biographies, such as those of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone, than it would be to give a truthful general history of the time after the more modern conception, making little mention of these distinguished men. Here we have to state one difficulty, which lies on the threshold of future inquiry, and which, it is possible that the publication of these remarks may happily remove. That difficulty is, ignorance as to the exact time of Mr. Gladstone's birth. That he first saw the light on the 29th December, 1809, when the sun was in the 8th degree of Capricorn, the moon in the 1st decade of Libra, and Mercury combust of the sun, it is easy to ascertain. But without knowledge of the exact time of birth, it is impossible to tell the degree of the Zodiac then ascending, the aspect of the mid heaven, the planet which was lord of the ascendant, the exact position of the moon, or the relations between the planets and the cusps of the different houses.

But without getting nearer to the exact features of the case than the limit above given, enough is known to be highly suggestive as to both personal and political biography. Thus Mercury, in conjunction with the sun, and square to the moon, is a testimony of the highest natural gifts, the mischievous or fatal application of which is but too seriously to be feared. As far as astrological probability can be ascertained, there seems to be good reason to suspect that the time of birth was between 6 and 8 P. M.; but it is hardly advisable to indicate the theoretic results of that

date, remarkable as they are, without direct record of time. One feature, however, can be spoken to with some certitude, although with less precision than would be afforded by the knowledge of a more exact date. The ascendant of the Irish Land Bill, introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone on the 7th of April, 1881, falls on the 8th degree of Libra, which is square to the place of the sun on 29th December, 1809. It is also close upon the place of the moon on that day (the exactness of the conjunction depending on the hour of birth). This position, however, is sufficiently well defined to have led to the prediction, in April 1881, of "misfortune to Ireland, as well as a shock to the Royal power and dignity" arising from the introduction of the measure. That "the undertaking commenced on the 7th April "should not prosper," and that "fierce opposition, probable bloodshed, and unexpected, but evil issue" would result, was printed in May, 1881. But the main fact now insisted on is, that the relation of this degree of the Zodiac to the features, as clearly as they are known, of the horoscope of Mr. Gladstone, was pointed out, at the time before mentioned, as indicating the force of a fatal influence from which he would be wholly unable to free himself, and which would ultimately result in the loss of power and character, if not of life. How far subsequent results have verified that judgment it is needless to insist. It is further to be noted that "Jupiter was in this degree of Libra when Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister in January, 1886,

and was replaced there by Uranus during the debates on the Irish Bill, and the late general election. Saturn also"—we cite a letter from an astrological correspondent—"was on this point when Mr. Gladstone's brother died in 1863. Again the ascendant in this case would be in an early degree of Leo, which Mars transited on the day of the Phoenix Park murders." It may be added that the personal appearance and mental characteristics of Mr. Gladstone are such as to lead to the supposition that the sun is the lord of his ascendant, which is the case if the sign Leo was ascending at birth.

Without, however, pressing any further the argument from probabilities as to the exact date of a past event, whether recorded or not, it may be positively stated that, according to astrological rules, the position of the heavenly bodies a little before 7 P.M. on the 29th December, 1809, was such as to indicate, for a healthy male child born at that time, a career of extraordinary brilliancy. In one respect, indeed, with reference to that single quality which neither genius nor industry can attain, nor fortune herself add to her original gifts, namely, illustrious birth, there is not only an absence of good, but an indication of inferior origin. But Jupiter is culminating, in trine to Venus in the Zodiac, and to the sun in the world; a promise of the highest position competent under the other conditions of the nativity. Saturn, in zodiacal trine to the ascendant, promises long life. Jupiter throws a partile mundane trine, and Venus a platonic zodiacal trine, to the cusp of the

house of wealth. Honor, preferment, and dignity are promised by the position of Jupiter, which great fortune is close on the degree of the exaltation of the sun. The latter great luminary, which is Lord of the ascendant, although not essentially dignified, receives the highest accidental dignity from the trine of Jupiter. These are testimonies of so unusually high a character as to point to a remarkably distinguished career. On the other hand, there exist aspects which remind us of the manner in which the malignity of the fairy who came uninvited to the christening rendered useless or injurious the rich gifts of her sister sprites. Mercury is combust. The moon is square to the sun, and to the ascendant; and Mars, setting in square to Uranus, throws a semi-quartile to Mercury. Violent changes of conduct, hardly consistent with sanity, and menacing robbery and bloodshed, are threatened by these unusually evil aspects.

While it would be unsafe, in the absence of direct evidence as to date, to say that the above is the horoscope of Mr. Gladstone, it is undeniable that it is that which would apply to a birth taking place at a little before 7 P.M., on 29th December, 1809. Nor would it be easy to imagine a scheme more apposite to the events of a very tortuous life. Mr. Gladstone is not the only highly-gifted Englishman who would probably have been one of the truly great men of history if his conduct had been chastened by the sense of duty towards a name inherited from a line of noble ancestry, and his tem-

per had been unvexed by that restless vanity which seems to be almost an inseparable characteristic of the self-made or money-made man. It is on this vanity that the sycophant and the parasite fasten and fatten, gradually destroying the vital energy of their unconscious prey. And the unquestionable fact that Mr. Gladstone, as a minister, has been the most direct instigator of the violent attacks on property, both that of the Church and that of individuals, who has risen in England since the time of Henry VIII., and that he has been personally responsible for more bloodshed—in Ireland, in Egypt, in the Soudan, and in South Africa—than probably any minister who ever held the reins of power in England, is remarkably coincident with the positions of Mars, Mercury, Uranus, and the Moon, in the figure described.

It was the purpose of the writer, in taking up the pen for the foregoing remarks, to give some account of a series of star-maps, or figures of the heavens, drawn at various moments of crucial political importance, from the autumnal equinox of 1879 to the present date. The careful comparison of such a series of figures with the main features of political history would afford to the student the means of forming a judgment, which becomes more and more enlightened the more the study is extended. But apart from the difficulty of diverting sufficient time from other engagements to carry out the plan adequately, further consideration showed an inherent cause of objection. To make all clear, it would have been desirable to publish the actual dia-

grams; and it would have been necessary to fill page after page with symbols and characters which would only have been repulsive to the general reader. To transport a chapter of an astrological treatise into the pages of a quarterly journal would soon prove to be a literary error. On the other hand, if that choice of language, and avoidance of technical diction, which the man of letters would desire, were adopted, the statements would become so vague and general as to resemble the pages of *Moore's Almanack*. General predictions are not only for the most part unintelligible, but also wholly unreadable. Special predictions it is not for a prudent man to hazard. And any comparison of the course of events with the movements of the celestial bodies, in sufficient detail to be of use to the student, would be apt to share the character of predictions in the minds of ninety-nine readers out of a hundred.

Nor is it within the limits of a periodical, or consonant with the judgment of the present writer, to offer anything in the way of a demonstration of the truths of astrology; or rather of the possibility of the useful application of these ancient rules, the origin of which is lost in the night of ages, to the purposes of prediction. The aim of these lines is quite different. It is to attract the attention of men possessed of adequate science, adequate leisure, and adequate impartiality, to the general aspect of the astrological problem—to stimulate their study of a sufficient number of examples to convince themselves that the mere ignorant term "co-incidence" is not

an explanation of the facts that will be the outcome of their search; and above all to encourage inquiries which, like those of Mr. Trent, are directed towards the investigation of the physical effects of astronomical phenomena. The specialist who works out the details of one branch of science, however humble and minute, is a fellow-laborer with the philosopher who, like Newton, masters the word that reduces chaos to order. But the specialist is only the hodman of science. His work done, his name is forgotten. And his work is but to bring to the spot where they may be wrought into form, the materials for the design of the architect.

In fact it is this central design, whether roughly sketched as hypothesis, or wrought into the articulated skeleton of well-ordered and well-based theory, which gives almost all its philosophical value to the work of the specialist. Of what service is it to note the microscopic differences in the feet of a group of beetles, or the nerves of the wings of a group of four-winged flies, except with the view of so identifying each minute form as to be able, in due course of time, to understand its exact place in the grand harmony of creation; or at least of that infinitesimal portion of the Empire of God which alone comes within our competence to study? It is the fact that it is impossible to anticipate the value of any definite truth, that gives such an irresistible charm to the labors of the chemist, that most advanced and most patient of the pioneers in the unknown fields of nature. Decandolle's beautiful fancy of Swan-

dering species applies to every branch of natural study. The heathers of Europe, quite unlike any other form of European plant, were to this great naturalist wandering types—species that had lost their way over our globe; the relations and affinities of which were unintelligible to the botanist, until the traveller brought him the *Ericæ* of the Cape, and the rhododendron of the Himalaya.

With that infinite patience which is Genius, a long succession of sages have wrought, receiving little reward for their task, at the great work of the development of science. The alchemist, who was the father of the chemist, labored in the pursuit of those secrets of nature which his instinct led him to approach more closely than does the more instructed, but less imaginative, analyst of our times. The course of all science is much the same. With the discovery of each new truth, some former object of the veneration of the student is for a time thrown aside. It is not until long—possibly very long—after such a sifting, that the solid facts gained by the analyst are found to be but minute, if integral, portions of the grand scheme first imagined, afterwards brought to perfection, by the Philosopher. Thus at a recent meeting of the British Association, a Fellow of the Royal Society, well known for his brilliant discoveries in chemical science, reproduced the basal theory of the alchemist—the essential unity, and thus the possible convertibility, of all matter. It is true that the suggestion, as now remade by Mr. Crookes, is little but a dream. But analytical chemistry,

with all its wonderful power, is unable to explain the known phenomena of allotropy or dimorphism. You may take two substances, say pieces of phosphorus, which analytic chemistry tells you are indistinguishable, but which sight, touch, and smell tell you are as different as it is conceivable for two substances to be. The one is colorless, transparent, self-luminous in the dark, so soft as to be indented by the nail, and flexible, although crystalline in its structure. It is poisonous, freely soluble in various liquids, melts at 100° Fahrenheit, and evolves a strong and peculiar odor. The other varies in color from nearly black, with metallic lustre, to iron-gray, brick-red, crimson, and scarlet. It is opaque, and is not self-luminous. It is as hard as a burnt brick, and as brittle as glass. It is innocuous, nearly insoluble in all liquids, amorphous or non-crystalline in structure, and nearly colorless. And yet these two unlike substances are chemically the same, though said to be in different states of aggregation. They are called white and red phosphorus. Sulphur affords another familiar example of allotropic form.

Other chemical elements, again, are proved actually to exist in forms as yet unknown to man. Thus carbon, with which we are familiar as an amorphous and also as a crystalline solid, behaves as a metal, in forming with iron the alloy known as steel. The proportion is very small—perhaps only one part of carbon to one thousand parts of iron. But the physical characters of the latter metal are so changed by the mixture as to lead

the chemist to speak of steel as an alloy. Hydrogenium, again, or the metallic form of hydrogen, is known only by its action as forming part of a metallic alloy. And ammonium, an as yet unseen alloy of the metallic forms of hydrogen and nitrogen, is also confidently held to exist. In the presence of marvelous transformations such as these, and with the conviction that many of the substances now called elements may and do exist in forms yet unrecognized by man, the idea—to put it in chemical language—that an allotropic form of gold may be discovered, so far from being an outcome of superstitious ignorance, was a foreboding of genius, which has led to brilliant and momentous discoveries, of which we are nearer to the cradle than to the maturity.

As the pursuit of the *elixir vitæ*, or of the philosopher's stone, led to the solid chemical discoveries of Cavendish and of Dalton, so has the desire to listen to the voices of the stars led to the present advanced stage of both formal and physical astronomy. From those far-off times of which we are now recovering—thanks to the cheap value of clay—the actual contemporary records, the doctrine *Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei* has been held as such a living truth as the inhabitant of our gas lit cities can but dimly conceive. It is not alone the pertinent question—"Who made all these"—once put by Napoleon to a sciolist of his day, that was referred in ancient times to the answering fires of heaven. Night to night added scientific truth. No human races were thought by the Hebrew poet to be so sunk in ignorance as not to hear some echo of

the heavenly voices. Their message ran through the habitable world; their words to the very end of the earth. Nor are we among those who hold that the vast strides made within the present century, in the cause of physical science—the definite positive knowledge acquired of mechanical law, of mathematical method, and of the unimaginable phenomena of chemistry—have more tended to kindle the nobler powers of the mind, and to ennoble the nature of man, than did the nightly watches of the predecessors of Claudius Ptolemy.

Continually as new facts are brought within the hard grasp of science, old poetic imaginations are displaced. Of that course of thought there is no doubt. But that man, as an intellectual, moral, and spiritual being, gains by the change, has yet to be shown. That he should have, for instance, a more accurate idea of what takes place in the process of combustion than had those old sages who recognized in flame a visible sign of the divine power and presence, may be admitted. But which appeals most loftily to the human heart, the story of the fire that fell to consume the sacrifice of Elijah, or the exact demonstration of the polytechnic lecturer? Apart from the mercantile value of exact knowledge, the mode in which it furnishes to man a mighty *organon*, or instrument, for the supply of his physical wants, and for the gratification of the pleasures of sense, it is very easy to over-estimate the educational utility of science. What man may become, is a higher conception to form than what man can do. And there is a grave and

serious doubt how far the true human stature may not be stunted and dwindled by the very facilities for work which modern invention has placed in our grasp. A youth at college may be crammed with the theory of the moon's motion. He may gaze at the skies through an equatorial telescope, powerful enough to show him the moons of Mars, and fitted with special clock-work arrangements to adapt its movement at will to solar, stellar, or lunar time. But what is the mental stature of such a prizeman—if prize he takes—compared to that of Euclid or of Archimedes, with their simpler and ruder appliances, and more limited list of observed phenomena?

The study of philosophy begins with the inspiration of the poet. It is carried on in the language, and lit by the imagination of sages such as Plato. As the horizon extends, observation becomes more accurate. Phenomena and facts are first recorded, and then grouped; and Science drives Poetry from the scene. But the change thus effected is only temporary. The substitution of numeric for poetic values is but an effort of the growing pains of Science. Some vast theory, such as that conceived by Newton, suddenly reduces a host of incongruous phenomena to an orderly series of results from universal law. A remarkable instance of the parallel pursuit of these two branches of learning—the indexing of detail, and the comprehensive grasp of unity of system—by the same mind, is afforded by the works of Linnæus. He framed a Latin of his own, as peculiar to his pen as that of St. Jerome himself, which veiled

precise definitions in the form of simple adjectives. He grasped a set of natural relations, which he converted into the basis of a technical index. He created and wonderfully advanced the pursuit of that detailed knowledge of specific organic forms which is perhaps the most tedious of human studies—wearing to the memory by reason of the minute unexplained differences which the student has to master and to catalogue. But alongside of the immense service which Linnæus rendered to the study of nature by the purely scientific work of his artificial system, the imaginative light of his natural system glows with a planetary lustre. The mind wearied with the microscopic study of minute differences, learned by memory, without a notion of their essential import or causes, catches a glimpse of the *Gentes* into which the great legislator divided the vegetable kingdom—the Princes, the Patricians, the Plebeians, the Slaves, and the Nomads—and, taught that the mighty maze is not without a plan, shares the enthusiastic anticipation made by Linnæus of the future unfolding to man of the true system of nature.

It may perhaps be hoped that the most disheartening phenomenon of the social life of the day, the deplorable absence, not only of great, but of thoughtful, steady, earnest men, may be in great part attributable to the occupation of the natural leaders of the race in special studies. If this be the case, the temporary decline may be but a recoil for a better spring. If it be otherwise, woe to the human race. Probably at no period of history

have been established *cults* of idols so thoroughly collapsible as three of the most notable men of the last quarter of a century—Garibaldi, Gladstone, and De Lesseps—to each of whom the finger of history will hereafter point as a self-governed apostle of mischief. In one point, certainly, we can distinctly trace the evil results of unbalanced specialization. The mode in which the pith and nerve of our youth, from the toddling infants of the farm laborer to the cream and pick of the rising nation, the students of Woolwich, of Oxford, or of Cambridge, is being sapped and shrivelled by the present system of competitive examination, is becoming a serious danger to the country. If it were desired to fritter away the stamina of the English people into a clumsy imitation of the Chinese, no better mode for the purpose could be invented than “payment by results,” and the glorification of the crammer. The want of efficient, useful, honest labor, of man or of boy, is becoming crying in our rural districts. It is true that the money of the rate-payer is being devoted to enable Hodge’s children to turn their thoughts from the plough or the stable to the study of *Lloyd’s Weekly Messenger*, or of the cheap reprints of Mr. Gladstone’s latest revelations; but this is hardly a compensation for the mischief actually wrought. And for those who have witnessed the condition to which the most highly educated of our youths are reduced at or after one of those cruel ordeals through which they have now to pass to obtain credentials for the church, the bar, or the army, when strong young men may be seen reduced

to the state of sick and wounded after some great battle, with the result of retaining for years the most profound aversion to the subjects of their cram, there can be but one opinion as to the fact that we are educating the national brain as well as the national muscle into atrophy.

In this state of things, any sound, thoughtful pursuit which will tend to divert the mind from the sordid study of detail, to be learnt because “it will pay,” and to make use of the methods of mathematics, and the habit of observation, in subservience to theory of a broad and comprehensive nature, deserves the most ample encouragement. We should hold it to be unworthy of much thanks to present to the reader (supposing it to be possible) a brief, concise, and irresistible demonstration of the truth of judicial astrology. Thus regarded, under existing circumstances, that pursuit would only form a fresh subject for cram, a fresh mode of overloading the memory with useless knowledge. But were it possible to throw over the study of the celestial movements a light reflected from the torch of truth—to knit together, first by the collation of different orders of phenomena, and then by the attribution of those phenomena to the acting common causes, directed by common law—the exploration of such an intellectual gold-field might revive the flagging energies of mental commerce. It is not for us to say that such a result is possible. But it is for no one, *pace* Auguste Comte, to say that it is impossible. Before the time of Newton the phases of the moon were held, indeed, to in-

fluence physic, madness, or magic. But how wild would he have been thought whose imagination should have grasped the invisible link that connected the weight of the moon with the height of the tide. It is but as yesterday that science ascertained that, by the rapid revolution of a coil of iron wire, enough force might be dragged out of the telluric heat to flash into a violet lustre, such as no material fuel can feed by any known process of combustion. It is but as yesterday that we learned how a four-fold series of signals could be sent, by simple means, through the same isolated wires from one continent to another. Looking, on the one hand, at the known physical effects exerted on one heavenly body by another, in proportion to bulk and to relative distance, and on the other hand on the infinite variety in the force and action of a system of electro-magnets on each other, as well as on any common objective, it may well be argued that there is a mathematical expectation in favor of our being hereafter able to know much more than we do at present of the influence of planetary aspects on our earth. Already has it been attempted to trace a connection between years of famine and of plenty and the variation of the spots on the sun. The known theory of the tides renders it a matter even for wonder that the connection between planetary movements and the changes of the weather still mocks the physicist as well as the astrologer. If the inert mass of the aquatic ocean, and the invisible waves of the atmosphere, are set in motion by planetary attraction; if magnetic or electric

storms, and even the terrific force of the earthquake, be inconceivable except on the view that the earth forms a great electro-magnet, ever varying in its currents, and even in the position of its magnetic poles; is it so very ill-founded an hypothesis that the most delicate of all physiological functions, the laying down the keel of a human brain, and of the organization of which it forms the more subtle part, may be affected by the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or the bands of Orion? To arrive at any positive light, or even at any acceptable, thinkable hypothesis, on such a question, would be a fresh and a noble instance of thinking—to use the words of Kepler—the very thoughts of God. And the pursuit, however long and tedious, so that it be honest and impartial—the result, however long deferred, positive or negative as it might prove—should be rightly termed the Redemption of Astrology.—*Scottish Review*.

THE HONEY-BEE.

FROM a boy I have loved the bee with a love that even the mild impertinencies of Dr. Watts could not quench. Scarce any sound in Nature is, to my ear more soothing than the “murmuring of innumerable bees,” heard in an hour of idleness beneath the fragrant limes. Scarcely any sight is more pleasant than the reiterated pilferings of my choicest blossoms by these ever-welcome pillagers. Nor has my love been a sordid one. I have never been a bee-keeper. I have never had occasion to rejoice over a good take, nor suffered anxiety from a foul brood. Not that

I despise the sweet product of the honey bees' industry. But much as I have ever admired the products of innate power or industrious application in man or bee, articulate or inarticulate, I have always felt a keen admiration—an admiration touched with reverence—for the living and breathing producer. Thus my love for the bee is a purely personal one. Of me the untiring worker can say, as Lady Clare said of Lord Ronald—

"He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well."

It does not matter how you take a bee. She is full of interest all over. In the head are eyes simple and compound; feelers with great delicacy of touch and smell, and a tongue, silent indeed, which gallantry compels me to regard as a defect, but otherwise well-fitted for its special task—to sip the sweets of life; in the middle region of the body or thorax are four delicately veined and closely interlocking wings, and six legs adapted for progression on surfaces rough or smooth, and as full of additional contrivances as a schoolboy's pocket knife; in the abdomen are wax organs, and that "centre of painful interest," the sting. Nor are its habits less interesting than its structure. Full of that concentrated unconscious wisdom which we call instinct, she displays also, at times, mental powers of a more plastic kind.

Some interesting experiments have recently been made by Mr. Romanes to test the homing faculty of bees. The house where he conducted his observations is situated several hundred yards from the coast, with flower gardens on each

side and lawns between the house and the sea. Bees, therefore, starting from the house, would find their nectar on either side of it, while the lawns in front would be rarely or never visited, being themselves barren of honey-sweets and leading only to the sea. Such being the geographical conditions, Mr. Romanes placed a hive in one of the front rooms on the basement of the house, and made suitable arrangements by which he could liberate a score or so of bees at a time and observe how many returned to the hive. He found that bees liberated at sea, on the sea-shore, or even on the lawns in front of the house, failed to find their way home; while bees liberated in the gardens, amid the flowers they were wont to frequent, returned to the hive within a few moments of their liberation. From such observations Mr. Romanes justly concludes that these bees were guided by local signs—by a special knowledge of the flower-gardens—and not by any general sense of direction, instinctive and innate.

Much has been written (and preached) upon the cell-building instinct of bees, concerning which a curious cell-myth has arisen. According to this myth, Maraldi is said to have submitted the problem of cell-structure to Kœnig, the mathematician, whose solution differed from Maraldi's actual measurements by only the 30th part of a degree. Not contented with an accuracy already exceeding the possibilities of observation—even with instrumental appliances at that time undreamt of—Maraldi begged the mathematician to re-examine his calculations.

The obliging Kœnig did so; and was thus enabled to correct a printer's error in the mathematical table he had used. His results and those obtained by actual measurements were then—so runs the myth—in exact accord. Since when, the bee has stood upon a pinnacle of perfection fraught with danger. For human folk cannot permit perfection to go long unchallenged. No sooner is the eye of man described as an optical apparatus without flaw, than a Helmholtz comes forward to say that, were his instrument-maker to provide him with no better work, he would promptly return it for alteration and correction.

Recent measurements and observations have tended to dissipate the cell-myth, and to show, not only that the honey-comb is far from regular, but that such regularity as it has is due to merely mechanical conditions. Mr. Frank Cheshire tells us that in his recent volume, that careful measurements of the finest pieces of comb, built with every advantage for securing regularity, show that, so far from every cell being geometrically accurate, it is difficult to find a hexagon presenting errors of less than three or four degrees in its angles. On the other hand, there is a growing tendency to accept a modification of Buffon's explanation of the origin of cell structure. Buffon attributed the regularity of the cells to mutual pressure; in illustration whereof he packed a closed vessel with dried peas, and filled up the interstices with water. The peas, which were thus caused to swell, assumed, under the pressure which resulted, the form of more or

less accurate geometrical figures. Perhaps a still better illustration of this principle of mutual interaction is seen in soap-bubbles. If a little soapy water be placed in the bottom of a tumbler and air be blown into the water through a tube until the upper part of the glass is full of bubbles, the hexagonal form which these bubbles assume under mutual pressure, and the trilateral pyramids at their bases, will be readily seen. Not that these geometrical figures are the same as those which the wax assumes, but they illustrate the principle. For, at the temperature of the hive, the wax, pared thin by the smooth-edged jaws of the workers, has all the plasticity of a fluid membrane. The bee has indeed to avoid the danger of paring away too far, and thus making a hole through the wall. But even here she may be aided by mechanical conditions. If we take a thin piece of soap and pare away one face with the blade of a pocket-knife, we shall soon form a transparent patch where the soap is very thin. But if we continue to pare, we do not cut through the soap at this point; but, for a time at least, we merely enlarge the area of the transparent patch. The thin film of soap yields at this point, and the stress of the blade falls on the thicker and less-yielding edges. Some such mechanical yielding of the wax may guide the bee in her work.

Do not suppose, kind reader, that I would hereby reduce the whole function of cell-making to a matter of mere blind mechanism. I have far too high an opinion of the bee to cast such a

slur on her intelligence. And the size of the cells is in any case determined by no mere mechanical principles. Nor is the size invariable. For the worker-brood, cells one-fifth of an inch in diameter are constructed; for the drones and for honey storage, smaller cells one-fourth of an inch in diameter are made; between contiguous groups of these cells, transitional cells of more or less irregular contour are interpolated; while the royal cells for the future queen-mothers are irregularly rounded in form and constructed with lavish expenditure of costly wax.

For the wax of which these cells are made is a product of the vital activity of the bee. It is no mere extraneous substance which needs only to be collected for use; it is a bit of individual organic home-manufacture. If you examine the under-surface of a cell-building worker, you will find beneath the abdomen four pairs of white plates projecting from as many pockets in the encasing rings of this part of the body. These are the wax-plates, made from the life-blood of the worker. Examine now with a lens one of the hinder legs. You will find that the stoutest joints are very square-shouldered at the hinge, and that the hinge is well over to one side; so that the shoulders form a pair of jaws, which open when the limb is bent, and close when it is straightened. The upper jaw has a row of spines which bite on a plate on the lower jaw. With this apparatus, piercing it with these spines, the worker withdraws a wax-plate from its pocket, transfers it to the front legs, and thence to the mouth,

where it is laboriously masticated with a salivary secretion. Unless it undergoes this process, it lacks the ductility requisite for cell-making.

Within the cells thus constructed of this costly material, the queen-mother lays silvery eggs, from which will be developed workers, drones, and queen-mothers, each in their appropriate cells. And how comes it that, from eggs apparently similar—for each egg is a glistening white oval embossed with delicately netted lines—there issue three different kinds of bee? These three stand to each other in the relation of males (drones), fertile females (queen-mothers), and infertile females (workers). But how comes it that the males are all developed in one set of cells; that the majority of eggs, those in the larger hexagonal cells, produce females that are infertile; and that only the few, laid in royal cells, reach their full sexual development? It is well known that most of the higher animals are developed from eggs in which a male and a female element have entered into fertile union. It is not so with drones. The queen-mother, after her short marriage flight, carries with her a special storage reservoir, that with which she can fertilize each egg as it is laid. From eggs so fertilized female bees, perfect or imperfect, are developed. But from eggs from which drones are to spring, the queen-mother withholds the fertilizing fluid. That drones are unfathered is one of the strange results of modern zoological investigation.

The difference between queen-mothers, with fully developed egg-

producing organs, and workers, in which the egg-producing organs are present in an undeveloped condition, would seem to be determined by diet. The grubs which issue from the silvery eggs are fed by young workers—hence termed nurses—with the product of a special gland in the head. This secretion, which is only formed in early life (the older workers giving up nursing and taking to foraging), is termed royal-jelly, and resembles water-arrowroot. Of the three forms of bee-food, pollen, honey, and royal-jelly, this is the richest and the most concentrated. It seems to have a wonderfully stimulating effect on the reproductive organs. More is supplied to drones than to workers; most of all to the queen-mother, who throughout life is provided with this stimulating food by nurses who are ever ready to minister to her wants.

It is well-known that the queen-bee can brook no rival, and that when there are several royal nymphs in a hive the first-born throws herself upon her unprotected sisters, still sleeping their strange chrysalis sleep, and pierces them with her sting. But what if the queen should die, and the hive be thus left motherless? The workers then proceed to the cells in which are worker eggs newly laid. They tear down the partition walls so as to throw three cells into one. Two of the embryonic inhabitants they sacrifice; but the third they feed right royally. And under the stimulating effects of a liberal supply of royal-jelly she becomes a queen-mother. Not only are her egg producing organs thus stimulated into full development, but

this change is accompanied by all those other differences which serve to distinguish the queen-mother from her infertile but, in most other respects, superior sister.

It is commonly supposed that the queen-mother is in every respect as superior to the humble worker-bee, as the worker is herself superior to the idle, ill-conditioned, good-for-nothing, reprobate drone. This is, however, a mistake. The brain of both queen-mother and drone is markedly inferior in relative size to that of the worker. In powers of flight, as judged by the relative areas of the wings, the queen-mother is inferior to the worker. For though the wing-area of the worker is somewhat less (by one-sixth) than that of her fertile sister, her body is relatively much smaller. But in this matter of flight it is the lazy drone that carries off the palm, having a wing-area of nearly twice (once and four-fifths) that of the worker. The tongue of the worker is more highly developed than that of queen or drone. As we shall see directly, the sense-endowment of the queen is in many respects inferior to that of the infertile female, while here again it is the drone that is the most highly developed.

In the matter of sense-organs we are met by serious difficulties of interpretation. As said the Danish naturalist Fabricius, nearly 100 years ago, "nothing in natural history is more abstruse and difficult than an accurate description of the senses of animals." And this abstruseness and difficulty is the more keenly felt in studying creatures so widely different from ourselves as the bee. Such an insect would

seem at first sight to be about as susceptible to the delicacies of touch as an ancient armor-sheathed knight. Head, thorax, abdomen, limbs—all are ensheathed in chitinous armor. The bee has his skeleton outside. As an American gentleman once observed in my hearing, the main difference between an insect and a vertebrate is this: one is composed of flesh and bone, the other is composed of skin and squash. The question is, how can delicate impressions of touch be transmitted through the tough dense skin so as to affect the sensitive "squash" within. If you will examine one of the feelers of the bee, you will see that the surface is richly supplied with hairs. It is by means of such sense-hairs that the bee experiences a sensation of touch. Each touch-hair is hollow; and within it is a protoplasmic filament containing, it would seem, the delicate terminal threadlet of a nerve. A curious modification of the touch-hairs is found on the last joint of the antenna. They are here bent sharply at right angles so as to form rectangular hooklets.

That insects are possessed of a sense of taste cannot be doubted. Even if the caterpillars which refuse to eat all but one or two special herbs, or the races of blood-suckers which seem to have individual and special tastes, are guided by other senses, there is much evidence which seems to admit of no alternative explanation. Touch, for example, the feeler of a cockroach with a solution of Epsom salts and watch him suck it off; or repeat F. Will's experiments on bees, tempting them with sugar, and then perfidiously substituting

pounded alum. The way these little creatures splutter and spit suggests that, whatever may be the psychological effect, the physiological effect is analogous to that produced by an exceedingly nasty taste. Lehmann, too, observed a fly begin to suck some sugar that had been moistened with bitter decoction of wormwood. Directly it tasted the medicine it politely and discreetly withdrew to a contiguous vase and endeavored to reject the nauseous drug. At the tip of the bee's tongue taste-hairs, which do not project freely but are protected by other longer hairs, have been described by F. Will; while Mr. Cheshire states that the tongue of the bee has on each side, near its root, thirty-two minute taste-papillæ.

Much has been written concerning the sense of smell in insects. That they possess such a sense few will be disposed to doubt. The classical observations of Huber seem to show that bees are affected by the smell of honey, and that the penetrating odor of fresh bee-poison will throw a whole hive into a state of commotion. He was of opinion that the impunity with which his assistant, Francis Burnens, performed his various operations on bees was due to the gentleness of his motions, and the habit of repressing his respiration, it being the odor transmitted by the breath to which the bees objected. Bevan mentions the case of M. de Hofer, who could handle bees freely until struck down by fever, on his recovery from which he was unable even to approach them without exciting their anger. It is probable that humble-bees

seek their mates by the aid of smell.

The correct localization of the organ of smell has been a matter of difficulty. Kirby and Spence localized it at the extremity of the "nose," between it and the upper lip. That the nose, they naively remark, corresponds with the so-named part in mammalia, both from its situation and often from its form, must be evident to every one who looks at an insect. Lehmann, Cuvier, and others, misled by the fact that the organ of smell is in us localized at the entrance of the air-track, supposed that at or near the spiracles of insects were the organs of smell. Modern research, however, tends more and more clearly to localize the sense of smell in the feelers or antennæ. If the feelers of a cockroach be extirpated or coated with paraffin, he no longer rushes to food, and takes little notice of, and will sometimes even walk over, blotting-paper saturated with turpentine or benzolene, which a normal insect cannot approach without agitation. Carrion flies whose antennæ have been removed fail to discover putrid flesh; and E. Hasse has observed that male humble-bees, whose antennæ have been removed, cannot discover the females. The sensory elements are lodged in pits or cones, which may be filled with liquid, peculiar sensory rods being associated with the nerve-endings. Of these pits the queen bee has, according to Cheshire, 1600, the worker 2400, and the drone not less than 37,800.

The sense of smell is held by some observers to enable ants and bees to recognize each other. Sir

John Lubbock's experiments seem to establish the fact that the recognition of ants is not personal and individual; and it occurred to Mr. McCook to test the olfactory hypothesis by endeavoring to ascertain whether, in presence of an overmastering scent, ants were unable to distinguish friend from foe. Selecting for experiment some pavement-ants who were engaged in a free fight, he introduced a pellet of paper saturated with *Eau de Cologne*. The effect was instantaneous; the ants showed no sign of pain, displeasure, or intoxication, but in a very few seconds the warriors had unclasped mandibles, relaxed their hold of enemies' legs, antennæ, and bodies, and, after a momentary confusion, began to burrow galleries in the earth with the utmost harmony. On carpenter-ants *Eau de Cologne* had no pacific influence.

From smell we pass to hearing. Sir John Lubbock failed to awaken any response in bees, though he played to them, shouted to them, and whistled to them. Perhaps had he been able to buzz to them he would have been more successful. It is scarcely probable that they are deaf. Popular belief, at any rate, maintains that they are not insensitive to the soft melody that may be evoked by a door-key from a frying pan; but here as Sir John has, I think, himself suggested, the bees may hear acute over-tones inaudible to us. Mr. Cheshire is, however, clear about the fact of bees hearing such sounds as interest them. He regards certain hollows (differing from the smell hollows) in the antennæ as the seat of the auditory sense; but this must

still be regarded as somewhat doubtful.

When we turn from hearing to sight we find that the difficulties take a new form, and concern, not the existence nor the nature of the recipient organ, but its mode of action. Sir John Lubbock has shown that bees are guided by a preference for certain colors; while his experiments on ants bring out the still more interesting fact that these insects are sensitive to ultra-violet rays quite invisible to us.

Any one who will take the trouble to examine with a lens the head of a bee, will see on either side the large rounded compound eye, and on the forehead or vertex three bright little simple eyes. The latter are, as their name implies, comparatively simple in structure, each with a single lens. But the compound eyes have a complex structure. Externally the surface is seen to be divided up into a great number of hexagonal areas, each of which is called a facet, and forms a little lens. Of these the queen bee has on each side nearly 5000; the worker some 6000; and the drone upwards of 12,000. Beneath each facet is a crystalline cone, a so-called nerve-rod, and other structures, too complex to be here described, which pass inwards towards the brain.

It will be seen then that the so-called compound eye with its thousands of facets, its thousands of crystalline cones, its thousands of "nerve-rods" and other elements is a structure of no little complexity. The question now arises, is it one structure or many? Is it an eye, or an aggregate of eyes?

To this question the older nat-

uralists answered confidently—an aggregate. And a simple experiment seems to warrant this conclusion. Puget, quoted in Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, adapted the facets of the eye of a fl—, pardon me, fair reader, of a minute aphanipterous insect of the genus *Pulex*—so as to see objects through it under the microscope. "A soldier who was thus seen, appeared like an army of pigmies; for while it multiplied, it also diminished the object: the arch of a bridge exhibited a spectacle more magnificent than human skill could perform; and the flame of a candle seemed the illumination of thousands of lamps." Although Cheshire, in his book on the bee, adopts this view and supports it by reference to a similar experiment, it numbers to-day but few supporters. One is tempted to marvel at the ability of the drone to co-ordinate 24,000 separate images into a single distinct object. Picture the confusion of images of one who had sipped too freely of the sweet but delusive dregs of the punch-bowl! Under similar circumstances human-folk are reported to see double. Think of the appalling condition of an inebriate drone!

Those who believe the faceted eye to be one organ with many parts, contend that each facet and its underlying structures give, not a complete image of the external object as a whole, but the image of a single point of that object. Thus there is formed, by the juxtaposition of contiguous points, a stippled image or an image in mosaic. Hence this view is known as Müller's mosaic hypothesis. Lowne has experimented with fine glass threads, arranged like the

cones and nerve-rods of the bee's eye, and finds that (even when they are not surrounded by pigment, as are the elements in an insect's eye) all oblique rays are got rid of by numerous reflections and the interference due to the different lengths of the rays. Some modification of the mosaic hypothesis is now generally adopted, and Dr. Hickson has recently worked out, with great care, the structure of the optic tract which lies between the crystalline cones and the brain.

Imperfect as our knowledge of the sensations of bees may be—and in a subject of such abstruseness and difficulty we must expect imperfection—we yet have no reason to suppose that this is due to any imperfection in their sensory endowments. There are three simple eyes for near vision, and a pair of large compound eyes for the ascertainment of space-relations. These faceted eyes are covered with delicate hairs which protect the facets from extraneous particles, and from which such particles may be removed by combs specially developed for that purpose on one of the joints of the fore-leg. There are organs of taste in the mouth, and tactile organs in various parts of the body. In the antennæ we have sense organs of extreme delicacy which may perform other functions than those of smell and touch. Here again, as in the case of the eye, the bee is provided with a special apparatus for cleansing its antennæ. In the fore-leg, just at the hinge between two joints, there is in the outer joint a semi-circular notch into which the feeler neatly fits, its diameter, according to Cheshire, varying in queen, work-

er, and drone, in accordance with the diameter of the antennæ. Attached to the inner of the two joints is a little cap which, when the limb is bent, closes on to the antennæ and holds it in place in the semi-circular notch, which is provided with comb-like bristles that remove from the antennæ, as it is drawn through the notch, all extraneous particles. More primitive insects, like the cockroach, suck their antennæ or clean them with their mouth-organs. But the mouth-organs of the bee having been specially modified to sip the nectar of flowers, a special antenna-comb has been developed on the fore-limb. And the sensory importance of the organ would seem fully to justify the care which the bee bestows upon it. Huber's description of the distracted condition of a queen whose antennæ had been cut off is quite heart-rending.

I have not by any means exhausted the points of interest which my little friend presents. I have said scarce anything about the tongue with which she sips the nectar of flowers; nothing of the manner in which this nectar is converted into honey; nothing of the beautiful petal-mouthed honey-sac. I have scarcely alluded to the delicate hooks which serve to connect the upper and under wings in flight, and have not described the foot-pads and hooklets. I have left unnoticed the pollen-baskets, and made no point of the sting. As to the internal anatomy—the organization of the “squash”—I have not had space to say aught of the delicate nerve-chain, the many-chambered heart, or the air-tubes

which ramify throughout the body and carry oxygen to every part. But perhaps I have said enough to kindle (or rekindle) an interest in the honey-bee, and may now leave the reader, if so he will, to seek fuller information in the writings of Huber, Bevan, Lubbock; in the interesting volume which Mr. Cheshire is now devoting to bees and bee-keeping; or, better still, by a study at first hand of the honey-bee itself.—*Murray's Magazine*.

CURRENT THOUGHT

HORACE GREELEY'S FAVORITE POETS.—Mr. Joel Benton furnishes to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* some pleasant "Reminiscences of Horace Greeley." He says:

"A good many will be surprised to know that Mr. Greeley, whose prose style was directed to the understanding rather than to the imagination, was an ardent admirer and student of the best poets. They will be more surprised to know that his favorite poet was not Pope, or any one like him, but Robert Browning. Swinburne was the next in order, or nearly so. I have heard him, when we were riding together, repeat whole passages from Swinburne's lyrics—those liquid and sonorous ones, like the song of *Dolores*, being employed for this purpose. He seemed to enjoy the verbal melody, too, which was the probable cause of the recitation. My copy of the *Atlanta in Calydon* he retained for a year, in order to find time to acquit himself of it. At the time Mr. William Morris issued the first stout volume of his *Earthly Paradise*, I happened to meet Mr. Greeley on a railroad train, and we sat in the same seat. I had a copy of the book in my hand, and he looked at it with some misgivings as to its dimensions, but soon saw enough of its quality to hope to be able some day to read it. When I told him that it was but a small part of the contemplated work, he exclaimed, 'Oh, Lord!' and gave up, in despair of making the author's acquaintance. Once, at my father's house where I usually entertained him, he

took up a volume of Uhland's poems in the original. He studied out the similarities of some of the words to their English counterparts, and did not hesitate to ask an occasional question when it was necessary. I called his attention to a copy of one of Richter's stories, which was translated; but he had evidently tried this author some time, to his disgust. The style was odious to him. 'Richter,' he said, in substance, 'begins in the clouds, and never gets out of them. His sentences have no conclusion, and lead you nowhere.'"

ARTICULATED AND SIGN LANGUAGE.—"When we wonder," says *Science*, "at the rapidity with which deaf-mutes spell out their words on their fingers, we are apt to feel that this invention has really diminished the disadvantages of this class of persons almost to a minimum. That such is not the case is vividly suggested by the statistics which a teacher of the deaf-mute has had the patience to gather. He has counted the average number of words which a pupil in his school wrote or spelled on the fingers per day, and finds it to be 1,118: the teacher similarly employs 216, but uses signs equivalent to 861 words daily. It has been estimated that a mother talks 27,000 words to her child in a day. Making due allowance for the habit of forming only parts of sentences which the deaf-mutes cultivate, and also for the suggestiveness of the sign-language (which hearing people really also use in the form of an expressional accompaniment), the comparative meagreness of the deaf mute's conversation, and slowness with which his mental food can be brought to him, are plainly evident."

NEWSPAPER SYNDICATES.—Mr. "McLure" furnishes to the *Critic* an account of the origin and progress of "Newspaper Syndicates." He says:

"Less than twenty years ago, Mr. Tillotson who publishes a daily and weekly newspaper in Bolton, England, got a Scotch novelist to furnish him two serial novels per year. The proprietor of a rival Bolton sheet invited the same man to write a serial for him. The novelist at once wrote to Mr. Tillotson for permission to do so, which was refused. He thereupon wrote to Mr. Tillotson that he would expect him to purchase all the stories he wrote. As Mr.

Tillotson would not engage to do so, the novelist wrote a serial for the rival paper. It occurred to Mr. Tillotson that it would be better for eight or ten newspapers to join together, and, instead of each paying a small sum for a story by an unknown writer, to buy with the aggregate amount a novel by a famous author. He made this suggestion to a number of editors, who received it favorably, and empowered him to buy a novel by Miss Braddon. Nine papers agreed to pay £50 each. Miss Braddon's price for a serial was then £600; but in view of the character of the venture she agreed to write one for £450, on condition that her future novels should be paid for at the higher rate. The plan worked so successfully that the syndicate agreed to buy a second novel: but one paper failed and another withdrew, thus leaving a deficiency of £100. Mr. Tillotson wrote to the editors, explaining the circumstances, but only one made up his share of the deficiency; upon which the Bolton publisher, seeing that he was to be held responsible for any loss, determined to take the business into his own hands and make it pay. This he did; and ever since he has published novels by the most famous novelist of England, and now publishes seven or eight of them every year. Three years ago this summer Mr. Tillotson came to America to enlarge his business here; and about the time he was announced to come. Mr. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, arranged for a series of short stories by Bret Harte, Henry James, and W. D. Howells. Several leading newspapers, including the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, and *Chicago Tribune*, I believe, joined Mr. Dana's syndicate. The stories by Mr. Harte and Mr. James were published, but for some reason or other, Mr. Howells's story was never written for the syndicate. At the same time Mr. Tillotson arranged for an extensive service of serials in American newspapers. At that time I was employed in the publishing office of the *Century*, and had access to the magazine's exchanges. I noticed the success of Mr. Dana's plan, and of Mr. Tillot-

son's. It occurred to me that if I could secure short stories from the most popular writers for the *Century* and *Harper's* I could arrange to have them published in eight or ten newspapers simultaneously, each paper paying a small sum. The first story, *A Daring Fiction*, by H. H. Boyesen, was published November 16, 1884. This was followed by stories by J. S. of Dale, Frank R. Stockton, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, J. T. Trowbridge, Julian Hawthorne, H. C. Bunner, Francis Hodgson Burnett, George Parsons Lathrop, Thomas A. Janvier, and other famous short-story writers. In the fall of the same year, Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice, of the *North American Review*, returned from Europe, full of a new scheme—namely, to furnish four or five articles weekly, by the most famous writers in the world, discussing all topics, historical, biographical, scientific, etc. He began his syndicate service with the *New Year*, 1885, but at the end of the year discontinued it. When I began, in November, 1884, I furnished only 5,000 words weekly, in the shape of an original short story. In April, 1885, I increased the service to 15,000 words. During the summer of 1885 I secured three short stories by a new writer, Mr. Harry Harland. Just before I published the first short story by this author, he came to me and said that he thought he would change the signature to Sidney Luska, as he expected to bring out a novel over that name in the fall. I was so struck with the excellence of the short stories, that when I found he was at work on a new serial I arranged to publish it in the syndicate, and began in December to publish *Mrs. Peirada*. This increased my service to 20,000 words weekly. In the fall of '86 I organized a service of general articles, which increased the number to 30,000. The demand for serial stories increasing, I arranged in the spring of 1887 for additional serial novels; so that now I am furnishing over 50,000 words weekly, and am making contracts which will increase the service to nearly 100,000 words."

**PRESENT LIFE AND THOUGHT
IN CHINA.**

AMONG the countries of the distant East, China holds the highest place in the estimation of the Western world. She will certainly keep the position she has won, and it becomes a duty for Western statesmen to make themselves acquainted with her history and resources. The combinations of educated intelligence with vast population, of homogeneousness of race with fertility of production, of excellence of climate with vast mineral resources, unite in giving her a unique position among the Eastern nations.

The Marquis Tseng has told us in vigorous metaphor that China was always powerful, though she did not know it, and that she is now better acquainted than ever before with the realities of her position. She has many skilled diplomatists, who know how to take advantage for her good of the mutual jealousies and fears of the European States. These men study telegrams and read translated leaders from the *Times*. The viceroys and governors serve their country loyally, and rejoice in her prosperity. They appreciate highly the usefulness of political craft, and when the cloud of expected war hangs over the European horizon at any point, they cherish the hope that they may by diplomatic skill make the changed combinations of Western politics subserve the interests of their country. They are better statesmen than they are generals, and they are beginning to enjoy Western politics as an interesting game of skill in which they may take part with every

prospect of success through that unimpassioned Oriental astuteness which is the gift of their race. Europe has six great Powers, America one, and Asia is now aspiring to be recognized, and is recognized, as having one great Power also. War has done China much good by making her sensible of her deficiencies, and showing her how she can best cope with foreign Powers. She is now stronger than she ever was before, and she will become stronger yet. It is quite within her power to increase the number of her trained soldiers, to gain still more aid from the employment of foreign officers, and to strengthen the forts which guard her harbors. It has been proved that Chinese soldiers can meet European soldiers on the field of battle, behave well, and oblige their opponents, after hours of severe fighting, to return to their ships, worn out. Then they have seen them weigh anchor and sail away, leaving China in possession of the territory they coveted. It may on some future occasion be proved that China can also take care of her war-ships when unexpectedly attacked by some foreign enemy. She has now initiated an elaborate system of naval instruction, so that her war-vessels will in future, it is to be hoped, be manned by more competent persons. There is nothing to prevent the command being given to men of energy, promptitude, and courage, whether Chinese or foreign. Should there at some future time be unfortunately another war, China's navy may quite possibly prove able to take care of itself, and inflict loss on those who attack her. If this be the result of

the naval training now being given in the newly established schools, the Government and people of the Middle Kingdom will certainly have made advancement, and considering the experience they have gained in fighting, and their possession of Western artillery, they may be said to be stronger now than they ever were before. But it is unsafe to prophesy. The Chinese fight better on shore than at sea, and they have not yet had a naval hero.

Although the imperial family is Manchoo, and new to China two centuries and a half ago, the patriotism of the viceroys and governors is undoubted; they are animated by a real love for the Government—a love which seems to survive undiminished the severe punishments to which they are, when in fault, sometimes exposed. Their humble submission to chastisement is most remarkable, and loyalty is a virtue which is assiduously cultivated from their earliest youth. The patriotism of the governing class has been conspicuous for a generation in the band of Hoonan patriots who have occupied high positions. The province of Hoonan lies north of Canton and south of the Yang-tze river. Hoolinyi was one of these patriots. He was Governor of Hoo-pei when the Taiping rebellion broke out, and formed the plan by which it was ultimately put down. Tseng-kwo-fan, the first Marquis Tseng, and his son and successor in the marquise, just returned from Europe, and his brother, the Viceroy of Nanking, and another son, treasurer of Kwei-chow, all belong to this band. Another member of it was Kwo-sung-tau, who came as Minis-

ter to England ten years ago. Tso-tsung-tang, who re-conquered Cashgar after a revolt of twenty years, was another. Peng-yii-lin, who was sent to Canton as special commissioner to assist the viceroy in keeping the French away from that important city, is also a member of this band; and so is Yang, the Viceroy of Foochow. These men slowly rose from comparative obscurity, and they have unitedly aided in the enthusiastic endeavor to restore peace to their native country by quelling rebellions, whether Taiping or Mohammedan. There is abundant evidence of the devoted loyalty of such men to the Government. The same may be said of the public men belonging to other provinces, such as the redoubtable Li-hung-chang, viceroy of the metropolitan province, and one of the Grand Secretaries. There is not the least reason for doubting his fidelity even during those years when many foreigners said he was not to be trusted, and was himself planning revolt. Those who spoke thus did not know the man, nor did they understand the country. There is positively no ground for questioning the loyalty of any of the viceroys or governors, and as they are men of tried ability, who have passed through many years of service in inferior posts, by which they have acquired much official experience, they form a staff of useful public servants, who keep the wheels of the State vehicle moving, and avert many a danger threatening the public welfare.

The fact that the Manchoo nation rules the Chinese does not weaken China. The people, and especially the *literati* of China, are loyal to

the imperial family just as if it were Chinese. "The Emperor is to me the donor of literary rank, and his ancestors gave my ancestors literary honors for seven or eight generations. I owe him fealty as the fountain of my honors." Such is a specimen of the way in which they reason, and it is an understood thing that any who, on occasion of a popular rising at any place, may be acting as chief magistrates, must die rather than quit their posts. To talk politics is in common life not allowed. The well-conducted citizen pays his taxes, attends to his own affairs, and avoids criticizing the Government. If he goes to take a cup of tea in a large tea-shop, he sees written up in large characters—"Do not talk politics. The master of the house wishes his customers to avoid such conversation, on his own account as well as on theirs." People will converse of course on political subjects, notwithstanding this injunction, and run the risk of being observed by some one who may report what they have been heard to say, with additions. The daily newspaper, too, is forcing its way as an exciting novelty, and its compact dose of news, local and foreign, is growing into a necessity. But the old system is built up on the absence of political thought as a foundation, and it is considered that this abstinence from criticism of the Government is a duty. Passivity engenders loyalty, as in some countries ignorance is thought to be the mother of devotion. In China a prudent man does not call in question the wisdom of the powers that be. The ancient emperors who ruled badly are criticized. History

holds her balances, and puts each actor on the scene into her scales, to decide what good he has done and what evil; but as to the living, silence is golden.

Certainly, revolutions in Chinese history have been numerous, and the people have more than once shown very strongly the desire to expel foreign dynasties. But the Government has always been despotic, and a change of dynasty is only a change of masters. The good to be gained by an uprising is problematical. The risks to be run by a rebel are overwhelmingly great. The patriotic cry of China for China has its effect only when a rebellion has become powerful enough to maintain order and conduct the literary examinations throughout whole provinces. Then the people have no choice, and they transfer their loyalty to those who have the power. At the beginning of the Ming dynasty, in the fourteenth century, China became intensely patriotic when the Mongol emperors were driven out. In the fury of the people's zeal at that time the Nestorian missions disappeared, and the Roman Catholic churches and fathers in Peking were not again heard of. It was not that the religion they taught was hated; the people hated its foreign origin. In the twelfth century the population in North China were loyal to the Golden dynasty, which was Tartar; while South China was loyal to a native imperial family. Treaties of peace were made at that time with the imperial title of the emperors the same for the two countries, and written at the same height on the paper. The patriotism of China for China did not at

that time lead many of the northern people to travel to South China, and reside there rather than live under foreign masters; but there were some such, and among others we hear of the hereditary dukes, the descendants of Confucius, having done this. The remaining descendants of the sage remained in their old home under the Tartar dynasty, and one of them was made a duke, to keep up the sacrifices. During this period the *manes* of Confucius received double honors under the fostering patronage of the two emperors, Chinese and foreign. The Chinese practically do not distinguish the Manchoo empire in their thoughts from the Chinese empire. Their patriotic feeling is one and undivided. The Taipings thirty years ago failed to attract the sympathy of the well-dressed classes in any part of China. They raised the cry of China for China entirely without success. The religion of the Taipings was foreign, and the hearts of the people remained with the Manchongs, who have consistently maintained the institutions and religion of China. That the Chinese show not the least desire to expel the Tartar dynasty, and have remained faithful to it through the foreign wars and the native rebellions of the last half-century, proves that China is an undivided unit and has a genuine loyalty to the reigning family. This ought to be understood by the European observer who would estimate accurately the extent and stability of Chinese power.

Five-and-thirty years have passed since the Taiping rebellion commenced in China. They have been mostly years of weakness and dis-

order. A new period of prosperity has, however, now begun its course, and the cessation of the Chinese Emperor's minority just at this time will have caused many eyes to be directed to that country which has so lately entered into diplomatic relations in a regular manner with all the great powers of the West. The rebellions which have weakened it are at an end, and China is now a great Asiatic Power. It is the time to take a nearer view.

On February 7th, 1887, at nine o'clock in the morning, the young monarch of that country, just fifteen years and a half old, was present at a special ceremony in the great hall of audience, where he received the homage of about four hundred of the princes, nobility, and officers of State, on the occasion of his personally undertaking for the first time the responsibility of the government. The Empress Regent last summer fixed this early time for the Emperor's attaining his majority under the impression that he had shown great diligence and made great progress in his studies, and that the termination of difficulties with France afforded a suitable opportunity for her to resign to him the reins of power. Her decision caused great trepidation to the Ministers. It seemed too soon. The Empress's wisdom and experience were still needed in the conduct of the government. A compromise was proposed and adopted, and in consequence the Emperor—whose imperial name is Kwang-hsi—has assumed personal authority, but the Empress assists still in the government as the Emperor's chief adviser.

The Tai-ho-tien, where the ceremony of installation took place, is the same lofty hall in which the Emperor receives the homage of his Court on New Year's Day and on other special occasions. His personal suite surround him at such times. Four secretaries stand on the right, holding pencils and tablets to record what the Emperor may say. On each side there is a band of musicians, outside the hall door, on the broad marble terrace which fronts it. The music is soft and low. Voices accompany sweet-tuned instruments, and the words chanted express congratulation. Loud sounds are not permitted. Below the terrace are arrayed the courtiers according to rank, including on this occasion none but those of high grades; and beyond them are more musicians. These last make louder sounds than are permitted on the terrace. Beyond them, again, and outside the palace gate, are assembled officers of the lower ranks, who there perform their protestations. It is not considered necessary for them to see the Emperor; it is enough to know that he is on the throne, and this fact the strains of the louder music heard in the distance announce to them. On this occasion the Marquis Tseng, who has become so well known and esteemed in Europe for his ability and diplomatic success, was placed high among the near and the favored. To render the new Emperor's title valid in all respects, all was done that could be done at the time when he was selected. When it was felt that the late Emperor's illness was beyond cure the Grand Council was called. This consists

of princes, nobles, and the chief members of the Government. Four sons of Tankwang and uncles of the last Emperor were present. Eight hereditary princes, whose titles were given to their forefathers 250 years ago, at the conquest, for their services as generals and councillors, were all there. So also were several of the second and third class of princes, with the Cabinet and the heads of the six Boards. Though the majority were Manchos, a not inconsiderable number, and these very influential persons, were Chinese. The question of the succession was considered in all its bearings. The Emperor was too ill to make a will, but a will might be made for him, and it might be read to him and his consent obtained. This was done. The Empress-dowager named Tsai-tien, son of the seventh prince, her younger sister's first-born. The dying Emperor is said to have given his consent. The document fixing the succession, approved by the Emperor, but not written with the vermilion pencil, was read to the Council. All the members of the Council signed a document by which they signified their recognition of the new Emperor. When this had been done the ninth prince went in his chair to bring his little nephew, which he did, carrying him upon his knee. The Emperor will not now be able to recollect what took place that night, for he was but three years and a half old. It was a very cold night in January. His father's residence was in the south-west of the Tartar city, fully two miles and a half from the palace. It was late at night. The little fellow would be

is easily fixed and as easily violated. Russia is more likely to cross the river boundaries than those which consist of lofty mountain chains. All along these lines China is busy strengthening her position. By the last *Gazettes*, which contained a report of the defence expenditure of the three eastern provinces stretching from the Amour River to the Newchwang, Port Arthur, and Corea, it appears that it is under the new Naval Board, and that £216,000 sterling per annum is the total outlay. For this sum about 5,000 men, drilled in foreign fashion, are maintained in each of the three provinces. They have sixty Krupp guns under their charge, twenty in each province. In future a million taels will be required annually for this item—that is about £250,000. The necessary quarter of a million for frontier defence in the Manchurian provinces will, for the present at least, be supplied from the foreign customs revenue. A change is being made in the administration of the three Manchurian provinces. The Chinese emigrant farm-workers, attracted by the fertility of the soil, have increased so much that the normal civil system of China proper is in course of rapid establishment there. Each military governor is now required to discharge the duties of the corresponding civil office. Under him are a certain number of magistrates, who control prefectures and arrondissements. It is easy to foresee that the old military system of Manchuria and Mongolia will be greatly modified, and almost replaced, by a system whose main features are the use of foreign drill

and European cannon, and a regular expenditure for frontier defence from the receipts of the foreign customs.

In Chinese Turkestan similar changes have taken place. Surrounded on three sides by mountains, this region is protected from foreign invasion by difficulties like those which opposed themselves to Hannibal and Napoleon when they marched across the Alps into Italy. This renders the task of defence easier. Here also the civil administration of China proper has been introduced, of which a tax on agriculture is the basis. The grass land of Mongolia is here exchanged in many places for fertile gardens and cornfields. The aim of the Government is to make all the outlying provinces as much like China as possible. As emigrants press in year by year, the population increases, till the fitting moment has arrived for the establishment of the civil and military examinations, and this completes the transformation of agricultural Tartary to the Chinese type. An admirable method of cheapening military expenditures is that of military colonies. Soldiers cultivate the soil as part of their duties; the receipts and expenditure of military farming districts are a part of the official accounts. By this system lands that once lay waste are brought under cultivation, and the soldier maintains the industrious habits of his youth, while there is a force ready for immediate action should there be either a rebellion or a foreign invasion. The criminal administration is made to dovetail with this official colonization. Criminals sentenced to transport.

tion are conveyed to some locality where waste land is capable of cultivation. Their wives and children accompany them. They have land, grain, and a cow lent to them, and when the crops are gathered they account for these loans, and pay what is demanded. The Government allows their families to accompany them in their distant exile, that they may not run away, and is thus able to prevent their either escaping the full term of their penalty or cheating the Government of the autumn dues. This system of military colonies dates from before the Christian era, when the Chinese first conquered Turkestan.

A great impulse has been given to emigration from North China to the fertile lands north-east and north and north-west of the Great Wall by the great famine of 1876, and by the rebellions of the last thirty years. The floods of the Yellow River have also driven multitudes to seek a peaceful home in the rich valleys of the north. They can be reached in a few days by pedestrians walking with packs on their backs in groups of three, five, or more. After a few months, having earned something in a land of plenty, the emigrants return to remove their families to the new home in the wilderness. This work of colonizing the extensive tracts of fertile land which exist beyond the Great Wall must go on increasing so long as peace shall continue. Naturally the policy of China is definitely expansive in this respect. The Government fosters emigration, and loses no time in appointing governors to new cities and provinces. For a time the colonies are

under military law. Civil law follows, with the system of literary degrees and official distinctions. The Marquis Tseng says, in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* for January, that "in Manchuria, Mongolia, and Chinese Turkestan there are immense tracts of country which have never felt the touch of the husbandman." It is just in these tracts into which the surplus population of China's northern provinces is now pressing so rapidly that the Government is fast completing the change from military to civil administration. Thus China is positively becoming stronger in her possessions in Tartary by their growing population and assimilation to her provinces at home. This is a set-off to famines and war, and if the Government is successful in preserving internal peace, the northern provinces will recover after a few years the old figures at which they stood in the population lists. The quickness with which the population returns rise and fall is a striking fact in Chinese history. However great their losses may be, the Chinese are morally certain to recoup them in a very few decades, on account of the salubrity of the country and the self-maintaining physique of the race. The eighteen provinces become twenty-one, if we include Manchuria, where the Chinese are now the largest element of the population. The new large Turkish province will make the number twenty-two, and some think Corea will soon become a twenty-third province.

This brings us to the present attitude of China in regard to Corea and Japan. Corea was incorpo-

rated into the empire in the second century before Christ, and again in the seventh century. The Koreans speak a language half of which is their own and half Chinese. The same is true of the Japanese. Both nations long ago adopted the Chinese educational system. The Korean population includes, like that of Tung-king, a very large Chinese element, the residuum from early emigration. But the grammar of the native tongue in Korea and in Japan has kept its place; while the vocabulary of Chinese civilization in all its fulness, with the printers, painters, umbrella-makers, silk-weavers, tea-cultivators, lacquer-makers, junk-builders, wine and toy-manufacturers, as well as the books and mechanical implements of China have made the social economy of those countries what they now are. Korea is legally subordinate to China; her king is a vassal of the Manchoo dynasty, and he and his queen receive their investiture from China. Japan has taken Loochoo, once a Chinese vassal State. France has taken Tung king, another vassal State. England has taken Burmah, and will send the decennial embassy to keep up an old form; but China will retain no power there. Only Korea remains. Geographically, Korea ought to belong to China, if China were able to keep it. But China has enough to do in taking care of her own coast-line. It may be questioned if she would be acting wisely in assuming a new responsibility, involving a long additional coast-line, with some six harbors to protect. But *prestige* favors China. Korea fears and respects her; and history and near

neighborhood have linked the lesser and greater nationalities together from time immemorial. As to Korea herself, she has no power to say yes or no. She is a ball tossed between rival players, and is helpless for attack or defence. But her hope ought to be directed to Western civilization. It is not China that can do Korea much good. She had better be a neutral State, and facilities ought to be afforded to Europeans to work her coal, copper, and iron deposits, which are very abundant, with Western capital and appliances. Korea could then be brought into a flourishing condition. The great coal deposits of North China are continued under the Peking plain through Korea into Japan, and this fact ensures Korea's future prosperity.

The customs department in Korea is now made a branch of that of China. This shows that the absorption of Korea by China is not unlikely, for it multiplies the links which connect the two countries. The amount of revenue derived from the foreign customs in Korea during nine months of last year was 130,000 dollars. Subtracting the cost of the collecting service, the Korean Government would receive three-fourths of this sum. At Seoul, considering the unquestioned poverty of the country, this sum will not be considered small. During the same period the number of Japanese passengers arriving in Korea by steamer was greater by 400 than the number of those who left; showing that about 500 Japanese are at present each year taking up their abode in Korea to gain a livelihood. Very few Chinese go

there, and it may be concluded from present signs that the trade of Japan with Corea will steadily increase, while the progress of maritime trade between China and Corea will be slow. There is, however, an old-established land-trade between Corea and Peking, and with the Manchurian cities on the route, which may account in part for the small amount of Chinese trade at the newly opened ports of Corea. China receives an annual embassy from Corea, and traders accompany the mission. She also gives them her almanac, and on the accession of a new king or queen sends an embassy to invest them with their titles.

At present Corea is exporting gold to Japan at the rate of nearly a million dollars' worth in a year. To China, by land, she exports a very good stout paper made of bark, which bears the same relation to Chinese paper which stout grey shirtings do to thin calico. She also exports ginseng and other medicines, native calicoes and miscellaneous articles. Her staples at the open ports are bones, cow-hides, and beans. The foreign articles her people like best are grey shirtings, lawns, muslins, and kerosene oil. A new policy needs to be inaugurated in Corea which would allow mines to be worked. It will then become possible for her to export the metals and coal which are now hidden beneath her soil, the source of riches in the future.

China is now happily at peace with Japan, after some months of troublesome negotiations arising out of the painful event of last year at Nagasaki, when lives were lost in a quarrel between Japanese and a

party from a Chinese ship of war on shore at that place. China has lost Loochoo, her most distant dependency, through the action of the Japanese in taking possession of that archipelago without leave. But she has learned to feel that it is better to allow Japan, as matters stand, to retain that insignificant kingdom. The fear of war on account of the Japanese invasion of Formosa was averted by the mediation of the former British Minister to China, Sir Thomas Wade. An indemnity paid by China of half a million dollars secured peace. These two Powers were glad not to be obliged to fight longer, and this is a good omen. Only in Corea are these nationalities likely to come into collision, and there the presence of the various foreign representatives will tend to maintain harmony. China stands always in need of Japanese copper, lacquer-ware, coal, vegetables, wax, and sea-weed. At Chinese ports the imports from Japan are just at present, as compared with exports to Japan, as ten to three in value. The Japanese do not need silk or tea, and they receive gold and silver instead. The whole foreign trade of China is valued at 150,000,000 taels. Out of this amount seven millions is the value of Japanese trade, and twelve millions that of the United States. The Japanese trade has increased a million in eight years. It is with Japan as with India. China produces little that either of these countries wants. All three countries produce rice and wheat. The Japanese would be better for more wheat, for they have not the physical endurance of the Chinese. If they import

ed wheat from China, it would be well for them; as also mutton, to take the place of fish. Sheep will not live in Japan, but the Japanese might use Chinese mutton. This would tend to equalize trade and give more stability to their physical constitution. Before the treaties the Japanese trade with China was a mere shadow. Three centuries ago the Japanese came year by year in pirate fleets to ravage the coast of China. Now there is an increasing trade between the countries, and very satisfactory diplomatic intercourse at Tokio and Peking; commercial intercourse is regulated at the ports by the presence of consuls. The general effect of all this is decidedly in favor of peace. Every year makes the quiet of the future more assured. China and Japan are learning to live by treaties and the rules of international law, just as if they were Western States. Japan especially benefits by foreign trade, because she will have nothing to do with opium. As an island empire should do, she increases annually her ships and her trade. In tonnage dues last year at Chinese ports she paid more than any country except Germany, America, and England. In the amount of duties on her cargoes, England, France, and Germany alone surpassed her, and she paid more than Russia or the United States. Considering that Japan does not require Chinese tea, whereas all these great Powers need immense quantities of it, this fact shows a healthy condition in Japanese trade. Besides this, Christian missions in China and Japan show steady progress, and that progress has been increasingly

rapid of late years. There is good reason, then, to expect the maintenance of peace, and increasing commercial prosperity in both empires, for the energies of the people are finding new channels of action, and just in proportion to the enlarged scope for their activities will be the diminution of insurrectionary and lawless tendencies of every kind.

China's position in regard to the Western Powers since 1842 is an entirely new departure in her history. Her Ministers sit with the diplomatists of Europe in the same council chambers, as equals with equals. This change must have a vast influence on her in coming times. She is too strong not to be respected. Her population is too great and her civilization too advanced to admit of her being subdued by an invading army; at least, no one at present is thinking of attempting it, and each year sees China growing stronger; so that the other Powers, whether in Asia, or farther away, will be still less likely to attempt it at any future time. It is a great advantage to her that she has a literally inexhaustible supply of soldiers, and that, to meet the expense of foreign drill, she has nearly five million pounds sterling, which the foreign trade will now yield under the new arrangements. This includes the collection by the foreign custom-houses of the tax now agreed on—viz., £15 per cwt., or more exactly eighty taels per picul—on foreign opium. This sum, collected for her by the foreign customs service on the fringe of her empire, helps her to defend that fringe from the attacks of a foreign foe. But she

has treaties with all the Powers whose ships come to her shores. She has accepted international law as it has been elaborated by Western jurists. So far as documents and signatures can tie and fetter a nation, China is now as much tied and fettered as any other power; and, as Mr. Burlingame said nearly twenty years ago, she has really joined the comity of nations. At that time China chose an eloquent American to be her mouth-piece, and he resigned his post as the United States Minister to China in order to serve her. Now she has her own diplomatist, the Marquis Tseng, who has, like Mr. Burlingame, also adopted a flowery style when laying his views before the European public. Mr. Burlingame said nothing of China's power, but the Marquis Tseng thinks it well to make a point of this, while he seeks to show that she will not make use of her power to conquer the territory of her neighbors. That is to say, she has consented to be tied by treaties, and will not break loose with unexpected violence from the obligations she has accepted. Every new treaty between China and a foreign Power gives new evidence that China is becoming accustomed to live in the new atmosphere of foreign law with which she is now surrounded. Steam and the telegraph have made Peking and Shanghai nearer to London than Cairo and Alexandria were in the days of our grandfathers. China, therefore, instead of being, as then, a sort of unknown Neptune in the solar system of politics, has become a known factor, whose powers can be esti-

mated, whose opinions can be foreseen, and whose sympathy can be secured by fair dealing and wise judgment.

Towards France, if she bears any malice, she has discreetly concealed it, and French residents in China were during the short war of 1885 in no way disturbed. The sale by the Pope of the Peking Cathedral to the Chinese Government, with the consent of France, has greatly pleased the Court; and the French clergy in Peking are in the possession of high honors, conferred most cheerfully by the Chinese. Tung-king has in earlier times been for centuries together a part of China, and has been repeatedly divided into prefectures and arrondissements. China really had always a fancy for Tung-king. In an atlas printed at Hankow in the year 1863 under the direction of the patriotic governor Hoo-lyni, the kingdom of Tung-king is carefully included as a part of the empire, and is in the same category with the islands of Formosa and Hainan. This atlas was published in the last year of the Taiping rebellion, and it shows that this governor never lost heart even in dark times, and that while he was planning the restoration of peace and order along the Yang-tze river, he was also hoping to see the glory of the Han dynasty of eighteen hundred years ago restored in the annexation of Tung-king. But each war extinguishes the hopes of some enthusiasts, and the war with France has drawn a line which checks the aspirations of the patriotic who desired to see China's boundaries extending on the south. The settlement with France is made

much more satisfactory and secure by the cession of the cathedral. This restoration of an emperor's gift need never have been made if, twenty years ago, when it was rebuilt after a fire, its two towers had not been raised too high. This was a cause of irritation to the imperial family during all the intervening years. As they walked in the palace grounds or were rowed in boats on the lake, they seemed to be in the shadow of demon forms. Two lofty symmetrical towers surmounting a church, whose pointed arches periodically re-echo the mellifluous sounds of organ music and the solemn chant of worship, should rather be viewed as a lovely ornament; but the imperial family and the high mandarinates of China saw in them the symbols of intrusion and dangerous proximity. The Eastern imagination finds evil portents anywhere; and France, with her soldiers and her delicate sensitiveness, was always in these towers looking down upon them from a position of superiority. This feeling has now been removed, and the church, it is thought, will remain an architectural ornament only to the palace grounds. The new cathedral will be half a mile away, and the height, which it may not exceed, is limited expressly in the Empress's edict announcing the cession of the cathedral. The Court of Peking breathed freely after long suspense, when at last the long negotiations with France, the Pope, and the clergy were happily concluded. The question of the French missions remains, and it cannot be determined previously by diplomacy, because the time,

place, and circumstances of anti-foreign riots cannot be foreseen. The Government finds it hard to control popular frenzy arising from ignorance and superstition and a blind hatred of everything not Chinese. Lately at Chung-king the riot directed its fury against French, English, and American subjects without discrimination. The same thing has happened frequently before. One riot brings the Ministers of three or four countries at once with their complaints to the doors of the Yamen for Foreign Affairs. That Board has a hard time on such occasions. Indemnities are promised. Responsibility is recognized. The stupid violence of the people is admitted freely. But while all this has been done, what is most regrettable is that the same thing may occur again at any time in some new locality which before was tranquil. China has legislation against seditious gatherings and religious sects meeting in secret. Death and banishment are freely dealt out to offenders against the laws proscribing certain objectionable sects; but there is no Riot Act, and it is not made the duty by law of the local magistrates or citizens to help in suppressing the proceedings of a mob attacking foreign residents. Hence a popular rising against foreigners and their property rages on unrestrained by the executive. The sympathy of the richer classes is more with the mob than with the foreigners. The mischief comes to a head, and bursts upon a few helpless victims, and the country loses the amount of the indemnity because the local executive is powerless. In the

Chinese Statute-book there ought to be a section defining the culpability and punishment of local officers when neglecting to give the protection needed by foreigners in these emergencies, and guaranteed to them by the treaties.

The missionary enterprises of Catholics and Protestants in China share, and ought to share, like other peaceable activities of man in society, in the protection of the law. Chinese law has now been enlarged by recognition, on the part of the Chinese Government, of those parts of the European international law which guard commerce and religion from unjust hindrance and interference.

If missionaries had not been already at work in China when the treaties were made, the interests of merchants only would have been consulted; but happily it is now a fact, from which diplomacy cannot on either side retreat, that foreign residents for teaching religion and science, and travellers seeking to increase human knowledge, are now all of them under the ægis of the treaties. All the treaty Powers having any considerable amount of trade with China have also missionaries in that country, in whose protection their accredited representatives at the Chinese Court are naturally interested. It is well for China — a Power embracing many religions and nationalities — that the treaties have been made on a liberal basis, and that they engage the Chinese Government to respect the religious opinions of native Christians. Missionary operations it is impossible to repress, and the popular ignorance of China shows the paramount need

of teaching the simple truths of science in that country. This is done to no small extent in the schools and publications of the missions. In this way China is greatly benefited, and in course of time, as the spread of knowledge loosens the hold of superstition on the people, they will, it is to be hoped, be cured of this tendency to burn and destroy on a sudden impulse. The task of governing them will then become easier, and the advantage accruing to the governing classes by the operations of the missionary societies will be recognized, just as fully as it is at the present time in India, in the official statements of many public men who have had a wide knowledge of the effects of Christian missions in educating and elevating public opinion in that peninsula.

The feeling of China towards England has visibly improved. After all the mischief done by opium to China, her statesmen have none the less been quick to perceive that friendly relations with England should be cultivated. The Emperor Taou-kwang tried to put down the habit of opium-smoking by law, and failed, on account of the wretched love of the opium-smoker, for the gratification of which he suffers the pernicious effects. The former Minister to England, Kwo-sung-tau, and the lately returned Minister, Tseng-kitsch, sent home detailed and sympathetic reports of England, which were printed and widely read. England's consent to a collection of a high duty on opium, after long hesitation, was very pleasing to the Government. The habit of opium-smoking it was impossible

to repress by law, and in the circumstances it was considered better to admit Indian opium at a high duty than at a low one. The Government has made no serious and persistent effort to stamp out the native growth of the poppy, nor does it show at present any approach to a new policy in that respect. The cure of opium-smoking must be effected now by moral means. The opium revenue the Chinese Government value too much to abandon. They think it necessary for coast defence, and so pressing is this object that they are now planning railways as a source of revenue to meet the same need. Sixty per cent. from the receipts of railways, when made, is talked about as a convenient addition to the sum required for national defence, military and naval. The people themselves have societies the members of which avoid opium-smoking, tobacco-smoking, spirits and wine, just as they have also vegetarian societies. To this native propaganda are to be added the efforts of Christian missionaries to promote the abandonment of opium-smoking. The spread of a moral crusade against opium-smoking will be in proportion to the extension of the mission, and the Government will necessarily regard the Christian missionary as a helper in promoting social morality. The Government is busily engaged with other things, but the time must come when they will attend to this matter of native-grown opium. The opium question is perhaps becoming less a political question than a moral one. The harm done by opium-smoking in South Burmah while under British

rule is opening the eyes of Indian statesmen to the necessity of restricting the supply of this dangerous commodity, and thus they are likely to appreciate better the views held by all the Chinese, high and low, who desire the welfare of their fellow-men and their country. The opium required by China from foreign countries has been during the last five years about 65,000 piculs annually, reaching the portentous amount of 8,700,000 lbs. There are no present signs of decided diminution of the import through the enormous spread of the native production, which is now estimated to be three or four times as much in quantity as the foreign article.

The position of England in the trade with China is a security for the continuance of friendly relations between the two countries. The trade with China of Great Britain and Hongkong reached in 1885 a total of about a hundred million taels, or £26,000,000; while the trade of China with all the rest of the world was about half that amount. One million piculs of tea went from China to Great Britain, and another million to the rest of the world. Out of twenty-three thousand entrances of ships and steamers into Chinese ports, thirteen thousand were British. China receives, therefore, from Great Britain more than half of the revenue derived from her foreign customs establishment. If the revenue be assumed to be levied evenly on the trade, China receives from Great Britain annually more than two millions sterling.

This amount of revenue derived by China from British trade has operated, and must continue to op-

erate, in promoting friendliness towards England on the part of the Chinese Government. Suppose, for example, that the course of action indicated by the Marquis Tseng in "The Sleep and the Awakening," respecting the unfairness of the treaties in some points, were to be adopted by the Chinese Government, when the time comes for a revision of the treaty with Great Britain, great difficulties would spring up. Great Britain would be unwilling to place Englishmen at the mercy of Chinese courts of justice, where, in the absence of evidence sufficient to convict an accused man, he is beaten to force confession. China must first reform her criminal procedure. Railways have taken a long time, and will still require some time before they are constructed. The reformation of the criminal procedure will require a longer time yet. So also it would not be easy to abandon the principle of concessions of land for foreign settlements at Shanghai and other ports. The civilized European must have a civilized house and garden. Settlements like Shanghai must have their own police to patrol the streets and maintain order. Will the Chinese be prepared at the decennial revision of the British treaty to give municipal privileges, to engage judges trained in European law to try causes, and take over the duties and responsibilities of the Supreme Court of China and Japan? The answer is self-evident. They will not dream of doing so. It must be many years before they will be able to conduct judicial proceedings where the accused belong to any of the treaty Powers. Consequent-

ly the treaties must in these two points—extra-territoriality and concessions of land for mercantile settlements at open ports—remain unchanged. This is sufficiently obvious, and there is no likelihood that the Marquis Tseng, in saying these things, was acting in pursuance of instructions. He wishes his country and its government and people to be just, civilized, powerful, and free. He would like China to have incorruptible judges, human laws, and improved education. He claims for this ideal China an abstract right to the same privileges which the highly civilized Powers of the West award to each other. On these points he thinks as a Western man, and adopts an energy of phrase which is in fact more Occidental than seems quite befitting to a son of Han.

The movement of China at the present time is a slow assimilation to the European type. She has always studied politics, and she has had political writers from the time of Confucius till now. Her high ethical school of conservatism is opposed to free trade, and in favor of exclusiveness and isolation. The system of Confucius tends in this direction. She has also had her free trade school, the levelling of classes, and the development of international politics by the division of her territory into smaller States. She is now retreating from the attitude of exclusiveness and the affectation of superiority, and is adopting *ex animo* the language and attitude of a Western Power. Her sentiments are becoming liberal, and her laws and institutions are in a fair way to be ameliorated. China, of all Asiatic

countries, is the only one except Japan that has made a study of politics. Japan solved her great problem a quarter of a century ago, and was led to do so by foreign trade. The impact of foreign commerce on her shores communicated a thrill which stirred her to reflection, and in a very short time her irrational system of two centres and dual politics was exchanged for mono-centric government. The phrase, "the sleep and the awakening," may then be better applied to Japan than to China. But China is awakening too. The process is slower, however, and she lacks the youthful and impressive vigor of her island neighbor.

The advantage of the Chinese which enables them to maintain their autonomy, which the Hindoos have not been able to do, is not only homogeneity of race, but the habit of historical study and political thinking, which are foreign to the Hindoo mind. Her experienced councillors can therefore adapt themselves to the situation at the crisis brought on by the expansion of European trade. Are the Europeans traders? She herself is also devotedly fond of trading. Have they laws which control trade? So has she, and she has been accustomed for two thousand years to frame regulations, as they were required, for the control of such matters. At first when foreign traders came she made some absurd rules, the time for which has gone by, and she has had the wisdom to adopt foreign ideas and improve her theories and her practice.

There can be no two opinions as to the main objects of contemporary

Chinese politics. China is determined to maintain her autonomic position and her prestige by the untold riches of her mines and the inexhaustible reserve of men who can be trained to fight. She is pursuing this course, as the Marquis says, with peaceful intentions. She cannot stop the foreign trade, and she would not do so if she could, because of the money it yields to increase her revenue. She will not part with the useful funds which help her to strengthen her forts and to drill her forces. The sum she gains is not in itself so very large, but it is to her at present indispensable, and all her hope is now in foreign drill, in railways, in mines, to be worked in foreign ways; in science, to be studied with the help of foreign professors. She is in fact entering on the adoption of a foreign *regime* in these respects just as certainly as Japan, but she takes a longer time to make the change.—A RESIDENT IN PEKING, in *The Contemporary Review*.

GREAT MEN AND EVOLUTION.

DURING the present century, there can be no manner of doubt the study of history has made almost incalculable progress, and this not only with regard to the sifting and collection of facts, but the kind of facts that the historian collects and deals with. Nor are the results of such progress confined to the world of students. In a general way they are shared by every educated person; and beliefs and conceptions which our grandfathers gravely accepted, schoolboys now would

smile at for their obvious falsehood or insufficiency. Our complaint against modern science, as dealing with such subjects, has nothing to do with its record or its arrangement of events; it has to do, and it has to do only, with its theory of the forces, of which these events are the expression.

Now the old theory—if indeed we can give the name to a view which was merely that of almost unconscious instinct—the old theory was, that the great events of history were almost entirely caused by what are called “historical characters;” that these appear on the scene, perhaps by God’s will, but humanly speaking by accident, much as the hero, the heroine, and the villain in a novel do; and that of society in general there was not much to chronicle, except in so far as these historical characters affected it.

This theory, as originally held, was no doubt almost childish in its insufficiency. Indeed we may say that, by a kind of aggressive helplessness, it invited some other to knock it down and supplant it. Nor was such another wanting. Modern science supplied it, and ushered it in with a flourish of intellectual trumpets, and a chorus of philosophers singing “*ga ira*” in honor of it. This new theory was the very reverse of the former; indeed it was the former, simply turned upside down. Instead of regarding society as shaped by historical characters, it declared that historical characters were merely the creatures of society. They were, so to speak, samples of the article which the age was manufacturing wholesale, and were se-

lected for exhibition in the shop-windows of time, merely because they chanced to have a little extra finish. Cæsar, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Napoleon, for instance, were but so many “exhibits” of what progress was doing for men in general. This theory, for most of those who promulgated it, had many conspicuous advantages. In especial it was calculated to make the Christian religion ludicrous, without the utterance of so much as a single sarcasm; and was in this way a great advance over that which it superseded. That religion, when the old theory was in vogue, had been ascribed by the Rationalists to imposture on the part of its Founder. But this view of the matter had two signal inconveniences. It reduced indeed the Being who was revered as divine and holy to a mere man, and also a very bad man; but it also left him a man superhumanly powerful. But both these conclusions were embarrassed by two circumstances—that the first ran counter to all historical evidence, and the second ran counter to all rationalistic philosophy. The exact thinkers therefore found it a great improvement in their argument to invert them simply in the way we have just alluded to; and instead of maintaining that the Founder of Christianity was a bad man who had influenced all subsequent history, to maintain that he was a good man who was the product of all previous history.

This theory was perhaps more plausible than the other; but it was in reality equally crude and childish. It was only more plausible, because its meaning was less intel-

ligible, just as a baby in swaddling-clothes, if turned upside down, might, at a first glance, be not obviously a baby.

"The inequalities of the intellect," says Macaulay, "like the inequalities of the surface of the globe, have so small a proportion to the mass, that, in calculating its great revolutions, it may safely be neglected. The sun illuminates the hills, while it is below the horizon; and truth is discovered by the higher minds, a little before it is manifested to the multitude. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and reflect a light which, *without their assistance, must* in short time be visible to those who lie far beneath them."

That is to say, according to this philosophy, a man of genius is merely a common man in a hurry; and the hurry carries him so little ahead of his fellows, and produces altogether such exceedingly small results, that the exact thinker is able to "safely neglect it." Lord Macaulay, when he published his *History*, was only divulging a series of historical secrets, which every man in the street could have soon perceived for himself, without the assistance of any historian whatever. The head of a match is but first in striking a light, which without its assistance must in a short time have appeared amongst the paper in the grate. Surely this is silly sooth in good earnest; and yet it was, owing to certain reasons, widely welcomed as a profound scientific discovery.

These reasons we have already glanced at. One of them was that there are a large number of people to whom everything seems profound which implicitly discredits Christianity; another, that childish as the new view was, it was a pro-

test against a view whose childishness was even more demonstrable; and it lends itself readily to expression in an imposing scientific terminology. It would, however, probably have been long ago found out, if it had not been for a further theory or discovery, which though originally applied to one set of facts only, has perhaps influenced, more than any other, the entire domain of modern scientific thought. We mean the theory, as it is comprehensively called, of Evolution, which is specially associated with the illustrious name of Darwin. First put forward as an explanation of the origin of species, it has gradually, with various ingenious modifications, been applied to the explanation of nearly all existing things. It began with telling us how man lost his tail; it went on to tell us how man acquired his conscience; and then invading the regions of written history, it set itself to deal with the vicissitudes of races and civilizations. The meagre theory already in possession of the field lost no time in adopting this new coadjutor, and suddenly found itself reinforced with a fresh contingent of arguments. The doctrine that events moulded historical characters, and that historical character had nothing to do with moulding events, was illustrated by analogies from every department of science. Such phrases as "the age" and "the individual," were supplied with imposing aliases, and reappeared as the "organism" and the "environment;" and what, if stated in plain language, would have been soon seen to be an absurdity, has been, by a species of intellectual

jobbery. imposed on the world as the key to all history.

Nor has its influence remained merely speculative, or subversive only of our old faiths and philosophies. Of late years it has become more directly practical, and having been identified with the abstract negations of Atheism, has at length appeared as the basis of extreme democracy and of Socialism. The same theory, that is fatal to the divine origin of Christianity, is fatal to the power of any monarch or aristocracy. Just as, according to the modern sociologist, history instead of having been moulded by historical characters, represents simply the spontaneous evolutions of society, so, according to the modern democratic reformers, government represents simply the spontaneous will of the people. Vague as this theory sounds, when stated in general terms, it is yet capable of producing the most definite and the most mischievous results; and the effect in the world of politics is even more marked than in theology. Many persons, who are evolutionists in all secular matters, contrive to save certain cherished religious convictions in a little ark of reverent logical inconsistencies; but when they come to matters of daily life, they are unable or unwilling to construct a similar life-boat; and thus on all sides we see people of various schools of thought, some with a dull reluctance, some with an excitable eagerness, adopting conclusions, and recommending courses of action, which sixty years ago would have stamped them as insane or imbecile. The phenomena we are alluding to—at once melan-

choly, alarming, and ridiculous—can be best indicated by a mention of their commonest forms. These are first, the cringing and apologetic attitude so often adopted by the few, when they address or speak of the many; secondly, the accompanying development in the minds of the many of exaggerated expectations, and a false sense of self-sufficiency; and lastly, and worst of all, a kind of political fatalism, which sometimes results in an acquiescence in impossible and demoralizing hopes, and sometimes in a contemptible surrender to perfectly preventible disaster. This last at the present moment is especially brought home to us, by the attitude of men like Mr. John Morley with regard to the Irish question. We mention the name of this gentleman in particular, because his party consider him not only one of their statesmen, but also as their keenest and most philosophic thinker; and all that his philosophy can teach him, where he is confronted by a practical difficulty, is to clothe the confession "I am helpless" in a grim academic jargon, till it looks like a lost child in its grandfather's tail-coat. The simile may perhaps seem too flip-pant for the occasion; but we would remind the reader, that many of the most dangerous falsehoods, when calmly viewed, are the most abject and most ludicrous also; and bad as it is to underrate the strength of an enemy, it is well to divest it of any superstitious terrors. For ourselves, however, we need no such apologies. Instead of underrating the danger of Mr. Morley's philosophy, its danger is the very point which we are most earnestly in-

sisting on. Summed up in few words, his philosophy, which is that of contemporary science generally, may be set forth in the two following propositions, which would be enough, if acted on, to ruin all national life, and sap the foundations of all progress and civilization:—*first*, that the many can do without the few; and *secondly*, that the few can do nothing of importance for the many.

It is high time that this mischievous fallacy should meet with the exposure which it so richly merits; and not only merits, but requires. We use the word *requires* advisedly, and for the following reason:—This fallacy, though from one point of view exceptionally ridiculous, is from another point of view exceptionally plausible. The theory on which it is now founded has been applied successfully to so many orders of fact, and in many ways human history so much resembles these, that there seems at first sight to be strong presumptive evidence of its being equally applicable to human history also; and there is much to be said for treating the formation of a religion or an empire, in the same way, and with as little regard to individuals, as we treat the formation of a habitable planet or of a species. There is indeed one great fact, which differentiates human history from all other branches of knowledge, and renders methods which may elsewhere be quite adequate, wholly insufficient when applied to this. This fact, however, has been entirely lost sight of by the modern doctors of evolution and the credulous generation of their disciples. It is our purpose in the present article

to direct the reader's attention to it; and for this reason we welcome Mr. Lilly's volumes,* even more as a contribution to the polemics of historical philosophy, than as a contribution to our stores of historical information.

The main body of his work is happily prefaced by a dialogue, in which he illustrates, by reference to two typical teachers those two opposite theories on which we have just been commenting. As the exponent of the one, he selects Carlyle; as the exponent of the other, Mr. Herbert Spencer; and by means of the following well-chosen extracts from their writings, he briefly makes plain the fundamental differences between them.

"Universal history," says Carlyle, "the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at the bottom the history of the great men who have worked here."

There is one view of the matter: here is the other—the modern one:

"Before," says Mr. Spencer, "the great man can remake his society, his society must make him. So that all these changes of which he is the proximate initiator have their chief causes in the generations he descends from. If there be anything like a real explanation of these changes, it must be sought in the condition out of which both he and they have come." †

As an answer to which, Mr. Lilly quotes this further passage from Carlyle:

**Chapters in European History, with an Introductory Dialogue on the Philosophy of History.* By WILLIAM SAMUEL LILLY, 1886.

† Mr. Lilly's quotation is not entirely accurate. Mr. Spencer's real words are these: "If there is to be anything like a real explanation of these changes, it must be sought in those aggregates of conditions out of which both he and they have arisen."

"The great man was the 'creature of the Time,' they say; the Time called him forth; the Time did everything, he nothing, but what we, the little critic, would have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work. The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times *call* loudly enough for their great man: but not find him when they called! He was not there. Providence had not sent him; the Time calling its loudest had to go down to confusion and wreck, because he could not come when called."

Mr. Lilly's own view is the result of a union of these two. He rightly sees, what neither of their typical exponents have seen, that they do not exclude each other, but that they need each other; and that there is in each a profound truth which is only useless because it stands alone. Thus "in the moral as in the physical world," he declares that "Evolution, Progress, Development, is the universal law." And he proceeds to expand this statement in Mr. Spencer's own phraseology. "Everywhere," he says, "there is expansion and concentration: advances from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the less to the more determined; while, on the other hand, there is a process of differentiation from simplicity to complexity . . . in order to the preservation and expansion of the whole." The individual, he points out, is "evolved" from the "archaic family;" and "so in ethics, the notion of obligation was evolved out of ideas of which man was originally but half-conscious."

But though Mr. Lilly agrees with Mr. Spencer thus far, and admits the orderly progress and gradual evolution of society, he differs from him wholly as to the means by which this evolution has been

accomplished. He thinks that the explanation of all such great changes is to be sought in the very place in which Mr. Spencer says it is not to be sought; it is to be sought in the lives, the character, the influence, of great men. Apart from great men, he considers that the mass of mankind is essentially non-progressive, and that it would hardly yet have passed, even if it had yet reached, the rudest-known stages of prehistoric barbarism. "Great men," says Mr. Lilly, "are the source and fount of ideas, the figures which alone give historic meaning and value to the ciphers—'*numeri, fruges consumere nati*—' as which we must regard the vast majority of mankind." It is true, he believes, that these ciphers, as he calls them, this naturally inert mass, receives the impress of the superior qualities of its leaders, and retains the various progressive characteristics with which from time to time they enrich it. It is true also, that the progress of the great men themselves depends entirely on this receptivity and retentiveness of the majority; for this alone enables the conquests of the great man of yesterday to remain as stepping-stones for the great man of to-day; and thus Mr. Lilly is, within fixed limits, in complete harmony with the evolutionists. He is able to say with as much conviction as Mr. Spencer, that the age must make the great man, before the great man can remake his age; but he says this with a more accurate, and therefore with a more limited meaning. According to Mr. Spencer's theory, as we shall have occasion to show presently, the great man is not a causal link in

the chain of progress at all. He is a sign that changes are being produced, but he is in no real sense a producer of them. The real producer is the age—or the great mass of society. Mr. Lilly's theory is the exact converse of Mr. Spencer's. For Mr. Spencer the age is the cause, and the great man is the sign; for Mr. Lilly the age is the sign, and the great man is the cause. A great man, in fact, according to his view, plays the same part as might be played by an exceptionally strong or active man, who, supposing an army of men, all of them unable to climb, to be stopped on its march by a steep bank or precipice, should scale the sides, and draw up a rope-ladder, by the use of which even the weakest and more awkward could follow him. We may add further that, from his point of view of philosophic Catholicism, Mr. Lilly regards Evolution as representing the purpose of God, obscured though this is by the thousand ways in which man's corrupted will refuses to co-operate with it; and this purpose of God, so far as man's frailty permits, is brought about through the agency of great men. They are in a literal sense the *stewards* of God's mysteries—or to make our meaning plainer, we may call them His factors, or His commissioners.

On the theological side of the problem, however, we do not propose to touch. What the purpose of man's social changes may be, is one question; what are their natural causes, is quite another; and it is to this last only that we would now draw the reader's attention. With regard then to Mr. Lilly's philoso-

phy, as apart from his theology of history, we consider his theory, so far as its substantial truth is concerned, to be in advance of anything that has yet been formulated in England. We shall indeed by-and-by have to criticize certain parts of it, and point out in these a certain amount of crudity. But whatever may be wanting to Mr. Lilly in his formal exposition of his theory, with regard at least to one important point, he makes ample amends by the way in which he applies it. One of the most obvious consequences of his theory is this—that the skeleton of history is really made up of biographies—that we shall never understand the general destinies of the many, unless we study carefully the private lives of the few: and his *Chapters on European History* are, in our judgment, mainly valuable as a systematic illustration of this great truth. The point in fact on which he has insisted most successfully is precisely the point that most needs insisting on. It is the very point as to which the modern historical Evolutionists can be most definitely brought to book, and which they themselves admit to be a test point in their position.

If one thing more than another, in the province of sociological inquiry, has tended to make any true knowledge impossible, it is, says Mr. Spencer, this very biographical theory, or as he calls it, "the great man theory." He distinctly recognizes it as his arch-enemy, which, if once admitted, would reduce his finest generalization to foolishness; and when he speaks of it, he can hardly control his language. He declares it unworthy of an intelli-

gence above "that of a village gossip;" a great man's life, he says, is for the scientific student utterly barren, utterly un instructive; and we should learn no single fact as to the cause of social development even if—and these are his very words—"we read ourselves blind over the biographies of all the great rulers on record, down to Frederick the Greedy, and Napoleon the Treacherous." It is of this doctrine that Mr. Lilly is the direct combatant; and, as the reader sees, on Mr. Spencer's own admission, he is attacking Mr. Spencer in his most vital part. We will now explain how the attack is conducted; and then, having considered what Mr. Lilly has done, we propose to offer certain suggestions as to what, in the same direction, is still left to do.

Mr. Lilly's work seems, when we first glance at its contents, to be little more than a series of disconnected monographs; but the moment we consider them in the light of the author's philosophical purpose, we at once recognize their close and vital connection. A selection of this kind is of course, within limits, arbitrary; but we think that Mr. Lilly's has been made with great judgment and sagacity.

Starting, as we have said, with the beginning of Christianity, and insisting, at once reverently and dispassionately, on the personal work of its Divine Founder, he next proceeds to consider the Christian world, when three centuries later it was assuming a more definite form; and as an illustration of its past, and a main agent in its subsequent development, he

fixes our attention on the life and writings of St. Augustine. Thence he passes onwards to what we commonly call modern history, which he divides into periods, by the following four events. The first is the coronation of Charlemagne in the year 800; the second, the election of Hildebrand to the Papal Chair, in 1,073; the third, the fall of Constantinople some four centuries later; and the fourth, the sacking of the Bastille, three centuries later still. On the coronation of Charlemagne he does but dwell lightly; but the other three events indicate pretty accurately the various points on which his study concentrates itself. "The bestowal," he says, "of the Imperial Crown upon the great Frankish monarch, by Pope St. Leo III. was the outward visible sign of that new order which had been made secretly and fashioned beneath the earth." But more important still, he thinks, and fraught with more definite meaning, are the times, the life, and the work of the great Pope Hildebrand. Hildebrand accordingly, after St. Augustine, is the subject of Mr. Lilly's next biographical study; through its medium he gives his readers a view of the whole period which Hildebrand did so much in fashioning; and he explains its character further by reference to other medieval great men, in particular to St. Thomas Aquinas and his philosophy. Proceeding then to the period of the Renaissance, and dealing with its characteristics in an interesting but somewhat discursive way, he concludes, completes, and gives force and clearness to his survey of it, by a careful study of the life

and character of Michael Angelo. With some abruptness of manner, but without any disconnection of thought, he passes from the times of Michael Angelo to those of Louis XIV.—a monarch whom he regards as being the type and personification of the political ideas which shaped themselves during the Italian Renaissance. Here again, amidst much general discussion with regard to events and principles, philosophic, religious, and political, Mr. Lilly selects certain special men as types and illustrations of that individual influence, by which, as he conceives, wider events are moulded. These are Locke, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Wesley. The course of his speculations thus brings him almost to our own age, or to an age which is just closing; and this, in his last chapter, he invites us to estimate with the assistance of the moral and the imaginative vision of Balzac. Christ, St. Augustine, Hildebrand, St. Thomas Aquinas, Michael Angelo, Locke, Voltaire, Rousseau, Wesley, and Balzac—these are the characters which Mr. Lilly has selected for his study; and he offers them to us, not as the only, nor perhaps (with the exception of the first), the chief makers of history, but as typical specimens of that elect race of men by whom, in various degrees, all history is made.

As we have said before, we are avoiding all points of theology; we would avoid even more carefully any trespass on the grounds of devotion: but we may still be permitted to follow Mr. Lilly's example, and merely having regard to the theories of the modern evolutionist, to dwell for a moment on

the individual influences of Christ. Here was a Being who, whatever He was besides, was at all events a "great man," even in the eyes of the evolutionist; and the case of Christ is therefore well chosen by Mr. Lilly as an initial test of the value of Mr. Spencer's canon, that the great man is not really the cause of the events which he seems to initiate. According to Mr. Spencer, if we wish for a "real explanation" of Christianity, we must seek it not in the life of Christ, "but in the aggregate of those conditions out of which both He and it have arisen." The reader will see, by reference to a former quotation, how exact we are in our account of Mr. Spencer's position. According to him—and there is no room for mistaking him—Christ and Christianity are related not from being cause and effect, but from some other cause having produced both of them; this other cause being, as we suppose, the aggregate of social conditions at the time of Christ's nativity. Our study, it seems then, should be devoted to these conditions solely; with Christ's own life we have nothing to do whatever; nor should we arrive at any "real explanation" of the religion of which He was "the proximate initiator," even if—we are again quoting Mr. Spencer's elegant words—we were foolish enough to "read ourselves blind" over the gospels. We are not parodying or distorting Mr. Spencer's doctrine; we are only applying it in the most obvious and legitimate way; and if it strikes any one who sees it thus applied as being too silly or monstrous for any sane man to hold, we beg leave to say, and we shall

illustrate our assertion presently—that of all erroneous doctrines at present current, this is not only the one which is most widely popular, but the one which is having the most immediate influence on practical life. Meanwhile, however, the phenomenon will seem less strange, when we reflect on a rule to which there had hardly been an exception, that every influential error has had some element of truth in it: and it is eminently applicable to this doctrine of Mr. Spencer's. It is perfectly true that to understand any great event of the movement, we must study the "aggregate of conditions" that have preceded it: we must do the same if we would understand any great man's life; no biography is of any private interpretation. This is a truth on which it is most necessary to insist: it is a truth which till of late was never clearly realized, and Mr. Spencer and his school deserve all thanks for proclaiming it. It applies to the history of Christianity, as much as to the history of anything else; and no Christian, however firm his faith, need hesitate to admit that it applies to the manhood, as apart from the Godhead of Christ. He, humanly speaking, was influenced by the aggregate of conditions which preceded him, and the same aggregate of conditions naturally influenced Christianity; but Mr. Spencer and his school, though perfectly right thus far, turn all their wisdom into foolishness by ignoring this—that of the aggregate of conditions that went to produce Christianity, Christ himself was one, and was incomparably the most important.

To any one holding Mr. Spencer's opinions, it is of course open to say that, if Christ had never been born, some other man would have performed a similar mission; just as we may say that, if Northampton could not have been represented by Mr. Bradlaugh, it would have secured a candidate of very similar views. But to say this—even did we admit it as plausible—is simply to beg the question. It is not to deny the great man's influence, or remove him from his place as a maker and a moulder of history; but merely to say that, if that great man had been absent, we should, for the production of the same train of events, require another great man as nearly like him as possible. We presume, however, that even Mr. Herbert Spencer hardly imagines that actual or potential great men are produced in couples, as like as the two Dromios; accordingly, supposing any given great man to have not existed, any conceivable substitute for him would in many ways have differed from him; and in so far as he differed, would have had a different effect upon history.

Nothing could bring all this so forcibly home to our minds as the human life and the human character of Christ. It is the individual life of that great man, and its signal difference from the lives of all other great men, that have been the main cause of what, even to the eyes of the unbeliever, is amongst the most important of all historical movements. Has Mr. Spencer never heard of the force of personal example? And is he not aware that Christ has influenced men by His personal example, even

more perhaps than by His precepts? And if he is aware of this—and we can hardly think him ignorant of it—how can he pretend that an example of such a kind should be studied not in itself, but in the “aggregate of conditions” that preceded it? Or how can he conceive that it can be merged in such an aggregate, or in any way confused with it? The early Christians, when they grew to be a considerable community, and had developed amongst themselves a certain average type, with reference to that type might be so treated; we might study them and explain them through their conditions. But that is simply because they were average men, and because they were not great men. The great man is exceptional. It is a mere identical proposition to say so. It should be—although it is not—almost equally superfluous to say, that the historian and the sociologist must study him in an exceptional way. There have been many martyrs, there has been only one Christ. We may treat the former as a class; we must treat the latter as an individual. “Do not,” says Mr. Lilly, “let us shut our eyes to a plain fact of history The victory of Christianity was the personal victory of its founder.”

We need not enter into the particular arguments by which he supports his view. We will content ourselves with saying, that he discusses the whole of his sacred subject in a calm and liberal spirit which will be a welcome surprise to many, as illustrating the latitude both of thought and method of reasoning allowed by the rules of the

strictest Roman Catholic theology. We will now pass on to Mr. Lilly's other great men; and before we proceed to any further comment, we will indicate briefly the influence which he attributes to each.

His next great man, as we have already said, is St. Augustine; and his selection is justified on the following grounds. St. Augustine, he writes, “sums up in himself the results of four centuries of moral and spiritual transition, and he cast Christian thought into the form in which it was to rule the world for a thousand years; his mind was as some vast lake, into which flowed the many streams of primitive Christian speculation, theological and metaphysical, and whence issued the two great rivers of medieval philosophy, the dogmatic and the mystical, which were to make glad the City of God.” Mr. Lilly points out further, that these two philosophies are both of them exhibited by St. Augustine in two connections—the one subjective and personal, the other external; the one relating to the Christian, the other to Christendom; and that he deals with each of them in a separate treatise—with the first in his *Confessions*, with the second in his *City of God*. In the *Confessions*, the life and the aspiration of the Christian soul are, Mr. Lilly maintains, for the first time set on a philosophic basis, and brought into reasoned relation with the thought of the world at large. Before St. Augustine men had learned to deny themselves; St. Augustine supplied them with a philosophy of self-denial. It would be interesting to dwell upon this side of the subject longer; but it is more im-

portant for our present purpose to consider the "public order" than "the individual life;" and St. Augustine's character as a "great man" will appear more plainly in the *City of God* than in the *Confessions*. That treatise, says Mr. Lilly, "is the first systematic attempt to exhibit in their close relations and independence, philosophy, history, and theology;" and he proceeds to give us a brief epitome of its argument, of which the following is the most interesting and pertinent part. Augustine, he says, declares that—

"Two commonwealths exist among men: the City of the Earth, built by the love of self, carried to the degree of contempt of God: the Heavenly City reared by the love of God, carried to the degree of contempt of self. . . . He goes on to point out—it is the first time that we meet with the thought—how the Roman Empire by bringing nations into one polity, and subjecting them to the same jurisprudence—which he elsewhere recognizes as a Divine creation—prepared the way for the spread of the Christian faith. Then he dwells upon the diverse ends of the two commonwealths; the one resting on the doctrine of the Greek sophist that man is the measure of all things, making life its own object, and the seen and temporal the bound of human aspirations; the other measuring all things by the ideal of Christ, and reaching forward to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and reserved in heaven. Hence the two commonwealths are intermingled, for they exist side by side. But the City of the Earth is doomed to perish. The City of God has its foundations on "The holy hills." . . . In it alone is true liberty. . . . "The ancient jurist," Mr. Lilly continues, "had declared, like the modern demagogue, that all is Cæsar's. St. Augustine sketches a spiritual society based upon a higher law than even the jurisprudence of Imperial Rome, and bearing allegiance to a greater potentate than the Emperor. It was a new conception in the world, and was destined most potently to influence the structure of society. It gave rise to what was called Christendom."

From St. Augustine, by a transition which will now seem perfectly natural, Mr. Lilly passes on to Hildebrand. He was born in 1018, and died in 1085. Officially he is designated as Pope Gregory VII. He passes from the great man who laid the philosophical foundations of Christendom, to the great man who, by his personal career, gave a new direction to its development. There is no part of Mr. Lilly's book in which the power of a great personality is brought out with more art and with more clearness than here—where it is shown to us not as a mere symbol of the aggregate of the conditions of the time, but as one of these conditions with an independent power of its own, acting on and counteracting the others. There is a popular impression with regard to the Papacy, that it reached its lowest moral degradation, and more completely seemed to reduce its spiritual claims to an absurdity in the palmiest days of the Renaissance; but Mr. Lilly, in entering on this new Chapter of History, raises the veil from an obscure and neglected period, and shows us that such was far from being the case. He begins with describing in a clear and succinct way how the feudal system gradually shaped itself out of the decomposing society of the shattered Roman Empire; and how new conceptions of practical duty were forced upon men by the pressure of new circumstances. We are far from agreeing with Mr. Lilly in many of his views as to feudalism; but as to much of what he says there is no room for differing from him. In a certain sense feudalism was, as he tells us, a going back

from contract to status as the foundation of civil relations. In a certain sense it was a negation of what, as Bossuet says, the ancients meant by *liberty*—viz., “a state where the law was more powerful than men;” and under its secular aspect Mr. Lilly’s saying may pass—that “it realized little else than matter and force.” Dwelling on these facts, Mr. Lilly goes on to remind us—and here we are in perfect accord with every word he writes—how secular feudalism, as it grew more developed and established, came inevitably more and more into conflict with the Christian Church as organized under the later Empire.

The following are the main facts of the case to which he directs attention. In the first half century after the death of Charlemagne, the latent power of the Papacy began to grow, and its character to be more clearly and more generally apprehended, a result largely due to the conduct of Pope Nicholas I. But at the death of that Pontiff (in 867) this movement was suddenly checked; the ecclesiastical organism was apparently threatened with dissolution; or at least the world bade fair to absorb and to subjugate the Church. Nor was this due solely to hostile pressure from without. The Church received into her own system the solvent which threatened to destroy her, and was assimilating her institutions and her morals to those of the barbarous feudalism around her. The clergy of all grades were breaking their vows of celibacy; there was everywhere an open traffic in livings; and there seemed a good prospect that ecclesiastical benefices, like feudal, would shortly become

both heritable and alienable, and be held, like them, on a wholly secular tenure. In fact the whole constitution of the Church was becoming feudalized and secularized; and all its independent power for civilizing society or elevating the individual was apparently fast leaving it. Visible as this was in the condition of the Church generally, it was even more visible in the lives and characters of the popes. “They lived,” we are told, “for the most part like monsters or wild beasts, rather than bishops.” Stephen VII. indulged his savage temper by having the body of his predecessors dragged publicly through the streets. John XII. was known to the world at large as having committed murder, sacrilege, and every form of incest; of airing his impiety in the face of his debauched companions, of invoking Venus and posing as a friend of the Devil. John XIX., when he was not even a priest, bought the Papacy on the death of Benedict VIII.; and then offered to sell, if he only could get his price, the title of Universal Bishop to the Patriarch of Constantinople. Even the best Pope of this degraded period, Gregory VI., attained the office by the same means—by buying it; and he bought it of a Pope who had been ordained at the age of twelve, and who agreed to sell it because he wished to marry his cousin. It was Gregory VI. who was the early patron of Hildebrand; and such was the state of Christendom when Hildebrand first looked out on it.

And who was Hildebrand? It is a very pertinent question; and Mr. Lilly knows this when he urges

his readers to consider it. Hildebrand was the mean-looking son of a poor Tuscan carpenter; and his sole worldly advantages began and ended with sufficient interest to pursue his education in a monastery. Every step in his career towards power and influence was due wholly to his own personal qualities—his virtue, his earnestness, his force of character. And the strength of these is rendered still more apparent from the fact that they had to contend, not only against every possible outward obstacle, but also against obstacles presented by other qualities of his own. Some strong men, of even the humblest origin, have been gifted with imposing manners and a commanding presence, which in aristocratic ages has been of incalculable help to them: but with Hildebrand the very reverse was the case. He was of squat figure, of coarse complexion, his stomach was too big for his body, and his legs too short. He was outwardly the very incarnation of vulgarity. And yet such was the character of this extraordinary man, that in that turbulent age, that age of pride and violence, he was sought out and chosen, as it seemed in spite of himself, for post after post of increasing power and influence, till he found himself the foremost figure in Christendom, with the proudest of western potentates cowering half-naked at his doorstep.

Mr. Lilly is right, in describing the great Gregory, to have prefaced his description with that of the Pontiffs who preceded him; for his own greatness, as contrasted with his condition, is even more evident after his accession to the Papacy

than before. Instead of the Papacy having given power to him, he on the contrary gave back its power to the Papacy; and he not only restored to it what it had lost, but he restored this fourfold. He had hardly been Pope for a year before throughout Europe, in every city, in every village, the iron influence of that single will was felt. His first struggle as Pope was not against Kings or Emperors, but against forces which were greater, because not so concentrated—against the refractory ministers of the Church itself. He decreed, that every cleric who had bought his preferment, should at once cease his ministrations; that no one should retain any benefice he had purchased, and that no one for the future should sell any ecclesiastical rights; and that all priests, who were guilty of incontinence, should be forbidden to exercise their functions. Considering the state in which the Church then was, it is easy to see how, by this course of action, the Pope was rousing a nest of angry hornets; and all over Europe savage resistance was offered to those who attempted to enforce this new discipline. Former Popes had attacked the same corruption; and, though they had done so in times when it was less rampant, they had met with but small success. But Gregory added to the decrees above-mentioned, one which embodied a principle then entirely new, and called to his aid a ubiquitous and unsuspected ally. He appealed not only to bishops and officials to enforce his orders, but he appealed to the people also. He added a fourth decree to the

effect that, if any cleric whatsoever were to be seen disregarding the above Apostolic ordinances, his congregation should refuse to receive his ministrations. The result answered Gregory's expectations; and the constitution of the Church, which had seemed to be hopelessly undermined, experienced a salutary, although a rude and violent restoration. As Mr. Lilly points out, it is acknowledged by all competent judges that the celibacy of the clergy was essential to medieval Catholicism; and "that this necessary element was not destroyed was, humanly speaking, the work of Gregory VII." And the same thing may be said of the Church's independence of the State, and indeed of its entire position and influence as we know it in history. Gregory's work may have been for good or evil: all we are concerned to note now is, that it was a great work, and that it directly originated in the personality of one great man.

Closely analogous to the practical work of Gregory was the intellectual work of St. Thomas Aquinas. What the great Pope did for the constitution of the Church, the great Schoolman did for its philosophy. Mr. Lilly recognizes this clearly enough; but we could wish that he had devoted more of his space than he has done to so interesting and suggestive a subject. We would willingly have spared his disquisition on medieval hymns and their writers, for a full and distinct account of the Angelic Doctor and his system—of the state in which he found theology, and the state in which he left it. Instead, however, of giving his readers this,

Mr. Lilly contents himself with continual passing allusions to the man who "surveyed the whole field of human thought," who "mapped it out with subtlety and precision," which till his time had been utterly unknown, and who, we may add, little as modern philosophy knows about him, is indirectly a living influence to-day. In treating St. Thomas thus, Mr. Lilly has missed an opportunity. We ought however not to be too hard upon him; for he does much to atone for his fault in his next personal study, which exhibits the relation between "the great man" and his "condition" in a very striking and a very original light.

The great man is in this case Michael Angelo, who is claimed by a modern school as the prophet and the hero of the Renaissance; and it is in connection with the Renaissance that Mr. Lilly introduces him. Of the movement commonly known under that ambiguous name, Mr. Lilly has much to say that is well worth reading. In especial he exposes the cant of writers like Mr. Symonds, who has described it in the jargon, at once pedantic and effeminate that is affected by them, as "a new birth unto liberty." To Mr. Symonds' fine qualities, indeed, Mr. Lilly does full justice—to his scholarship, his research, his eloquence, and his keen susceptibility to beauty; but amongst much that is true in him, he discovers also what is false, and exposes it with a calm analysis more telling than any satire. He asks what *liberty* means; he insists on some definite answer; and he shows that, unless it means moral and intellectual licentiousness, the Renaissance was a birth

not to liberty but to servitude. By common consent its culminating-point is supposed to have been reached in the Pontificate of Leo X., and Mr. Lilly drily asks what sort of liberty was prevalent in Europe then. He quotes Mr. Symonds himself as saying that so far as liberty has anything to do with politics, it had perished in Italy, where it had been but lately flourishing. He points to the despotism of the Tudors in England, and of Charles V. in Spain; and with regard to Germany he cites the words Ranke, that "an universal reign of force" was the special characteristic of the period. Turning then from politics to art and literature, he inquires when and what was the new-born liberty in these. One kind of liberty he is indeed able to point to, and that is the liberty which showed itself in the shape of obscenity. Here the Renaissance was at once free and original; for whilst aping the Roman poets in their most shameless passages, it not only contrived to outdo them in their own coarseness, but added to this a kind of conscious pollution of which the ancient world had no knowledge whatever. Except for this, where was the new liberty? Mr. Lilly asks us to compare Tasso and Ariosto with Dante; the neo-classical architecture with the mediæval; and with regard to these last he cites Mr. Ruskin as a witness. He then proceeds to the rest of the arts; and sums up his survey by declaring that, with the exception of music, "the rule of the Renaissance is not freedom but servitude"—in literature and art, the servitude of the pendant to antiquity; in morals,

the servitude of the spirit to flesh; and in social and political life, the servitude of the slave to the despot.

And of this age, exclaims Mr. Lilly, it is said that Michael Angelo was the prophet! Had he been so, he might indeed have furnished an example of how special a phenomenon a great man is, even when we have discounted from his greatness all that his age has done for him; but Michael Angelo's greatness when understood rightly, is, Mr. Lilly maintains, far more marked and independent than it would seem to be according to Mr. Symonds. For were Mr. Symonds right, Michael Angelo, unique as his strength was, would but have been using it to assist and develop a movement which was in progress around him owing to the efforts of others. Mr. Lilly, however, contends that this hero amongst artists was so far from being a mere fellow-worker with his contemporaries, that he was practically protesting and working against them; and that if he was the prophet of the Renaissance at all, he was only so in the sense in which Jonah was the prophet of Nineveh.

This statement no doubt sounds like a paradox, but Mr. Lilly does not make it without giving detailed reasons. To begin with, in an age when the one road to excellence was thought to lie in the study of classical literature, Michael Angelo may be fairly said to have been illiterate. He had, like Shakespeare, little Latin, and less Greek. All that he knew of ancient thought and poetry he learnt at secondhand during his residence with Lorenzo de' Medici, not from

personal study, but from the conversation of those around him; and what he thus learnt does not seem to have been much. Over his contemporaries, and especially his companions, "the deities of the ancient Pantheon were," as Mr. Lilly puts it, "once more asserting their empire;" but not so over him. Whilst he did not parade his loneliness by any outward protest, his genius marked it for him in all his works and sympathies; and in an age when Venus and Bacchus, and even Silenus and Priapus, superseded the saints in the mouths and the minds of men; when heathen philosophers were, in the very pulpit, appealed to more often than the Hebrew prophets or the evangelists, and when God the Father was described as "rector Olympi," the mind of Michael Angelo, so far as literature touched it, took its tone from the solemn religion of Dante; and the teacher of later years that moved him most was Savonarola. And thus whilst those who in many ways could best understand his genius, and who accorded him fitting opportunities for showing it—and these were mostly the prelates and the princes of the Church—whilst these men, turning from the religion of which they were the guardians, were forming a new religion for themselves of physical and intellectual concupiscence, were thinking more of their villas than of their churches, more of their churches than the rites performed in them, whilst now their desires were centered on "brown Greek manuscripts," and "now on mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs," and whilst they troubled them-

selves in the moment of death more with the Latinity of their epitaphs than with Heaven or Hell or Purgatory, Michael Angelo lived, as Mr. Lilly says, "a life that was austere, laborious, and solitary. "He made use of food," our author continues, "from necessity rather than for delight. Oft-times he was satisfied with a piece of bread, which he would eat while he went on working. He slept little, and would frequently lie down with his clothes on, and rise in the night, after a few hours repose, to go on with his labor." He lived, in fact, the Christian life—not the life of the Renaissance, but the life which the Renaissance was striving to set aside. What to it was a dream, to him was the most real of realities; and if we wish to see what his relation was to his age, we can see it, says Mr. Lilly, embodied in the most famous of all his works—the most famous, and nearly the latest. We refer to his "Last Judgment." It is due to Mr. Lilly that he should speak upon this point for himself, especially as he sums up in the following impressive passage his argument that the artist was no creature of the Renaissance, but apart from it, against it, and unconsciously predicting its doom.

"The secret," says Mr. Lilly, "of the terror of the Last Judgment, is that no shadow of doubt rested in his mind as to the tenableness of that ecclesiastical standing-ground: that he intensely believed in what he painted. The things which he set down above the altar of the Sistine, were as real to him as they were to Dante, whole passages of whose *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* he has embodied. His fresco is the translation into visible form of the solemn hymn, used with such awful impressiveness by the Catholic Church in masses

for the dead. . . . Here is indeed the *Dies Iræ* which the Psalmist and the Sibyl testified—that day of calamity and misery with all its terrors; the trump of the Archangel sending its dread blast through the sepulchres . . . the books opened, and the works inquired into; the hidden things of darkness brought to light. . . . The Saviour of men is lost in the *Rex tremendæ majestatis*—in the *Justus judex ultionis*. Mary ceases to intercede: the Martyrs point to the tokens and instruments of their passion, but to enhance the confusion of their murderers: even the just is scarcely secure. For the wicked there are the pitiless demons, the unquenchable flame, the indissoluble chain. It is the outcome of the tradition of fifteen centuries. The painter turns away from the 'blind world' where 'evil triumphs over virtue,' where 'light and courage are quenched,' where 'lies reign and truth dare not show his face;' [these are expressions from Michael Angelo's own writings] and sets down in this stupendous production his vision of the ultimate retribution."

From Michael Angelo to Locke seems a somewhat violent leap; but Locke's connection with Michael Angelo is, from Mr. Lilly's point of view, not only distinct but striking. Just as the artist represented the protest of the ages of faith against the age of reason, so did Locke represent the protest of the age of reason against the ages of faith. If Michael Angelo was—both the following phrases are Mr. Lilly's—if Michael Angelo was the Jonah of the Renaissance, Locke was its St. Thomas Aquinas. He gathered together its trains of philosophic reasoning; he reduced them to order; he drilled them; he mobilized them. He united the wandering bands of modern thought into a disciplined standing army. "Earlier thinkers," says Mr. Lilly,

"held many or all of the opinions which were most distinctive of him. But Locke was the first to formulate, systematize, and popularize the theory which we find in the *Essay concerning the Human Understanding*. With him in effect the senses are all in all. "It is true," Mr. Lilly observes, "that his application of his own method was partial and inconsistent;" and its great influence on the European mind was indirect only. But, none the less, was it real. The persons by whom it was directly brought to bear upon history, so as to change the temper of nations, and to shatter Governments and societies, were the French *philosophes* of the eighteenth century. "But," says Mr. Lilly, "Locke was their great master, as they were never tired of confessing. . . . The wide difference between the tone of French speculation in the seventeenth and in the eighteenth century is very striking. In the former the Cartesian influence is predominant, and philosophy is essentially metaphysical and idealistic. In the second it is essentially naturalistic and materialistic, and to Locke this change is mainly due." How Mr. Locke traces the practical application of Materialism to such writers as Voltaire and Rousseau we need not here describe. The importance of the parts they played is too well known; and it is enough to have pointed out, how Mr. Lilly connects them with the other great makers of European history. We will only pause by the way to do ourselves one pleasure, and that is to quote the following admirable sentences in which Mr. Lilly pays a tribute to Voltaire's literary style. "There

is no French like his in its incisive clearness, its perfect polish, its exhilarating grace. Casting about for similitudes, one might compare it to a bright flashing Damascus blade in the hands of a consummate master of fence. It is as hard and sparkling as a diamond of the purest ray; or is 'like the foaming grape of Eastern France,' with delicate bubbles dancing airily in the glass, and subtle fumes ascending to the brain, and stealing away the judgment."

There are now left us of Mr. Lilly's great men, two only. One of these is Balzac, and to him Mr. Lilly devotes a long literary chapter. But interesting though that chapter is as a piece of suggestive criticism, its connection is too slight with the author's main thesis to call for more than a passing allusion here; and we prefer to close our account of his typical great men with one whose career, as introduced Mr. Lilly, is for many reasons exceptionally striking and suggestive. We mean John Wesley. We have noticed already that Mr. Lilly is a writer who will surprise many by showing the unsuspected latitude possible to thinkers within the pale of the Roman Church, and we think that the reader, in the interests of intellectual clarity, will do well to remark how this keen Romanist critic, when casting about him to find in modern Europe some special type of the undying vigor of Christianity, fixes deliberately not on an Ultramontane or a Tractarian, but on the most notorious founder of English Dissent and Nonconformity. He expresses himself on the subject thus:

"Amongst the figures," he says, "conspicuous in the history of England in the last century, there is none perhaps more worthy of careful study than that of John Wesley. Make all deductions you please for his narrowness, his self-conceit, his extravagance, and still it remains that no one so nearly approaches the fulness of stature of the great heroes of Christian spiritualism of the Early and Middle Ages. . . . Nor is the rise of the sect which has adopted his name—'The People called Methodists,' was his way of designating his followers—by any means the most important of the results of his life and labors. It is not too much to say that he, and those whom he formed and influenced, kept alive in England the idea of the supernatural order, amid the dull materialism and selfish coldness of the eighteenth century."

Such then are Mr. Lilly's great men, by whose examples he has sought to prove the falsehood and folly of thinkers like Mr. Herbert Spencer, who, sheltering themselves behind some general theory of evolution, attempt to eliminate the "abysmal depths of personality" from amongst the causes of social change and development. That we consider Mr. Lilly successful thus far it is hardly necessary for us to say; and, setting aside some views which are altogether theological, his main object, as stated by himself in his Introduction, was simply to insist on the now discredited fact, that great personalities are the real shapers of history. But in formulating this proposition, as the reader will no doubt remember, Mr. Lilly also committed himself to another, respecting the mass of mankind, on whom these great personalities operated; and we took occasion when we were quoting his words to hint that, on this point at least, his theory required moderation. Indeed we will

now permit ourselves to put this more plainly; and we will say that his theory, as actually formulated by himself, was in the highest degree crude and puerile. "Great men," he declares, "are the figures which alike give historic meaning to the ciphers—*numeri, fruges consumere nati*—as which we must regard the vast majority of mankind." Now this way of treating the mass of mankind as ciphers seems to us to be quite as untrue to fact as anything in the modern theories which Mr. Lilly has so well combated. Though the vast majority of mankind are, we fully admit, entirely unprogressive, yet, when great men do act upon them, they develop under this stimulus a multitude of positive qualities; and the great men's influence is largely conditioned by these. Indeed the difference between the great man and the mass is one of degree rather than kind, though it is not for this reason one whit less real or less important. The average soul has its depths and its mysteries as well as the loftier soul; and the hero only influences those who are not heroes, because they are in some sort feebler replicas of himself. Few men can write great love poems, but the commonest man can love; and the love-poems that have been rarest in their excellence have been those which have embodied the most frequent forms of the passion. So too with regard to great rulers and great reformers. They can only rule or reform because, in average human nature, there are qualities which respond and correspond to qualities in themselves. In addition to this the movements of men in masses are

evidently subject to a variety of complicated laws, different from those affecting their movements singly; just as a storm in the Bay of Biscay is something more than a storm in a tea-cup magnified. One of the simplest of these laws, and yet one of the most important, we may call the law of moral momentum, which, though no doubt the individual is subject to it, is far more marked and more various in its operation on classes and communities. We mean by moral momentum that property in men and masses of men, in virtue of which they continue in movement after the actual force by which the movement was started has spent itself: a property analogous to that in virtue of which, and in virtue of which alone, an arrow flies when it has left the bow-string, or the ball of a rifle after it has been expelled from the barrel. It will thus be seen that when the great man acts upon masses of men, though his action, or at least a large part of his action, originates in something peculiar to his own personality, yet the result of it, as exhibited in its effect on the masses, represents not his own characteristics only, but the characteristics—equally complicated and equally deserving of study—of average human nature also. The way in which the masses respond to the great man's stimulus is as much a problem for the philosopher of history as the nature of the stimulus itself.

Of this Mr. Lilly in his formula takes no notice. There is, however, an obvious excuse for him. The part played by the masses in historical evolution is in danger at the present moment not of being

forgotten, but exaggerated; and he may very possibly have felt that a counter-exaggeration was the easiest way of insisting on the other side of the question. This excuse we say is obvious, but we do not think it sufficient. We hold that philosophical writing is very different from rhetorical, and that a work of this kind is seriously injured when a rhetorical and inaccurate *resume* is given of the principles that are expounded in it. In Mr. Lilly's case this is specially to be regretted, because the facts of which he takes no formal notice are facts with which he seems to be fully familiar. In the body of his work he is continually alluding to them, and interpreting events by them. He is constantly belying his own formula, according to which the majority of mankind are "ciphers;" and interpreting history by reference to their positive qualities. He treats the Age, with its moral momentum, as a factor in the production of change equal to and co-ordinate with the great men themselves; and all we regret is that he has not given some definite form, and some definite place in his system to a mass of knowledge which he undoubtedly possesses. Thus, in alluding to the History of Europe during the eighteenth century, he speaks of "Society having the same general march." "Putting England aside," he says, "almost the whole of Europe presents, notwithstanding superficial peculiarities and partial divergencies, a unity of movement which is very striking. The progress of other Continental countries was,

for the most part, in lines parallel to that of France. Paris was, as it were, the heart of Europe, where the attentive ear might catch the pulsations of its political and spiritual life." Again he says: "From that year [1688] France and all Europe enter upon a new era in the political order as in the intellectual—an era lasting just a hundred years. . . . The seventeenth century, as Birt expresses it, was a period of universal fermentation of the European intellect." Again, with regard to Gregory VII., he says that one of his chief sources of power lay in the skilful way in which he roused public opinion. "His words," says Mr. Lilly, "awoke millions of echoes in human hearts throughout Christendom. Public opinion it was—the public opinion of an age of faith—which sharpened the edge of his spiritual sword, and directed against the guilty the thunder of his anathemas." Quotations of this kind might be indefinitely multiplied, but those we have just given will suffice. They will at once vindicate Mr. Lilly's breadth of view, and our own strictures on the incompleteness of his expression of it. He recognizes the Age as having a "general march of its own," controlling its great men, even while its great men control it; but he does not express his recognition in any distinct form, nor help his readers, as we conceive he easily might have done, to distinguish between the parts which the Age and the great men have played.—*Quarterly Review*.

SOCRATES.

[In the case of a name of such wide significance as Socrates, it were superfluous to encumber the page with any display of learned notes. Suffice it to say that everything in the ballad is strictly historical, and taken directly from the original authorities. The indifference shown by Socrates to the necessary laws of physical science, as contrasted with the freedom of practical reason in which moral science delights, is distinctly emphasized by Xenophon in the opening chapters of the *Memorabilia*; and the argument which the atheist—a little perking, self-sufficing creature, as atheists are wont to be—will be found at full length in the same sensible and judicious writer. It is this argument, commonly called the argument from design, that, passing through the eloquent pages of Cicero in his book *De Natura Deorum*, has formed the groundwork of all works on Natural Theology up to the present time; and it is an argument that, however misapplied here and there by shallow thinkers and presumptuous dogmatists, has its roots so deep in the instincts of all healthy humanity, and in the very essence of reason, that, though it may be illustrated indefinitely by example, it never can have anything either added to its certainty or abstracted from its significance. The early occupation of Socrates as a moulder of statues is mentioned by Pausanias; and the name of Critias is introduced to indicate the offence given by the free-mouthed talk of the great teacher to the leaders of the political parties of his time, which may have had as much to do with his martyrdom as the charge of irreligion that, according to Xenophon, was the main count of the indictment against him. His big round eye, and other features of his personal appearance, are minutely and humorously described by the same author in the *Banquet*.—J. S. B.]

I will sing a Greek, the wisest
Of the land where wisdom grew
Native to the soil, and beauty
Wisely wedded to the true.

SOCRATES, the general sire
Of that best love which teaches
man

In a reasoned world with reason
Forth to shape his human plan.

Not of fire he spake, or water,
Sun or moon, or any star,
Wheeling their predestined courses,
From all human purpose far.

Booted not to ask what fuel
Feeds the sun, or how much he
Than the lady moon is bigger
When she sails up from the sea.

Fool is he whose lust of knowing
Plumbs the deep and metes the
skies;
Only one great truth concerns thee,
What is nearest to thine eyes.

Know thyself and thine; cast from
thee
Idle dream and barren guess;
This the text of thy wise preaching,
Reason's prophet, Socrates.

Him in school of honest labor
Nature reared with pious pains,
With no blood from boasted fathers
Flowing in his sober veins.

As a workman works he stontly,
Plies his task from day to day;
For scant silver pennies moulding
Tiny statues from the clay.

But, when thought was ripe,
obedient
To the God-sent voice within,
Forth he walked on lofty mission,
Truth to speak and souls to win.

Not the lonely wisdom pleased him,
Brooding o'er some nice conceit;
But where the main-mingling strife
Of man with man made quick the
street,

one of those drinking-cups of human skulls, from which the Gauls drank to celebrate their victories, and imagined that the smooth portion represented the part to which the lips had been applied. As a drinking-cup it was presented to the Paris Museum of Anthropology, but when other skulls, more or less mutilated, were discovered in various graves of the *neolithic* (polished stone) period, and with them numerous fragments, evidently fashioned carefully, some with holes or cross cuts for suspension, but always with a little polished section in some part, the late Dr. Paul Broca began to examine these mutilated skulls with care, and soon came to the conclusion that the polished part of the mutilation resulted from a cicatrized wound, healed many years prior to death; whilst the fragments represented amulets cut from the skull *after* death, which were from some cause especially valued, as having upon them a portion of the cicatrized wound.

This discovery was much discussed in the French Anthropological Society, and in 1877, Dr. Broca published his very interesting pamphlet, entitled *Sur la Trepanation du Crane et les Amulettes Craniennes a l'Epoque, Neolithique*. In this Dr. Broca fully explains his reasons for believing that these perforations of the skull were not the result of accidents or disease, but had been intentionally made, and for a purpose which he thought argued a belief in spirits among these prehistoric surgeons.

The holes found in these skulls were all more or less oval, and were

not confined to one part of the head, although never made on the forehead. The skulls operated upon belonged also to both sexes, and generally showed signs of growth after the operation, thus proving that the trephining had taken place in very early life, and evidently upon healthy skulls. Casting about for a reason for a practice so apparently barbarous, Dr. Broca found in a work by Jehan Taxil, published in 1603, a passage which seemed to throw light both upon the process employed and the reason for its application. Taxil's work was entitled, *Traite de l'epilepsie, maladie vulgairement appellee au pays de Provence la goutte aux petits enfans*, and the treatment prescribed for this disease was the application of a "caustic" "en desouvrant l'os, voyre, en t'appant, en emportant la premiere table, comme on le faict ordinairement." Hence Dr. Broca assumed that in neolithic times, as in the days of Taxil, the trephining of infants by scraping away the substance of the skull with a flint implement, was the common mode of cure applied to epilepsy, or to that which was often mistaken for epilepsy—infantile convulsions. That those who survived the operation were looked upon with a certain veneration, and that after their death a posthumous cutting away of the skull took place, in order to provide amulets for the protection of others from similar diseases, and that these amulets derived their value from having upon them a portion of the healed wound, showing that they had belonged to a person who had been operated upon successfully; hence the vari-

ety of shape, some being round, some triangular, some irregularly oval or nearly square. Sometimes those amulets are found inside a much mutilated skull, but in these cases the amulet belongs invariably to another skull, and the mutilated skull is always packed tightly with earth, in order, as is supposed, to deceive the spirit, which, returning and finding no aperture, would not be able to discover the loss of substance.

We have here given the ideas of Dr. Broca upon this very interesting discovery, important in the history of a people who occupied Europe long before any of the races now inhabiting it had come into existence, because, if Dr. Broca has rightly interpreted the facts, they prove these cave-dwellers to have possessed not only a considerable amount of surgical skill in performing a certain operation, but, also, associated therewith, a rudimentary religious belief in spirits, which association, as we shall show later, has continued to the present day, and may still be traced even among ourselves.

The subject, although long familiar to French anthropologists, has only recently attracted notice in this country. In 1881 it formed the subject of a paper entitled "Surgery and Superstition in Neolithic Times," by Miss A. W. Buckland, read before the Anthropological Institute, but it is only recently that it has excited an interest in the general public. On March 4, 1887, Mr. Victor Horsley, F. R. S., delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution entitled "Brain Surgery in the Stone Age;" the lecture was accompanied by a series of

lime-light illustrations, to show the ancient and modern mode of trephining, and was so well received that Mr. Horsley was requested to repeat it before the Anthropological Society, which he did on May 10, and we will now endeavor to point out how far Mr. Horsley differs from Dr. Broca. In the first place, he asserts:

"From a comparison of the modes of trephining performed by savage and mediæval nations, it was proved that Stone Age people opened the skull either by drilling, scraping, or sawing, most probably for the last method."

This was not the opinion of Dr. Broca, who found in the numerous skulls examined by him no trace of sawing, the cicatrized wound being always smooth and more less oval, which we need not say would have been impossible had flint saws been used, as these could only work in a straight line, and would show traces of cutting beyond the opening, which are not found in these very ancient skulls, although, as we shall show, such cuts are found in certain cases of later date; besides which, the slope of the bevelled edge in these perforated skulls of the Stone Age, shows that a scraping implement must have been used, as in sawing the edge would be perpendicular; besides which, Dr. Broca proved by experiment, that a precisely similar opening to those in the ancient skulls might be made in a child's skull in five minutes by scraping the bone away with a piece of glass, whilst in an adult, the same operation required an hour. Again, Mr. Horsley differs from Dr. Broca in supposing that these operations were resorted to for the relief of symptoms caused by fractured

skull, which often produces epilepsy. Dr. Broca, however, showed that in the skulls he examined there was no trace of fracture. Mr. Horsley then proceeds to say:

"The deliberate nature of the operation, as exemplified in the skulls hitherto discovered, was proved by the position of the openings, these being in the majority of instances healed, and by the extremely interesting discovery of the fact, that the portions of bone cut out were not only preserved as *amulets*, but also put back again into such a trephined head at the time of death."

As the amulets known are of all shapes, in most cases larger than the perforations, and are sometimes polished with care, it does not seem possible that they can be the fractured fragments removed from the oval aperture by sawing, according to Mr. Horsley's theory, and in fact Dr. Broca proved, as we said before, that in all cases the amulets found inside the mutilated skulls did not belong to those skulls, but were of a totally different texture, and as they always had upon them a portion of a cicatrized wound, they must have been cut from a skull healed long before death.

A very elaborate article upon this subject appears in Vol. V. of *Contributions to North American Ethnology*, published by the U. S. Government in 1882. The author, Mr. Robert Fletcher, M.R.C.S. England, follows Dr. Broca's pamphlet closely, and reproduces his drawings, but gives a fuller account of the practice as it exists at the present day among barbarous and semi-civilized peoples, as well as a list of the discoveries made of these curious perforated

skulls and amulets since the date of Dr. Broca's pamphlet. We find from this paper that three modes of trephining, or opening the skull, exist at the present day, one of which is in use among the inhabitants of some of the South Sea Islands, who may be said to be still in the Stone Age, as their only metal tools are obtained from Europeans; and in this case it is interesting to observe that the method employed follows closely upon that assumed by Dr. Broca to have been in use in Europe in prehistoric times. Mr. Fletcher says:

"In Otaheite, the operator's armamentarium consists of pieces of broken glass bottles for scraping, or sometimes of flints; sharks' teeth for incisions, and pieces of gourd with sharks' tenons for strings, with which to cover the opening produced."

He then quotes as follows from the Rev. S. Ella, a missionary at Uvea, one of the Loyalty Islands:

"A notion prevails that Leadache, neuralgia, vertigo, and other cerebral affections proceed from a crack in the head, or pressure of the skull on the brain. The remedy is to lay open the scalp with a cross or T incision, then scrape the cranium carefully and gently with a piece of glass, until a hole is made into the skull, down to the *dura mater*, about the size of a crown-piece. Sometimes this scraping operation will be even to the *pia mater* by an unskilful surgeon, or from the impatience of the friends, and death is the consequence. In the best of hands, about half of those who undergo the operation die from it. Yet this barbarous custom, from superstition and fashion, has been so prevalent, that very few of the male adults are without this hole in the cranium. I am informed that sometimes an attempt is made to cover the membranes of the cranium so exposed by placing a piece of coconut shell under the scalp. For this purpose they select a very hard and durable piece of shell, from which they scrape the softer parts, and grind quite smooth,

and put this as a plate between the scalp and skull. Formerly the trephine was simply a shark's tooth; now a piece of broken glass is found more suitable. The part of the cranium generally selected is that where the coronal and sagittal sutures unite, or a little above it, upon the supposition that there the fracture exists.

The next instance we will quote of the common practice of this surgical operation among semi-civilized people at the present day is also taken from Mr. Fletcher's article before referred to. It relates to a tribe of Kabyles in the province of Constantine, Algeria, who are metal-workers, and it is especially noticeable because it is almost confined to a single tribe descending from the ancient Berbers. A full account of the operation is given by two French army surgeons, MM. L. T. Martin and Amédée Paris, who found in use a set of trephining instruments, consisting of a razor, knife, hook, elevator, perforator, and saw.

"The perforator is a metal rod with a point an eighth of an inch long, but not over one-third of the diameter of the rod, which thus forms a shoulder, and prevents too deep a penetration of the instrument. The point being fixed in the bone, after removal of the scalp by a crucial incision, the rod is taken between the hands of the operator, and, by a rapid to-and-fro movement, is made to revolve, so that a puncture is produced. This is followed by another and another, until the fracture, or the portion of bone intended to be removed, is surrounded with a row of these holes very close together. The saw is used to run them one into the other, and by means of the elevator the fragment is removed. The dentated edges are smoothed, a shield is fastened over the aperture, and appropriate dressings, with many ceremonies, applied. The operation is performed with great slowness, and is not generally completed at one sitting. It must, one would think, be exquisitely painful, but it is held to be a point of honor to exhibit no evi-

dence of suffering; and if the patient should be so weak as to utter cries, he is jeered at, and even beaten.

The operation is performed for fracture of the skull, for disease of the bone, and for violent pains in the head. It may be performed at any age between ten and sixty, upon either sex, and upon any part of the skull, although the parietal bones seem to be most frequently chosen. M. Martin had seen men upon whom the operation had been performed five or six times, and one case is published in which a man had been operated upon five times within five years.

There is yet a third method described by M. Paris as in use among these Kabyles. In this a square cut is made with a saw, and the piece thus traced out is forcibly lifted with the elevator, which sometimes tears away a considerable portion beyond the square designed. It is possible that all three of these processes may have been in use in prehistoric times, although the simple scraping away of the substance of the skull, as now in use in the South Sea Islands, would seem to have been both the most ancient and the most usual manner of performing the operation, for it would not be easy to saw or drill holes with flint implements; and the fact that skulls have been found in which the operation has not been completed, a portion only having been scraped away, proves that this was the ordinary method employed.

Let us now turn to the geographical range of this curious custom in prehistoric times, before endeavoring to assign a reason for its use.

Perforated or trephined skulls of

the age of polished stone have been found in many parts of France, in Belgium, at Borreby in Denmark, at Noes in the island of Falster, in Bohemia, in Russia, in Poland, in Portugal, in Algeria; whilst a cranial amulet has been found in the Swiss lake dwellings. No perforated skulls are as yet known in Great Britain, nor in Italy, perhaps because they have not been diligently sought for; but in America one celebrated instance is known, of a skull found by Mr. Squier in a Peruvian grave, in which a square opening had been cut just above the forehead, the patient having died before the wound had completely healed — Broca thought about ten days after the operation. This long remained the solitary American example of this curious custom, and seems to be more nearly analogous to the process described in Algeria than to the usage of prehistoric times in Europe, although Mr. Fletcher thinks the square cut in this instance was made with an instrument resembling an engraver's *burin*, and not with a saw; but several skulls have since been found in grave mounds in America, with perforations at the vertex, made, as is supposed, with a rude stone implement, but it is at present undetermined whether these were made during life or after death, and simply for suspension. Mr. Gilman, however, found a perfect skeleton in a grave mound in Michigan, of which the skull, still attached to the body, showed the perforation at the vertex, similar to those above mentioned, which would appear to be evidence of the trephining having taken place during life; and Mr.

W. O. Holbrook discovered eight skeletons in a dolmen, the skull of one having a circular opening about the size of a silver dime. This perforation had been made during life, for the edges had commenced to cicatrize; but without further evidence it is not possible to say whether this was a case of trephining or a partly healed wound.

The geographical range of a custom so peculiar is important from an anthropological point of view, because, although it is the fashion to say that men similarly circumstanced, invariably do the same thing, and that therefore manners and customs are no proof of unity of race, nor even of contact, yet there would seem no reason why a custom so strange as that of which we are treating, should have originated in so many different parts of the world, among races perfectly distinct, and it seems far more reasonable to regard it as a proof of intercourse at some remote period with some people who commonly practised it; and this is rendered still more probable from the fact that everywhere, both in ancient and modern times, it is associated with similar superstitions. We all know with what tenacity a custom is retained, especially when associated with religious beliefs. Many of our modern religious ceremonies may be traced back to heathen times, and perhaps to a prehistoric origin; but if Dr. Broca was correct in assigning this prehistoric surgical operation to a belief in spiritual possession, we have in these perforated skulls the earliest religious record known. That the operation, as at present practised among the

Kabyles and in the South Sea Islanders, has a religious significance, is abundantly evident; but it must be observed that in the South Sea operation, which bears the nearest resemblance to that of neolithic times, the religious significance is less clearly marked than in the more advanced form of operation which obtains among the Kabyles, in which iron instruments are employed. In the latter case it assumes the character of a religious rite, the operator being invested with semi-priestly dignity, and holding the office by inheritance. "The operation," says Mr. Fletcher, "the instruments, the dressings, are all sacred, and the patient is held in reverence after recovery. The dressings consist mainly of woman's milk and of butter; the former obtained from a woman who has duly performed her religious rites."

It would not seem difficult to trace both the rite and the superstitions attaching to it from neolithic times even to the present day in Europe, for it is an undoubted fact that in all ages, epilepsy and kindred diseases have been regarded as the especial work of evil spirits, as testified by the numerous records in the Bible; whilst it is certain that trephining, as a cure for these diseases, were resorted to even up to a comparatively recent date, and it is a significant fact, as pointed out by Broca, that in the work of Taxil on epilepsy, although the circular trephine was in use in his day for the relief of fracture of the skull, he yet recommends the operation for epilepsy to be performed by scraping, thus showing the survival of the ancient cus-

tom. Even now we believe the old superstition lingers on in Italy and the south of France, where we see the heads of dogs constantly adorned with oval patches of red leather, to preserve them from fits; whilst the use of cranial amulets, and of the substance of the human skull as medicine in cases of epilepsy, is well known. Even as late as the last century portions of the skulls of Egyptian mummies were used, sometimes applied as a plaster on the crown of the head; sometimes given internally as pills and potions; sometimes hung round the neck in bags as charms. The portion of the skull thus used figured in old books as *os epilepticum*.

The wearing of cranial amulets can be traced back from mediæval times to the old Gauls, several having been found in Gaulish sepulchres, either bored for suspension or attached to golden torques; whilst a singular account of the veneration still felt for pieces of the human skull as a protection from epilepsy may be found in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for May, 1886, where, in an article entitled "In Umbria," we meet with the following passage:

"A very curious amulet (in Perugia) was the fragment of a human skull enclosed in a little brass reliquary, and considered to be a sovereign protection against epilepsy and kindred disorders. Tradition said that this bit of bone had belonged to the skull of a person dead 200 years before who had worked so many wonderful cures by his skill in medicine, and had lived such a long and saintly life, that he had been loved and venerated by all. The Professor told us that it was not at all uncommon, when a body was dug up in the course of excavations, to find a bit of the skull missing, and this amulet doubtless explained the use that had been made of such lost fragments."

The question has been raised, whether the priestly tonsure did not originate from the custom of trephining the head to expel the evil spirit or disease? There would seem to be some reason for the supposition, especially when we remember the size and position of the tonsure in some orders, which certainly resembles the wound in the trephined skulls, and might be referred to a survival of a practice which had fallen into desuetude, and employed to denote the holiness of one from whom the evil spirit had been expelled. The singular and unexplained fact that the tonsure exists among the Brahmins would, in such a connection, lead us to suppose that trephining was also practised anciently in India; a supposition which receives support from the fact that holed dolmens—that is, stone graves with holes bored in one of the stones, as anthropologists believe, in order to facilitate the entrance and exit of the spirit—are found in India as well as in Europe and in Peru, and these holes in graves are certainly analogous to the holes made in the skull, in all probability for the same purpose—that is, to allow of the escape of the spirit.

Mr. Fletcher finds in the account of the birth of Athenæ, as told by Lucian, the first historical record of trephining, whilst it is certain that, among all barbarous peoples, disease in every form is looked upon as the work of malignant spirits: it is something outside of and foreign to the sufferer, brought about by a malignant spirit in the service of an enemy, and the intruder must be expelled by a more powerful spirit, working in and through the

witch doctor, who being called in, proceeds to find out by the aid of magic, who and what has caused the evil, pretending to suck out from the patient pieces of bone or stone, and exorcising the spirit with many mystic ceremonies.

It would be impossible to discover at what period in man's history a belief in spirits originated, but it was certainly very early. In fact, the fear of the unknown, which is the germ of religion, is shared by many of the inferior animals, and it is easy to see that this germ would rapidly develop in man into a superstitious fear of unseen spirits, so that when a sudden illness, such as epilepsy or convulsions, for which no natural cause could be assigned attacked any one, means must be found to get rid of the evil spirit who had caused it, and the exit must be facilitated by making a hole to allow of his escape; and this would seem to be the origin of prehistoric trephining. The mind of uncivilized man is not strictly logical, and therefore there is to him nothing strange in the idea of the intangible requiring a tangible mode of exit, and even to the present day a remnant of this superstition lingers among us, so that ignorant watchers by a death-bed will throw open the door or window to allow the soul to escape. Among some races, the soul, once departed, is forbidden to return, lest the deceased should appear as a wandering ghost, and with this idea all the natural vents in the body are securely closed, the mouth being tied together with strong cords; and perhaps this was the reason for filling the skulls, which

had been mutilated by cutting away amulets, with earth, and placing therein the amulet, probably worn during life to protect the exposed brain, as pieces of cocoanut shell are now worn in the South Sea Islands. Among other races, as we have seen, free entrance and exit are provided for, by a hole in the tomb as well as a hole in the skull, but in both cases a distinct belief in spirits is expressed, though in different ways. There is one point in regard to these prehistoric surgical operations which deserves special attention—namely, the amount of physical endurance and recuperative power which they indicate, and which has lately formed the subject of a paper read before the Anthropological Institute by Dr. Harley.

We pride ourselves as a race upon the possession of a considerable amount of endurance, yet we doubt whether any Englishman of the present day would willingly submit to the slow and painful operation of trephining, by means of rude iron implements or the still ruder glass scraper, without flinching, as the Kabyles and South Sea Islanders are represented as doing; but our forefathers bore amputations and survived fractured skulls and other serious injuries with very imperfect surgical aid; and the punishments endured even now in countries far removed from barbarism must be as painful as surgical trephining with a flint scraper.

Mr. Fletcher supposes this power of endurance to depend greatly upon *race*, but we are disposed to regard it simply as an effort of *will*, because we find men and women of all races able to endure the most

agonizing sufferings when necessity arises; although, perhaps, these same men and women, surrounded by luxury at home, would not be able to bear the extraction of a tooth without the administration of an anæsthetic, and doubtless with the advance of luxury the nerves become more sensitive. Every advance in medical and surgical skill tends to minimize suffering, and therefore to lessen the power of endurance; and what may be the effect of this enervation upon future generations we cannot foresee, but at present we believe the male sex is but temporarily affected by it, probably because school-training acts as a wholesome corrective of the too great luxury of home.

Recuperative power may perhaps be greater among savages, who live much simpler and perhaps more healthy lives than civilized races; but it is certainly not easy to prove that it is so, and the subject is far too difficult and intricate for the present essay, which does not pretend to go beyond the curious fact that in prehistoric times, at a date not easily calculable, but which may certainly be reckoned by thousands of years, when men were living in caves, using only flint and bone implements, and in a state of society probably nearly resembling that of the South Sea Islanders of to-day, they had yet attained to such surgical skill as enabled them to trephine or cut away a portion of the skull, in order, as is supposed, to expel an evil spirit which had caused epileptic convulsions; that this operation was performed by scraping away the substance of the skull with a flint scraper, and

that the survivors were regarded with so much veneration, that after their death pieces of the skull, containing a portion of the cicatrized wound, were cut away to provide amulets to preserve others from similar seizures; that this practice existed in many countries remote from each other, and extended even to America, and that it is still practised in Algeria and the South Sea Islands, and may be traced in a state of survival even among ourselves, and that in connection with it may always be found a superstitious belief in spirits, requiring a visible means of ingress and egress, denoting a rudimentary belief in a future state. — *Westminster Review*.

DOGS IN GERMANY.

WHILE London dogs were lately doing penance for their liability to rabies, and their owners in many cases feeling restive at the arbitrary sweepings of the muzzle rule, authorities in Germany were occupied in discussing the advisability of starting establishments for the treatment of bitten persons on M. Pasteur's method. The conclusion arrived at alike by medical opinion and by the Government seems to be that no such provision is at present needed in Germany, since, while cases of hydrophobia have become excessively and increasingly rare throughout the Empire, rabies itself has been, for years past, so steadily and rapidly on the decline as to afford an almost certain presumption of its complete extinction at no distant date. A Bavarian paper lately closed a complacent commentary on this fact

with the somewhat sarcastic remark that "by nations less happily situated in this respect it is small wonder that M. Pasteur's discovery has been hailed as singularly fraught with blessing, in so far as it offers them the chance of obviating the effects of their negligence in the matter of veterinary police-control." By such weighted utterances, through its official and semi-official press, does the earnestly paternal government of the *Vaterland* continually endeavor to train up its child in the way he should go, and to forestall any half-hearted inclination he might have to stretch the wings of his individuality and try the experiment of departing from it. In Germany, as yet, the sovereign remedy for every evil is a government remedy: plenty of rigid laws; plenty of penalties; more than plenty of officials; the burdening of the honest private citizen with a variety of little documents, each containing the whole duty of the German subject in the special matter to which it refers; and an endless series of compulsory periodical errands to the police station; to say nothing of the burden to the taxpayer involved in the multifarious expenses entailed by the whole machinery of protective supervision.

Britons, of course, never, never, never will be—managed, or believe in management, to this extent; and so far as the irritation felt by individuals at the recent police interference with the liberty of the British dog hints at any healthy public-spirited conviction on the part of the British subject, let it meet with the sympathy it deserves. But, on the other hand, it is time

that rabies ceased in Great Britain; and it was probably not public spirit, but the want of it, that inspired most of the opposition to the temporary regulation. The number of deaths from hydrophobia in London, in 1885, nearly trebled the average number for a long series of previous years; and though M. Pasteur in France may be depriving the malady of its chief horror, the proverb holds good that prevention is better than cure. All honor to the genius and perseverance of the great Frenchman, and, for the bitten, all hail to his beneficent discovery. But there should be no bitten—no mad dogs to bite. The sinister increase of the terrific disease throughout Europe, while it set M. Pasteur seeking for a cure, set “legislative” wisdom to work in the neighbor-country to devise means for eradication of rabies by the universal imposition and unremitting enforcement of preventive measures throughout the Empire; and, far behind us as are our German cousins in nearly every department of practical hygiene, it is plain fact that in this particular matter they have for the present got ahead of us. Let us see “how it’s done;” we may yet catch them up.

The *Hundesteuergesetz* (as the Germans charmingly print it) is best known to the present writer as it obtains in Bavaria, where its regulations are as follows:—

No stray dogs, either in town or country, are allowed to exist. Every dog in the kingdom must have his legally responsible master, and must perpetually carry a metal *Zeichen*, or label, upon which is stamped, (1) the amount of the tax

paid for the dog who wears it; (2) the dog’s special number in the register of the district; and (3) the date of the current year. Such a *Zeichen* can only be obtained of the police authorities at the time of paying the tax.

The due tax must be paid by the dog’s owner (or the latter’s emissary) in person, at the chief police-station of the district, directly the dog is three months old, and from that time forward, annually, within the first fortnight in January. On each occasion of payment the dog must himself be shown to the authorities, when note is made of his state of health by a veterinary police-assistant. Omission of any part of this rule is punished by a fine equal to the amount of the required tax, which thus at once becomes doubled.

The amount of the tax varies with the locality. A country resident pays for his dog only three marks annually, while for dwellers in cities or large towns the tax is fifteen marks. Eleven towns in Bavaria are subject to this high tax. There are two intermediate amounts for smaller centres of population—nine marks and six marks respectively.

Upon buying or becoming possessed of your dog—should he already have reached the taxable age, you receive with him from his previous owner the latter’s *Gebühren Quittung*, a small document denoting that such and such a tax has been duly paid for the animal at the beginning of the current year. On this paper is entered the name, address, and status of the owner; as also a description of the dog—primarily his number as registered in

the police district to which he has hitherto belonged; further, his breed, age, sex, color, and any distinguishing mark (such as cropped ears, etc.) which he may have about him. The little document contains, further, a printed abstract of those laws relating to the keeping of dogs which it concerns the owner to know, with the amount of fines imposed in case of non-observance. On the reverse side of the paper stand full and detailed information as to the symptoms of incipient rabies, with directions what to do in case such symptoms should appear, advice as to immediate steps to be taken should a human being be bitten, and a caution (not unneeded in superstitious Bavaria) against belief in charms, or "sympathy cures," or even in medicinal cures, as not only useless, but in so far dangerous as they tend to divert attention from the only practical measures which, instantly applied, might possibly be of service.

Having become possessed of your dog, you are required within fourteen days to take him on a chain before the local police officials, there to have your name and address registered as his owner, and to receive a new paper for him. Supposing a dog thus to change hands within the year, no further payment is required of the new owner for that year, and the dog meanwhile retains his old *Zeichen* and number in the register; unless, indeed, there be removal of the dog by his new master from a low-taxed to a high-taxed neighborhood.

To illustrate. It happened to me to buy a dog in a rural district. He of course bore his three-

mark *Zeichen*, notifying the tax paid for him the previous January. I soon after removed him to Munich, when one of the first things that happened was the losing of his *Zeichen*, which became disengaged from his collar. Upon trotting him before the police to get him a new label, I found that it was not only necessary to register him as a new comer, but that the tax that year paid for him as a country dog was insufficient. It was necessary to pay the full difference, as if for the whole year, namely, a surplus of twelve marks, although we were already in August, and I was informed that the charge would have been doubled had I not happened to come before the authorities within a fortnight of my arrival in the city. (One is always making little discoveries of this kind in Germany, too late, or not too late, as the chance may be.) The veterinary personage in attendance examined the dog, and finding him healthy, handed me a printed certificate of his soundness up to the date of inspection.

As often as a change of residence occurs must this troublesome process of re-registering be gone through. Even foreigners making only a temporary stay in Germany must, if accompanied by a dog, have him inspected and registered within fourteen days of arrival in a locality.

An English reader, unaccustomed to any such intrusively omniscient system of supervision, may imagine that it would be easy to evade many of these despotic rules. But it is not so. The only rule comparatively easy to evade, and which

sometimes is evaded, is the registering of a puppy and payment of his tax within fourteen days of his reaching the age of three months. Owners often wait till next January, and then understate the animal's age by a few months, in order to avoid paying their tax twice within a twelvemonth; and the curious coincidence that all young dogs in Germany chance to be three months old in January is charitably winked at by authorities. As to the other rules, the existence of the numbered entry in the police register makes it at once apparent if a given dog be not brought up at the right time. Delay in payment results in official demand for the amount of the tax, with the fine attached; or else for the surrender of the dog, to be destroyed.

The *Zeichen* tells a further tale. Any one knowing the regulations needs not to be a policeman to see at a glance whether a dog crossing the street on the 15th of January has or has not had his tax paid; also, if paid, whether in this or that class of district; and this without need to examine the figures stamped on the *Zeichen*. For the *color* of the latter tells the year; all labels throughout the country being one year of brass, the next of copper, the next of white metal, and so forth; while the *shape* of the *Zeichen*—round, oblong, shield shaped, or square—is common to one class of district only, and thus indicates the *amount* of the tax that has been paid.

The dog must, of course, wear his *Zeichen* perpetually. Should he appear outside the house without it, he is at least liable to be captured by a policeman, in which case

he can only be recovered, if at all, upon payment of a fine. Indeed, it is not even necessary for a policeman to see him in order to fine you. It is enough if anyone reports the omission. A gentleman lately bought a dog of a country innkeeper, in whose house he was lodging. A few mornings later the dog slipped out into the village before his collar had been put on. A peasant, who knew nothing of the animal's change of master, but who bore a grudge against the innkeeper, triumphantly brought the truant home on a string, and skulked off to inform. The result was a notice despatched by the local policeman to the central police station in a neighboring town, which notice brought an official demand for fine and costs, to be paid through the *Burgermeister* of the village where the offence had taken place.

Should a dog on the occasion of one of his visits to the authorities be found either aged or hopelessly sickly, he is at once ruthlessly condemned to death. You must go home without him; decrepit dogs are not allowed in Bavaria.

Muzzles are not universally essential, though there are three cases in which their use is compulsory. (1) Dogs of the larger breeds must either be led on a chain or muzzled in the public streets, simply on the ground that, apart from disease, their strength might enable them, if enraged, to injure persons or other dogs. (2) If any one can report your dog as snappish with strangers, you may be compelled to muzzle him henceforward. (3) On the appearance of a case of rabies a mandate is of course issued to the public, requiring the muzzling

of all dogs for a term of months. Any dog even suspected of incipient rabies is at once confiscated, and destroyed by the authorities.

Such are the existing discouragements to dog-keeping in Bavaria. With the primary object of ridding the country of hydrophobia, and perhaps the secondary one of enriching the exchequer, the *Hundesteuergesetz* has rendered the dearest of dumb friends a troublesome and expensive luxury; and that among a people comparatively so poor and so economical as the Bavarians, the number of highly taxed dogs remains, proportionately to population, as large as it is, seems at first sight inconsistent with the otherwise striking absence of luxury in all departments of life. One may sometimes walk in the principal streets of Munich for hours without chancing to meet a single private carriage, and a civilian on horseback is so rare a sight that people stand still and stare after him. Meanwhile the large number of dogs about the streets catches the eye at once. Of the larger kinds, St. Bernards, sporting dogs, and the large un-English breed of creature called for some occult Teuton reason *englischer Dogge* are favorites, while there seems no end to the dachshunds, poodles, Spitzes, pugs and terriers. Bull-dogs are by no means rare; and naturally, among a majority of animals suggesting some breed and price, there is a due sprinkling of mongrels no less beloved by their special masters. Dog-fancying is much on the increase in Germany, and the annual shows in the principal cities (though not to compare with English exhibitions) witness

to increasing knowledge of what is what in matters of canine race and beauty.

The fact is that there is no luxury (except his beer) of which the average Bavarian is so little disposed to count the cost as his dog. The general tenderness for dumb creatures throughout the country is marked in many ways, and the dog especially is a centre of kindly notice, from friends and strangers alike, whenever he comes and goes. Nevertheless the tax and the trouble he entails is felt; and within the ten years that have elapsed since the *Hundesteuergesetz* has been in force the relative number of dogs kept in Bavaria has fallen from one in sixteen to one in twenty-six of the population. As each new year approaches, it becomes a question in many a thrifty household whether circumstances justify the renewal of the tax, and such a question lately found an amusing solution in the town of Bamberg. Dispute waxing high round the family table, the head of the household hit upon the idea of appealing to chance to decide the dog's right to further maintenance, and accordingly bought him a ticket in one of the public lotteries so common throughout Germany. The *Loos* proved a lucky one, and "Hektor" won 300 marks, which sum was forthwith set apart as his special property, enabling him for the future to pay his own expenses, including the tax entitling him to existence.

In Munich alone, without taking count of the many pups too young to be taxed, the number of dogs registered last year (1886) was 5282; no inconsiderable number in

a town of some 260,000 inhabitants, considering that the amount of the tax is just double that paid by Londoners for their dogs. Only two animals were confiscated and killed, on account of their tax remaining unpaid. Fourteen were, however, destroyed as unhealthy or aged.

But now as to the effect of this cumbersome mass of regulations with regard to the extirpation of rabies. Before the institution of the *Hundesteurgesetz* the malady was very prevalent in Bavaria. Herr O. Bollinger, writing to the *Munchener Medizinische Wochenschrift*, gives the following particulars. In 1873 no less than 821 rabid or suspected dogs were reported. The law as it now stands was put in force on the 2nd of June, 1876; it therefore operated during the second half only of that year. Nevertheless the total number of rabid or suspected dogs for 1876 was only 241. From 1876 forward the annual number decreased steadily, and so rapidly that in 1884-85, respectively, only nine and eleven such dogs were notified.

Meanwhile, as to the protection afforded to the public, the results of the *Gesetz* are even more satisfactory. From 1863 to 1876 the annual number of deaths from hydrophobia registered in Bavaria was never less than 14, varying from 14 to 18 *per annum*, while in single years the number rose much higher—23, 29, and 31 cases being severally recorded. In 1875—the year before the law came into force—the number of hydrophobic deaths was 23. The following year the latter six months of which were

protected by the *Gesetz*, there were only 13. Since 1879 there has never been more than one death from hydrophobia annually recorded throughout the kingdom—oftener none at all, *only three cases in all having occurred in the whole period of seven years that has since elapsed*.* Thus, while the effect of the measures taken has been within ten years to reduce the actual number of dogs kept in Bavaria by only something less than one-third, it has reduced the number of dangerous dogs in the proportion of 1 (in 1885) to 90 (in 1875). The annual list of human victims meanwhile has ceased to occur. Instead of a dismal tale of from 14 to 31 hydrophobic deaths in twelve months, as in the thirteen years before the law came into existence, we have had, for seven out of ten years that the law has worked, a human death-rate from this cause amounting to only one victim in two years and four months. And this in a population of five and a half millions! Danger to human life from this horrible malady is thus shown to have already become infinitesimal in Bavaria. Similar results have followed similar regulations throughout the rest of Germany. In Prussia and Saxony rabies is reported as all but extinct.

Other European countries meanwhile have made no progress in the same direction. Fifty persons were bitten by rabid or suspected dogs in Vienna alone, within the first eight months of 1884, and of these eight are known to have died of hydrophobia. In London the annual

* The statistics in this paper are those up to January, 1886, after the taking of the dog-census of that date.

average of deaths from the disease between the years 1875-85 was 6, rising in 1877 to 13; and in the first ten months of 1885 the number suddenly rose to 19—a state of things parallel to that which existed in Bavaria ten years earlier. In the department of the Seine, according to M. Pasteur, no less than 515 persons were bitten by rabid, or probably rabid, dogs in course of the six years 1878-83, and of these, 81 succumbed to hydrophobia, giving an average of rather more than 13 in each year.

To return to Germany. Taking Herr Bollinger's figures as presumably accurate, we are not merely led to his conclusion (shared by the German local and imperial Governments) that there is no present need for the systematic introduction of M. Pasteur's system into Germany, but the belief seems to receive fresh confirmation that in Europe rabies does *not* appear spontaneously, nor spread epidemically, but arises and is disseminated solely through the bite of an animal already affected by the disease. There having been at the outset no period of universal muzzling in Germany, the extirpation of the evil has, of course, had no chance of being sudden or complete at a stroke; the law, as it exists, not being such as to render healthy dogs absolutely safe from attack during the days that an incipiently rabid animal may remain at large before its symptoms excite suspicion. And when a case of rabies is noted, the period (of, I believe, two months) during which general local muzzling is commanded, is shorter than seems war-

ranted by the known peculiarity of the malady. Still, the regulations being what they are, and providing for frequent veterinary observation of every dog in the country, the decrease of the disease has been not only rapid, but so free from fluctuations as distinctly to discredit the notion, still upheld in some quarters, that its generation may be due to unhealthy physical or atmospheric conditions, apart from the direct communication of virus through the saliva of a rabid animal. The balance of evidence lying the way it does in Germany, there seems to be ample justification for the recent temporary infliction of the muzzle in London; a fetter which, with all its drawbacks and inconveniences for dog and master, is yet the least of two evils; and meanwhile the only certain means of effecting entire eradication of the dire disease within a short space of time. Though in Germany great results have followed measures short of it in stringency, it has only been at the cost of time and of endless trouble to citizens, incessant dictation from officials, and an expensive array of fines and taxes. English people, as before remarked, could certainly never endure this or any part of the petty and intrusive interference which comes only too naturally to the suppressed individuality of the German subject. The London rule of the muzzle was simpler, swifter, more direct; and should that theory of rabies which it takes for granted be the correct one, why should it not speedily justify itself in results eclipsing those of the *Hundesteuergesetz*? Were it to be further extended to the

whole of the kingdom, or, supplemented by measures regulating the conveyance of animals from one place to another, it seems likely that, although later in the field, Great Britain might outstrip Germany before the race is ended, and be the first European nation to show a year's register, alike with regard to rabies and to hydrophobia, with nothing but ciphers upon it. Some permanent restriction to provide against the chance of importing incipient rabies from countries less effectually guarded might help the country to retain the immunity so won.*

The dog plays a conspicuous social part in German life. He has a thoroughly good time of it. Unaware of the arbitrary human rules on which his tenure of life depends, he takes his place as well treated servant or family darling. The law protecting him from human cruelty or harshness is older than that which makes him a taxable luxury. When Germany became compacted to an empire, one of the laws issued to the peoples of the *Bund* condemned to arrest or to

* It must not be forgotten that, be the laws relating to dogs never so efficient, rabies is a disease to which other animals are liable. While this article is in progress comes an account of five peasant children in a secluded Bavarian village, bitten by a rabid cat, and sent to Paris by a neighboring "Lady Bountiful" for treatment by M. Pasteur. A cat may bite a dog; so that *absolute* immunity from canine rabies cannot be predicted as a consequence of the most perfect dog-keeping regulations; nor could the appearance of rabies in a dog be unanswerably attributed to spontaneous irritating causes, until means should be found of protecting him not only against attack from unhealthy members of his own species, but against all the cats in his neighborhood as well.

payment of a fine not exceeding fifty thalers (7*l.* 10*s.*) anyone who "publicly, or in an indignation-arousing manner, maliciously torments or roughly maltreats dumb animals. For the effectual carrying out of this law there exists a *Thierschutzverein* (similar in constitution to and identical in aim with the English "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals") through whose agency offenders are brought to justice.

Dogs are, however, still put to draft-work in Germany. Milk-carts, laundress's carts, and other small vehicles are very frequently drawn either by a dog alone or by a dog and man side by side. The animal pulls from his chest; he goes to work cheerfully, wagging his tail, and looking about him like the intelligent, sympathetic creature he is; and of course a word is sufficient to guide him. These servant dogs are mostly very affectionately treated, at any rate in South Germany; and seldom appear at all distressed. It is a question whether any physical endurance of the kind involved in the dog's incomplete fitness of build for such work is not to a well-treated animal made amends for in the keen pleasure most obviously afforded to the canine intelligence in doing what he can, and in obeying the will of a human friend. The breed of dog oftenest put to draft-work is the great smooth-haired, grey, yellow, or brindled *Dogge*, but other large kinds are also harnessed.

Formerly, in Bavaria, and still more recently in Austria, dogs figured also in the army. Each regiment possessed its "Nero" or "Cæsar," whose office was to

march with the band on all occasions, in peace and war alike, drawing the big drum on wheels during the playing of the music. The animals so-used acquired the most perfect precision of pace, never bringing the drummer out of line, or his drumming out of time, and meanwhile understanding and responding to the officer's command as to directions, etc., as promptly as the men themselves. To the South German love of dumb animals this pretty eccentricity was doubtless due; a regimental dog implied a regiment of men; the military unit was still allowed to show itself a thing of flesh and blood. As Germany grew more distinctively martial, and learnt to talk in a big voice about *Eisen*, the custom was, as a matter of course, disallowed, appearing too sentimental to be in keeping with so trim and grim an engine as her improved army.

The dog, however, though banished from military life as a fanciful accessory, has just been recalled to fill a sterner and more responsible position; trained dogs are to be henceforth employed as military scouts and messengers, and should war occur, there will doubtless be stories enough of their truth to trust, and intelligence in emergency.

Many readers are doubtless aware that the dog plays an elegant part in German university life. Each *corps* of students has its large aristocratic-looking canine attendant, whose expenses are shared by the members of the *corps*, the students in turn undertaking for a week at a time the custody of the dog and the providing of his keep.

"These superb favorites of the students are"—in the words of the author of *Dr. Claudius*—"as well known as the professors themselves to every inhabitant of a university town in Germany." They accompany their *corps* everywhere, trotting with the procession of droschkes in which these gay capped, sleek, and spectacled youths are wont to take the air; or gravely parading the cafés where they spend long afternoons smoking, billiard-playing, and drinking *Weissbier*.

The practice of cropping the ears and tails of puppies is nearly universal, and a pleasanter usage is the annual shearing. Not only poodles, but all the shaggy breeds, from the biggest St. Bernard to the tiniest Maltese terrier, are shorn more or less fancifully at the beginning of the summer; some kinds looking the smarter for it, others extremely ridiculous. The effect is perhaps absurdest in the case of the Spitz terrier. But the object is the dog's comfort and cleanliness during the hot and dusty season, and the practice has much to recommend it. The German is a great believer in animal diet, for his dog as for himself. Not that the sale of cat's or dog's meat forms a distinct branch of business as in England. Every one has heard of the thrifty German in London who, misunderstanding the office of the cat's meat man, wrote home to his friends in cheerful surprise at the cheapness of living in London, describing how just enough meat for one's dinner was very conveniently brought to the door every morning on a little stick, costing only one penny! As a matter of fact, not

only horseflesh, but sundry portions of the sheep or pig, which the Anglo-Saxon generally reserves for four-footed consumers, are bought and sold by his less gastronomic but more economical cousins, to be served up for dinner in poorer families, or to be converted into some one of the mysterious forms of eatable known as "press-sack," "leberkäs," etc., which, turn and turn about with better material, are bought by the pennyworth for supper at the *charkutier's* shop. The German dog is seldom fed on anything specially designed for him, but gets the cooked scraps and leavings of the family meal.

There being no strays throughout the length and breadth of Germany, nothing in the way of a dog's home either exists or is needed. Lost dogs are taken to the police-station, where their *Zeichen* affords ready information as to their home and ownership. The German grudges his favorite no comfort, and takes a pride in his education, as in keeping him smart and healthy. Establishments abound for the washing, shearing, cropping, and training of dogs; pups are often literally sent to school by their owners for a few months, to persons who make it their profession to train them in duties and accomplishments, often with astonishing result. There are no chronically ailing; no pitiful aged animals—the law, as I have shown, not unkindly providing against that; and one never sees an ill fed or cowed-looking specimen anywhere. In short, in a country where the conditions of human life are as yet very far from being either felicitous or ideal, canine

misery can hardly be said to exist; and among the dumb races of earth that have come under human jurisdiction, no class of creature probably has a better time of it from first to last than the nineteenth-century German dog.—L. S. GUGGENBERGER, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

CURRENT THOUGHT

A GREAT PERSIAN POEM.—Mr. E. H. Whinfield, late of the Bengal Civil Service, has put forth in the "Oriental Series" an abridged translation of the *Masnavi i Ma'navi*, or "Spiritual Couplets" of the Persian poet Maulanā Jalālu-'d-din Muhammad-i-Rūmī, who was born in A.D. 1207. Of this poem the *Athenæum* says:

"Nearly everything in Eastern literature which has real excellence and interest is marred by excessive length: the authors or compilers never remember that the half is better than the whole, and constantly overburden us with repetitions or episodes. Thus the *Mahabharata*, in itself one of the most interesting of poems, becomes unreadable on account of its 100,000 couplets; and so its Persian counterpart, the *Shah-namah*, with its 70,000, is equally admired and unread. There is another great Persian poem, the *Masnavi*, which could hardly have failed to make an impression on the West if it had only been of bearable length; but its 26,000 couplets and its endless repetitions generally deter the boldest reader who would explore it from end to end. Mr. Whinfield has, therefore, done good service in giving us this careful abridgment of its contents. The *Masnavi* is a poem in six cantos, and is a kind of *Theodiceæ* justifying the ways of God to man. Its central idea is the Sūfī doctrine that the only true basis of religion or philosophy is divine love, but it discusses incidentally almost every theological question which interests the Mohammedan world, and it is regarded alike in Turkey, Persia, and India as an authority second only to the Koran and the traditions. It is written in the form of tales which are interwoven like *Pilpay's Fables* or the *Arabian Nights*; but the story in hand is

continually being interrupted by digressions in which the author speaks in his own person and moralizes on every conceivable topic. After a certain length of digression he suddenly pulls himself up and returns for a few lines to the tale; but a casual word is sure to remind him of some remotely connected topic, and he wanders off again and again, to be ever recalled for a time to his theme. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that his mind was perfectly sane, in spite of the real power which he manifests wherever he can control himself and keep at his best; two authors, or rather two natures, seem to be composing the poem, and unfortunately it is the weaker which has invited the larger part. As to the poet's excellence when he is at his best there can be no question."

GAME-PRESERVING IN GREAT BRITAIN.—Mr. James H. Park, of Scotland, writes to the *Independent*:

"Few recreations are so thoroughly enjoyable and exhilarating as field sports, and the pity is that in the Old World so few are permitted to enjoy them, while the favored few indulge so often to excess. Unchecked indulgence in this as in other passions leads to inordinate desires, and so it is that in Britain a few of the aristocracy have acquired what may be fairly enough called a thirst for slaughtering. The rearing and killing of game becomes the chief aim of their lives and nothing short of batteau shooting is deemed worthy sport. Such men are apt to prostitute their estates to the raising of game, their interest in the dwellers on their estates becoming a most sordid consideration. In truth there are land-owners—not only in the Highlands of Scotland where deer forests usurp the place of men and cattle, but in fertile districts of England—who reduce the population of their estates as much as they well dare, so that the favored animals may be less disturbed. A story has lately gone the round of the English press of a rabid game preserver having given orders that all nightingales in his plantations should be shot as disturbers of the pheasants with their untimely songs. This may or may not be true; but as mad things have been done in that direction, and it is true enough that over large tracts of both cultivated and wild lands, young and old are prohibited from walking where formerly

it was free: and it is no very uncommon thing for children to be brought before the justices for be-rying or nutting on game-growing estates. We know personally of a landlord of this type, without any known reason forbidding a most respectable tenant to set foot on the estate beyond his own holding, without said landlord's permission. This, however, is a very arrogant proceeding in a country district, and certainly of rare occurrence, but it serves to show to what extremes keen game preserving may lead. Even in the wild Highlands of Scotland tourists are now forbidden to travel over many mountain ranges, because, forsooth, they might disturb his lordship's grouse or deer. As slavery demoralized the slaveholder as well as the slave, so it may be observed that one of the first effects of this abnormal indulgence in game killing is the utter selfishness and tendency even to brutality which it engenders; everything becomes subservient to the passion, and all upon these estates suffer more or less under the great game pressure. The raising of an immense crop of game is the great desideratum, and certainly some of these sporting landlords make the most of their estates in this way. Plantations are so laid out for protecting the favored animals, as to be most convenient for their raiding over every farmer's field. Pheasants are stimulated to lay two sittings of eggs, their first sitting being brought out under domestic hens, and the young birds are hand fed until able to forage for themselves: one result of this being that the birds sometimes become so tame they can scarcely be induced to fly up and be shot."

ARABIA FELIX.—"It would seem," says the *Independent*, "that parts of Southern Arabia are still blessed with a climate which justifies the old name of *Arabia Felix*, 'Arabia the Happy.' General Haig, who has recently traveled from Hodeida (north of Aden) inland to Sanala, and thence to Aden, reports the region to be one of mountains rising to over 10,000 feet, and terraced by the natives up to 8000 feet. The scenery is magnificent, and the climate apparently sufficiently temperate for European settlement. In Oman, in the eastern part of Southern Arabia, he found that, though only six inches of rain fell on the coast, the interior had thirty inches."

DUTCH CHEESES. Alkmaar, a town of some 10,000 inhabitants, is the great centre of the cheese trade in the Netherlands. Mr. R. Lovett, in *Leisure Hour*, describes the aspect of the cheese-market:

"The streets leading to the market-place are crowded with a collection of very curious vehicles. These are the carts which have brought in from the farms for miles around the produce of their respective dairies. They vary widely in color and shape, and present ample materials for study to any who are interested in knowing how many forms an ordinary four-wheeled vehicle can be made to assume. The cheeses are carried from the wagons to that part of the place assigned to the owner, and are there piled up, and are covered over with cloths. When a sale has been effected, the services of the porters are called in. They work in couples, and, by means of a strong pair of braces arranged upon the shoulders, and with long loops, they carry a kind of hand-barrow or stretcher slung between; and, with a curious, shuffling gait, they cause this to glide along about six inches above the ground. The bargain having been entered at the weigh-house, two of these men go to the cheeses sold, proceed to pile them up upon their barrow, and carry them off to be weighed. This weighing is a fascinating part of the work to the stranger, the more so if he is at all familiar with modern methods of weighing goods. As far as appears to the eye, the process now resembles in all particulars that which obtained when weighing first began in the new house at the close of the sixteenth century. There may be such things as steelyards and modern appliances for ascertaining rapidly the weights of goods, but the Alkmaar public has not yet looked favorably upon them. In the weigh-house the ground-floor is open on three sides, admitting freely all who wish to enter. The stranger sees there four very large pairs of old-fashioned scales, and he soon notices that the porters, who are all dressed in white, wear different-colored hats, red, yellow, etc., corresponding to the colors of the scales. Each company of porters keep to their own pair of scales. The barrow with the load of cheese is placed upon the scale, and then, with resounding noise, a burly attendant piles up half-hundred-weights and smaller pieces of iron, until

the requisite balance is made. He then writes down the weight, moves all the weights off the scale to a stand built near, and the porters shuffle off with their load to the canal-boat or vehicle provided by the buyer, and that load of cheeses bids a long farewell to Alkmaar. Small fees have to be paid to both porters and weigher. Here, as in so many spots on the earth's surface, vested interest has some influence, in all probability, in staying the progress of reform. Yet it must be confessed that, although it shocks one to see so much unnecessary labor, the market scene is very much more picturesque than it would be were the cheeses sent rolling along a tube which shot them into barrels, conveyed by cranes to scales which weighed them in an instant and then poured them into the waiting hold of the canal-boat; steam power and modern inventiveness thus doing more in one hour than the chattering, shuffling porters accomplish in the life-long Alkmaar market-day."

ENGLISH LITERARY PENSIONS. — Mr. James Payn says, in the *Independent*:

"Among the pensions awarded every year to literature, science, and art from the Civil list there are two constantly recurring circumstances worthy of note. 1. That literature, science, and art have not so much to do with the matter, or at all events are subordinated to political interest; and 2, that the size of the pension is in inverse proportion to the fame of the recipient. This year's list is no exception. Louise Johanna, Lady Farnborough, takes £250, or more than twenty per cent. of the whole grant, 'in consideration of the distinguished parliamentary and literary services of her late husband,' and Mr. Gerald Massey, whom most people have heard of, £30."

WORTH HIS SALARY. — "The Liverpool Young Men's Christian Association," says the *Liverpool Echo*, "has a journal of its own, which recently contained the following advertisement:"

"In a provincial town a young man is required at once by a committee of Christian men. He must be talented, experienced, business like, a good penman, spiritually-minded, musical, a fluent speaker, a good financier, accountant, and debt collector. He must be thorough-

ly competent to make the preliminary arrangements for all meetings, such as prayer-meetings, evangelistic services, and Bible classes, literary, educational, social, and business meetings of the whole body and the various committees, and if necessary conduct them. He must be capable of taking the sole superintendence of a reading-room and library, the catering for a refreshment room, and the general working of the establishment, including the athletic and other clubs connected therewith. Preference will be given to a good gymnast. He must have a good literary style, as all the correspondence, reports, proof-reading, etc., will be left entirely in his hands. He must have robust health. He must have a clear head and be a quick reader of character. He must be generous and open-handed, and at the same time authoritative but not overbearing. The hours are from 9 A.M. to 10.30 P.M., and on Sunday from 2 P.M. to 10 P.M., but he will be expected to attend church in the morning for his own soul's welfare. The committee have pleasure in offering a salary of £75 per annum to a man possessing the above qualifications."

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S CONTEMPORARY RULERS.—"German papers remind us," says *Leisure Hour*, "that the nonagenarian German Emperor has survived no fewer than 72 reigning sovereigns who were his contemporaries—viz., 52 Kings or Queens, 8 Emperors, 6 Sultans, and 6 Popes. Of these three were Kings of Prussia—Frederick William II., Frederick William III., Frederick William IV.; two were Kings of Hanover, two Kings of Wurtemberg, four Kings of Bavaria, three Kings of Saxony, one King of Westphalia (Jerome Bonaparte), one King of Greece, one King of the Belgians, three Kings of Holland, three Kings of England, three Kings of France, five Kings of Sweden, four Kings of Denmark, three (or four) Sovereigns of Portugal, five Sovereigns of Spain, five Kings of Sardinia, six Kings of Naples, two Emperors of Austria (one of whom was the last of the former line of German Emperors), two Emperors of France, four Czars of Russia. He has also survived 21 Presidents of the United States."

JOSEPH, PRIME MINISTER OF PHARAOH.—Mr. Cope Whitehouse, an English engi-

neer, employed upon public works in Egypt, thus speaks of one of the still existing great ancient works for regulating the fertilizing inundations of the Nile:

"The Fayoum still attests the immortal work of those first occupants, reputed Arabians, Typhonian, Hyksos-tyrants yet benefactors—whose mysterious presence is inexplicable now as when Manetho referred it to a direct interposition of Providence. Semitic tradition ascribes the work to the Patriarch Joseph. The name *Bahr Jusuf*, or River of Joseph, may be found upon the map, and every educated Mohammedan, from the Himalayas to the West Coast of Africa, and every native of Egypt, Copt or Moslem, from the Khedive to the fellah, believes that the conversion of the Fayoum was due to the Israelite, ibn-Jacoub, Premier of a Shepherd King, Pharaoh Raiyan ibn el-Waled. Egyptologists have hitherto mentioned this tradition only to deny its antiquity. But it can be shown that the narrative, differentiated in detail but similar in substance, was current shortly after the Mohammedan invasion. In the *Wonders of Egypt*, by Mur-tadi, the story is told in terms which are in entire accordance with the physical facts, and not at variance with either Hebrew or Greek tradition. It may be thus translated from an Arabic manuscript which once belonged to Cardinal Mazarin:

"Joseph—to whom may Allah show mercy and grant peace—when he was Prime Minister of Egypt and high in favor with Raiyan, his Sovereign, after that he was more than a hundred years old, became an object of envy to the favorites of the king and the puissant seigneurs of the Court of Memphis, on account of the great power which he wielded and the affection entertained for him by his monarch. They accordingly thus addressed the king: Great King, Joseph is now very old; his knowledge has diminished; his beauty has faded; his judgment is unsound; his sagacity has failed. The king said: Set him a task which shall serve as a test. At that time el-Fayoum was called *el-Hun*, or the Marsh. It served as a waste basin for the waters of Upper Egypt, which flowed in and out unrestrained. The courtiers having taken counsel together what to propose to the king, gave this reply to Pharaoh: Lay the royal commands upon Joseph that he shall divert the water

of the Nile from el-Hun and drain it, so as to give you a new province and an additional source of revenue. The king assented, and summoning Joseph to his presence, said: You know how dearly I love my daughter, and you see that the time has arrived in which I ought to carve an estate for her out of the crown lands, and give her a separate establishment, of which she would be the mistress. I have, however, no territory available for this purpose except the submerged land of el-Hun. It is in many respects favorably situated. It is a convenient distance from my capital. It is surrounded by desert. My daughter will thus be independent and protected.—Quite true, Great King, responded Joseph, when would you wish it done; for accomplished it shall be by the aid of Allah, the All-Powerful.—The sooner, the better, said the King. Then Allah inspired Joseph with a plan. He directed him to make three canals; one from Upper Egypt, a canal on the east, and a canal on the west. Joseph collected workmen and dug the canal of Menhi from Ashmunin to el-Lahun. Then he excavated the canal of el-Fayoum, and the eastern canal, with another canal near it called Ben-Hamed, beyond the inhabited parts of Alphon, from the desert of Ben-Hamed to the west. In this way the water was drained from el-Hun. Then he set an army of laborers at work. They cut down the tamarisks and bushes which grew there and carried them away. At the sea on when the Nile begins to rise the marsh had been converted into good cultivable land. The Nile rose. The water entered the mouth of the Menhi canal and flowed down the Nile valley to el-Lahun. Thence it turned towards el-Fayoum, and entered that canal in such volume that it filled it and converted the land into a region irrigated by the Nile. King Raiyan thereupon came to see his new province with the courtiers who had advised him to set Joseph to this task. When they saw the result, they greatly marvelled at the skill and inventive genius of Joseph, and exclaimed: We do not know which most to admire, the draining of the marsh and the destruction of the noxious plants, or the conversion of its surface into fertile and well-watered fields.—Then the King said to Joseph: How long did it take you to bring this district into the excellent

state in which I find it?—Seventy days, responded Joseph. Then Pharaoh turned to his courtiers, and said: Apparently one could not have done it in a thousand days. Thus the name was changed from el-Hun, or the Marsh, to el-Fayoum, the land of a thousand days.’”

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.—A writer in *Murray's Magazine*—apparently a Canadian, or at least a resident in the Dominion—does not share in the prevalent desire for a commercial union between Canada and the United States. He says:

“Canada cannot—England ought not—to consider the project for a moment. It is Annexation in thin clothes. It is Separation in the livery of humbug. If Canada sweeps away her Custom Houses, and is one in all her commercial interests with the United States, she will stand practically on the same footing as any other State in the Union, and the end—absorption—cannot be far off. But in any case we are catching at shadows; for the bait of high prices will not lure us very long. It is difficult to see how our young manufactures and industries are to escape extinction, from the enormous capital generated in the United States by years of Protection; nor why a country which produces all that we produce, and, from the difference in her climates, even greater variety, should not equalize the cost of everything we raise by raising more of it herself. She has land enough, and hands enough to do this, and it does not yet appear why Congress should be supposed ready to sanction any arrangement by which, according to advocates for Commercial Union, such immense benefits should be heaped on a foreign country, which in case of war with England would surely be the basis of operations, a country which at all times present the curious anomaly of a nation practically living under one flag, and absolutely cheering for another.

DOGS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—A writer in *Murray's Magazine* has been investigating the personal characteristics, domestic relations, and political institutions of the canine population of Constantinople. He says:

“The political organization consists of a Confederation of small States, entirely independent of one another, yet unhesi-

tatingly obeying a call to resist a common danger. This Confederation cannot be accurately compared to any other known to me. Some have thought fit to institute a comparison between it and the United States of North America. But the comparison is wholly inaccurate. There is no Federal President, the States, in time of peace abroad, are extremely hostile to one another, and will admit of no inter-state relations: they pursue no common domestic policy. The only case when common action is admitted at all is that of an invasion by foreigners, and even then this action frequently terminates in civil war. My meaning will be best conveyed by an instance which occurred under my own observation. On reaching one day the Stamboul side of the Karakiöi bridge, I became aware that the roar of barks in the air which proclaims the waging of a canine war. Proceeding on my way, I presently saw advancing towards me two men leading a large tame dancing bear. Defending the front and rear of the bear were other two couples of men making terrific circular swoops with great poles which they had in their hands, whilst his flanks were similarly defended by the men leading him. Just beyond the reach of the poles were loud-sounding armies of dogs; from every street, alley, and blind lane were flocking troops, companies, regiments of dogs. On they came in the pride of numbers and the desperation of patriotism. The air vibrated with tails, flashed teeth. Attacks were attempted in every kind of formation; single attacks skirmishing attacks, attacks in force—now on this side, now on that, now on all sides at once. But the cruel poles did their work with disheartening success. It was one long call of *serrez les rangs!* The front line was continually sent reeling and yelping to the rear, only to be filled up by fresh cohorts thirsting for the fray. Meanwhile the bear was walking along with that ponderous, oscillating, ungainly motion, of which he can never break himself, however much he may be submitted to masters of dancing and deportment, in as sublime and exasperating an indifference to the fury of which he was the central object as if he had been unconscious of the existence of any such a creature in the sublunary world as a dog. The scene was so humorously attractive, that I retraced my

steps to watch it to the end. The end was at the bridge, which is looked upon as neutral territory, and is inhabited by a few spiritless, neutral dogs. No Stamboul or Galata dog will ever set a foot thereon; the beginning of the bridge is an impassable frontier line. As soon as the bear stepped on to the bridge the attacks ceased, and the attacking army formed into a kind of crescent round the *tête de pont*, and chorused a parting shout of defiance. Then I perceived a sudden movement in the canine forces which I did not at first understand; a simultaneous movement, as if by signal, of a considerable number of dogs to the right flank. These seemed to form a kind of irregular line, and to be about to retreat, when they suddenly changed front and executed a furious and unexpected charge on their late allies. They were the dogs to whom this territory belonged. A short and sanguinary conflict ensued, but the issue was not doubtful. The attackers, whose quarters lie in a kind of market, are of a particularly robust and sturdy race, and, moreover, the others were now in the wrong, and they knew it. They had no right to remain in a territory not belonging to them one moment more than was absolutely necessary. Thus, after a half-hearted attempt to repel the attack, they turned and fled back to their homes, their tails between their legs, hardly recognizable as the soldiers of the noble army of a few minutes before. And then I saw a wonderful sight. For as the disordered mass hurried onward, at each street or corner a fresh company would break off, remain still for a moment, and then give wild chase to those who, up to that spot, had been their companions in arms and misfortune. Thus the flight became more and more ignominious and precipitate. It was a *mauvais quart d'heure* indeed for those whose territory was most distantly situate. The latter part of this scene is an example *en gros* of what is enacted every day *en detail*. Each street, alley, or open place forms a separate state, whose boundaries are strictly defined, and whose inhabitants will not suffer the least intrusion from their neighbors. Woe to the unwary one who may stray beyond his borders: he will speedily be driven back in ignominy and dismay, lucky if he have not lost half an ear, or a mouthful of flesh off his back, or be lamed for life."

INDEPENDENT TRAVELLING.

THERE is a great difference, in the title of this paper, between the general intelligibility of the adjective and the substantive. All are agreed about the meaning of the word "travelling." It means simply going about, wandering from place to place—either for business, as in the case of commercial travellers, (who are usually called "travellers" simply, as if there were no others), or for pleasure, as tourists travel, or for some scientific or artistic purpose, as in the case of the geologist or the landscape painter. It is, therefore, quite needless to dilate upon the meaning of the word "travelling;" but with regard to the adjective "independent," the case is very different. It has, no doubt, a general meaning on which we are all of us agreed. To feel that we are not dependent upon some person or some conditions of things that we rather dislike (or at least that we do not wish to be dependent upon) is to have the feeling of independence even when, in fact, we are still very dependent upon other persons or other conditions of things. And so it will be found that everyone has his own idea of what constitutes independence in travelling. For most young people independent travelling would mean, in the first place, to travel without authoritative seniors, such as schoolmasters, tutors, clergymen, and—more especially and particularly—fathers. There may be exceptions to the rule, but in general it may be safely taken as true that the most effectual kill-joy for young people on an excursion is some body who has attained the age of reason

and who combines with this antiquity the authority of the tutorial or paternal rank, even though he may not have the slightest desire to make his authority felt. One of my friends, who seems to me a lively and intelligent man of sixty, but who, no doubt, appears very grave and serious to the young, proposed, some time ago, to accompany his son and a comrade of his on a long pedestrian tour, and he actually set out with them. "This arrangement," I thought, "is not likely to be successful. The young men can walk much further in a day than their elderly companion; therefore they will feel restrained, and they would like to enliven the way with exuberant youthful nonsense, on which the presence of a reverend senior will quietly put an extinguisher. Whatever may be the result for him, the consequence for them will be the loss of their independence, and they will feel it every hour."

Well, the three set out together, and the next news I had of the expedition was the return of the elderly man, alone. He said "The lads were both of them very nice with me, they behaved very well, but——"

"But what?"

"Well, it did not take me three days to discover that I was a drag upon them."

After that the young men came back, and I heard their account of the matter. They had had a charming but very fatiguing tour, and they had performed prodigies of pedestrianism whilst living in a wretched way amongst the hills.

"And how about the third traveller? he left you?"

"Oh, yes, he soon had enough of it, though he is not a bad walker for an elderly man. However he could not do our distances, and——"

"And what?"

"Oh, well, you know, he could not have roughed it as merrily as we did."

The next great enemy to independence in travelling is difference in sex. He who travels with ladies generally finds in practice that however little burdensome the ladies may make themselves, they have still a claim upon him for certain observances that a gentleman does not desire to elude, and yet these little observances put an end to his independence as effectually as more serious claims. He can scarcely, during the trip, take any pleasure occupying more than half an hour unless the ladies join in it, and for many physical and intellectual reasons they are not always disposed to join. Then they tell him to go alone, and they will wait in the hotel; but he knows that if he leaves them there he is committing a little sin. They want to stay in places that seem dull to him, and he stays; they do not care for other places that have an interest for him, and he passes them by with the consolatory reflection that he will visit them some day by himself. Hitherto we have supposed the ladies to be perfectly reasonable, but some of them are by nature exacting, and a few are extremely and incessantly exacting. It is in travelling that this peculiarity is developed to the utmost. Such ladies are always dissatisfied and always wanting you to render them little services. If rendered, these services

excite a minimum of gratitude, but the omission of them causes a perceptible shade of resentment, which adds nothing to the pleasures of the tour.

Of all the sacrifices of independence in travelling, not one is so absolute and complete as that of a healthy person who travels either with an invalid or with a semi-invalid who cannot conform to ordinary conditions. Many people are well enough at home, but have a constitutional liability to indisposition at the very time when they want health most: that is, when they are travelling. We are all familiar with sea-sickness, at least from having observed it in others. It appears to annihilate all pleasure in sea voyages, and if you travel with anyone who is liable to this malady you find that some narrow strait, like those which divide England from France and Ireland, will make your companion wish to change his direction as ants do when they meet with a chalked line. If he is very courageous and incurs the certain suffering, you are deprived of his companionship on the steamer, and regain thereby, no doubt, a sort of independence which only the hard-hearted can enjoy.

Sufferers from the railway are, happily, much less numerous than the unhappy victims of sea-sickness, but they exist, and have to conform to the necessities of their different cases, which their companions must equally consider. Some are giddy and sick in the railway train; others are liable to various forms of nerve-distress produced by the peculiar vibration; others cannot endure to see

objects go rapidly past them, and prefer to travel in the night. Outside of these exceptional cases there is an enormous difference in the mere power of endurance with regard to railway travelling, and this endurance seems almost independent of strength of constitution. I knew an old gentleman—an Englishman—who was totally insensible to fatigue as resulting from the railway. He would go from the south of France to the north of England without a pause, and on arriving at home he would at once resume his ordinary life as if he had been out for a short walk. He was a heavy, muscular man with great insensibility of nerve, and these, no doubt, appear to be favorable conditions, but they are certainly not essential, as my next case proves. This is the case of a Frenchman whose health is delicate, who has little muscular strength and much excitability of nerve. He is the best railway traveller I ever met with; the longest railway journeys produce no effect upon him whatever; it seems as if he could never be fatigued by the noise and vibration of the train. On arriving at his destination he is ready to take another ticket at a moment's notice, and be whirled away hundreds of miles. Others, apparently far stronger, tell me that the railway produces a deeper and deadlier weariness than any active exertion. Now, the very good railway travellers are naturally apt to look upon their inferiors in this respect as fanciful and rather affected persons, knowing as they do by experience that such travelling costs no fatigue. The tours that they plan usually include great distances,

and the end of their leave of absence may find them at Vienna, where they will take the express to Paris to catch the night mail to Charing Cross.

The rapid travellers and the slow travellers—those who want to see as much as they can of the globe, and those who are contented with a corner of it—can never feel independent if together. Indeed, travelling in company is always rather difficult unless there is either a great affection, so that the society of each has a constant, unfailing charm for the other, or else the principle of authority and subordination as it exists between master and servant.

Solitary travelling appears to secure independence more completely than any other, and it has its earnest advocates in these times. The utmost thought and skill have been expended upon schemes for rendering the solitary traveller more and more completely independent of his fellow-men both on land and water. Mr. John Macgregor used to be the strongest advocate for the solitary principle. His argument was that the lonely traveller could generally find some one to talk to when he wanted society, and also that conversation with any companion is speedily exhausted when two people are thrown together constantly. These ideas have been apparently accepted to some extent in America, where the type of small yacht known as the "single-hand cruiser"—the vessel whose owner navigates her entirely by himself—has been very carefully studied and brought to a curious perfection. In the *Forest and Stream*, published at New York, an intelli-

gent and humorous contributor has well described the repugnance felt by the accomplished yachtsman towards awkward people who come on board his little craft and vex him by their untidiness, leaving the marks of their boot-nails for a permanent memorial. He suffers too, morally, from their discontented ways, from their impatience with those delays and small disappointments that the yachtsman takes as part of the ordinary course of things, and from their frequently evident desire to be put ashore.

The taste for solitary cruising would, indeed, almost seem to be the result of unfortunate experiences in uncongenial companionship. The same unfortunate experiences may be met with in land travelling also; but they are especially likely to happen to the amateur sailor, because sailing is a peculiar passion, requiring the love of water and wind, and a natural affinity for sailing boats and their complicated tackle. If the chosen companion has not these instincts by nature, he has been selected without due discrimination, and the only consequence of his presence will be to beget a desire for solitude. But I cannot think that solitude is anything better than a sort of negative solution of the difficulty, and I can even prove that the lonely man is not always the most truly independent. When in a boat by yourself you are so completely the slave of your vessel that so long as it is in motion you have hardly leisure to eat a crust of bread. Even the American advocate of solitary sailing admits that the lonely yachtsman may sometimes have ten or twelve hours of fatigue and

fasting at a stretch. Two companions relieve each other, and so give each other independence. I remember sailing in a boat with a rather stiff old gentleman who was good at the helm but not sharp enough for anything else, so he took that as his speciality, and I attended to the sails, and fed the steersman, and made his coffee for him. Surely he must have felt more independent than if he had been in a state of constant anxiety about sailing gear, and suffering from the pangs of hunger!

It is almost impossible to state fairly and truly the degree in which two men are superior to one. It is not merely the multiplication sum "twice one are two," for the two can do a hundred things that are infinitely more than twice what the isolated man could accomplish, and, what is most to our present purpose, they can relieve each other, which is all-important to creatures so easily fatigued as we are. The reader may, perhaps, remember one of Mr. Macgregor's books—*The Voyage alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy"*—in which he told us how he crossed the Channel from Havre to Littlehampton. Overcome with fatigue, he fell asleep in the middle of the Channel, and lay thus for ten hours under the folds of the mainsail whilst the boat drifted. I need not expatiate on the very considerable dangers of such a situation. Two men in the same boat might have escaped the risk by watching alternately. For the same reason, in canoe-travelling, a canoe manned by two paddlers can go on continuously, when with one only it would have to stop for rests. There may also be

situations in canoe-travelling when a lonely man is in danger because he cannot both paddle and do something else at the same time. M. Tanneguy de Wogan passed a whole night on the Rhone—a night full of the greatest perils, because he was unable to effect a landing on account of the strong current. Had there been two men in the canoe, one of them might probably have managed to stop it with the boathook just when the other had directed it to a suitable place.

I remember a very perilous situation in driving when the peril was neutralized by the presence of two persons instead of one. I was on the box seat of a coach: the team consisted of three horses abreast, and we were just beginning to descend a long and very steep hill with a bridge and an embankment at the bottom, when the driver suddenly perceived that one of the pole-chains belonging to the middle horse had become unhooked. "She is a ticklish animal," said the driver, "and if she finds that out we shall have an accident. Take the reins, Sir, and keep the horses well together without stopping or altering their pace in any way" (it was a restrained trot), "and especially pay no attention whatever to me." I knew the man to be full of quiet courage, and obeyed him to the letter without a word. He immediately disappeared from my side, and I next saw him on the road edging himself in between the horses. He hooked the chain again, and actually had the coolness to secure it with a piece of string. What could he have done alone?

Many instances occur to my recollection of dangers in driving avoided,

as on this occasion, because the driver was not alone, but it would be useless to enumerate them because danger is usually thought of only when it is present. An argument against solitary driving more likely to be listened to is, that it ties the traveller to his conveyance, whereas if he has a servant he may at any time leave the road to see things of interest at some distance from it.

The seeker for independence in travelling is likely to avoid one form of servitude only to fall into another. If you hire conveyances you are dependent on what you find; if you use conveyances of your own you are tied to them when public means of locomotion might have enabled you to pass quickly over regions of inferior interest. For example, you have a sailing yacht, than which nothing, at first sight, appears to ensure the independence of its owner more completely. He has his house under the deck, and has only to go down a few steps to find himself at home. Yes, but he has also many tons of ballast under the house, and when there is no wind the ballast makes almost a fixture of the boat, which no human strength can row. The utmost that can be done is to make exasperatingly slow progress by towing the yacht behind a rowing-boat. Is this independence? It is so only just so long as the yachtsman does not care whether he makes any progress or not, and then he might as well be in a hull at anchor, and dispense with his sailing gear and his crew. To remedy this and get more complete independence, we see, as in Lord Brassey's yacht, the employ-

ment of the auxiliary steam-engine. This answers, in yachting, to the combination of oar and sail in such boats as those used in Lord Wolseley's expedition up the Nile, and on a still smaller scale to the "paddleable sailing canoe." In all these cases the object is to be independent of the wind.

Mere speed in travelling is in itself a great element of independence. In a country where good lodgings are only to be found at wide intervals the power of going quickly from one to another makes the traveller heedless of the demerits of those which he easily passes by. Nobody knows, who has not tried, how difficult it is to travel slowly in some regions that the quick traveller believes to be perfectly well provided. It matters nothing to him that his hotels are forty miles apart. The slow traveller has to put up with wretched accommodation in the intervals. This is the great advantage that cyclists have over pedestrians. The velocipede soon takes its rider over the ten or fifteen miles that separate him from his inn. The slow traveller seeks independence in another way; his great desire is to have his lodging with him. Long before slow independent travelling was understood as a recreation, the science of it had been mastered empirically by poor practical men. The canal-boat has its narrow cabin, the wandering hawker his covered wagon or more comfortable caravan, the gypsy his humble tent for the roadside. All these people can cook for themselves in their own way, and thus being always near their lodging and their dinner are in-

dependent of the country inns. Lovers of slow travel have been considered eccentric and absurd for doing that which the necessity of the case has suggested to all mankind, in similar circumstances, from time immemorial. The desire of all travellers by water is to have a cabin in the boat, and every land traveller, caught in a shower of rain, has desired a tent or a caravan.

The eccentricity of travelling with means of shelter of your own seems to depend upon very slight distinctions. It is extremely eccentric to have a caravan on the road and sleep in it, but not in the least eccentric to have a saloon carriage, with similar sleeping accommodation, on the railway. When the distances are very long, and people wish to be independent of hotels, they do exactly the same things, in rapid steam conveyances, that slow travellers do on the canal, the river, or the road. When Her Majesty goes to Provence or Savoy she sleeps on board her boat like a fisherman in harbor, the only difference being in the greater luxury of the royal accommodation, and when she passes from the water to the land she sleeps again in her railway carriage, which is nothing but a splendid sort of caravan. The progresses of Indian Governors-General used to be a magnificent sort of gypsying. Yachting of all kinds is gypsying that has received the consecration of fashion, and now that independent travel is appreciated there are yachts of all sizes and all degrees of luxury and expense.

Independent travelling upon common roads is much less known and

appreciated than that of the aquatic kind, and yet in every establishment where horses are kept a caravan might be very easily added. The reason why rich people have not yet taken to caravan-travelling as they have to yachting is supposed to be the dread of being confounded with gypsies and itinerant vendors; but there might be a certain state and style about a gentleman's caravan that would distinguish it from others, as the neatness and elegance of a yacht prevent it from being confounded with trading vessels. The other objection to caravan-travelling is its slowness, that seems excessive in an age of express trains. If, however, a country is to be seen at all, it can hardly be done beyond a very moderate rate of speed, and although a caravan may not equal the daily "record" of a velocipede, it is not liable, on the other hand, to become a fixture like a sailing vessel becalmed. The traveller would choose a country of some interest, and his satisfaction would be to explore it at his leisure, whilst he would feel serenely independent in doing so.

A French friend of mine lives near one of those pretty shady avenues of trees that are common on the outskirts of French towns, and often in the morning he walks out in that direction. One day his curiosity was attracted by a caravan that sought the shade there. The horses were unharnessed by a servant, and the master came out of the vehicle and looked around him with the eye of a stranger to the locality. "There is something about that caravan," my friend thought, "that seems unusual, and I

should like to find out what it is." Impelled by this desire, he entered into conversation with the owner, who was immediately recognizable as a gentleman, and my friend being of the same class, they soon became communicative, as French people will when they have not made up their minds to be rigidly solemn and reserved. The owner of the caravan was *Monsieur le Comte de B—*: the horses were his carriage horses, the man was his groom, and *Madame la Comtesse* was inside the house on wheels, occupied in cooking the *dejeuner*. They remained in that place twenty-four hours, and my friend became almost intimate with them. They both said that of all the varieties of travelling this was what they most enjoyed. It had begun by an attempt to explore some part of the country where the inns were bad, but since then they had come to prefer the caravan to any inns whatever; and, in fact, there were two or three excellent hotels in the town they were then visiting. The caravan was arranged with great skill, so as to give good accommodation in a restricted space, and the servant was provided for by a sort of tent, not set up separately on the ground, but belonging to the habitation itself.

Looking at this arrangement from a practical point of view, it might be thought that with a lady on board it would be desirable to have a second caravan with servants. That, however, would involve a great increase of expense. Yet the *continual* expense would not be great, as the extra pair of horses might be hired for the excursion only.

One of my friends who knew that I was interested in everything concerning independent travel told me of a moving establishment he had met with in Italy. A rich Italian nobleman travelled with four caravans of commodious size and admirably contrived, each drawn by a pair of fine horses. On arriving at a halting-place for the night, the vehicles were placed in the form of a hollow square, and the space so enclosed was covered in with a canvas roof. This made a sort of central hall, in which the owner and his family dined in great state, the caravans serving as bedrooms. Now, although this may seem an extravagant mode of travelling, it is, in fact, merely an unaccustomed way of employing a rich man's establishment of horses and men. The extra expenses involved by this particular employment of them need not be extremely onerous.

Few of us being able to afford either a large yacht or four pairs of horses, we look to establishments more within our means. I have myself travelled with a light waggon drawn by one pair of horses, and containing two tents, one for my servant and the other for myself. This was in a region where the inns were few and bad. Such an arrangement is superior to the caravan in its power of expansion, as when the tents are pitched they are as good as two caravans, but, on the other hand, the pitching and striking of tents is a labor that cannot be undertaken every time a shower comes on, and it is evident that the caravan has an appreciable advantage in being

always ready. Besides, it is found in practice that good places for pitching tents are not met with everywhere, and that they are particularly difficult to choose in the dark, with nothing but a lantern to explore the ground. A caravan, on the other hand, is always pitched in the best sanitary conditions, as it presents a wooden floor kept at a good height above the ground, with a free play of air below. A correspondent of mine in South Africa told me that the best thing, in practice, that he had ever used for travelling was a two-wheeled cart drawn by four, six, or eight horses. The upper part of this vehicle was a small hut for the master, and curtains fell down at night below the hut, making a tent with two berths for the servants. My correspondent found this much speedier than the usual colonial waggon; indeed, he could perform sixty miles a day with it, even in South Africa.

A small berth, completely dry and free from draughts, is much safer than a more commodious bed-chamber without these qualities. Amongst poor folks who do not travel for their amusement we find all degrees of humble comfort, often intelligently contrived, and by no means despicable on a wild night. A long donkey-cart with plenty of straw in it, and an arched canvas roof, is a cheap and light substitute for a caravan, and is, in fact, nothing but a combination of tent and hut on wheels. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson went a step further in the direction of simplification when he kept the donkey only, dispensing with the cart, and carrying a large bag to sleep in. For my part, I have a root-

ed objection to sleeping on the ground, and generally grant myself the luxury of a bed well raised above it. The donkey-cart, just described, seems to me the cheapest and humblest invention for sleeping anywhere on a road that can be adopted in the climates of Western Europe without any risk to health. What Mr. Stevenson has to say in favor of the sleeping-sack may be given in his own words:

"A tent, above all for a solitary traveller, is troublesome to pitch, and troublesome to strike again: and even on the march it forms a conspicuous feature in your baggage. A sleeping-sack, on the other hand, is always ready; you have only to get into it. It serves a double purpose—a bed by night, a portmanteau by day—and it does not advertise your intention of camping out to every curious passer-by. This is a huge point. If the camp is not secret it is but a troubled resting-place; you become a public character; the convivial rustic visits your bedside after an early supper; and you must sleep with one eye open, and be up before the day."

The objection to attracting attention is very serious, but caravans and covered carts, if of a kind resembling in external appearance those which are often met with on the road, have the advantage of escaping notice. The independent traveller loses half his independence if he attracts attention. An ordinary omnibus, with blinds to the windows inside and a skylight on the roof, would make a snug little cabin to sleep in, and nobody would look at it. Without departing widely from the common forms of carriages, a thing might be built to contain all that is necessary for independent life and yet pass—let us say—for a commercial traveller's carriage with his boxes behind. It would, of course be quite easy to

devise a gentlemanly-looking carriage with private sleeping accommodation, but that would be troublesome in another way when the object is not to excite curiosity in poor places.

The reader may possibly remember a book written by Mr. Charles Alston Collins many years ago, and entitled *A Cruise on Wheels*. He narrates a journey from the Channel coast to Geneva performed in a four-wheeled vehicle with a hood in front and a covered place behind for luggage, but too short, if we may judge from the sketch, to sleep in; nor do we find, from the narrative of the journey, that the travellers ever slept anywhere but in the inns. These were not always to be had at the time and place where they were most desirable, nor were they invariably pleasant. Having gone so far in the direction of independence as to purchase a covered vehicle on four wheels, and a horse to draw it, the travellers seem to have unaccountably stopped short of *complete* independence by not having their vehicle long enough for sleeping arrangements. Now, judging from experience in out-of-the-way places, I should say that the traveller has—or need have—much less anxiety about eating than concerning his night's rest. Food is to be had almost everywhere in civilized countries, and a supply for times of need may be carried and kept in reserve; but the question of lodging is not so easily settled. It is not a matter of pride. Anyone who is fit to travel at all will accept cheerfully and thankfully the humblest entertainment. The two real difficulties are exposure, if you cannot find a lodging, and possible

filthiness in the lodging when it is found. Some persons who can bear a little hardship easily are entirely upset by a bad smell and almost sickened by vermin.

The Cruise of the Land Yacht "Wanderer," by Dr. Gordon Stables, is a record of the most determined attempt at caravan-travelling that has hitherto been made by a gentleman within the limits of Great Britain. With the help of a photograph and the author's lucid description, we are able to form an accurate idea of what he calls a "land-yacht"—rather an ambitious title, perhaps, as it conveys the idea of a more commodious lodging than can be erected on four wheels, if it is to be drawn over common roads. The length of the house is nearly 20 feet, the height from the ground 11, and the breadth inside 6. The house is built of mahogany with a lining of "softer wood;" the carriage altogether weighs 30 cwt., and when laden, under two tons. It was built by the Bristol Waggon Company, with orders to make it as light as possible consistently with strength; so we may presume that it is difficult to make a strong waggon of that size lighter. As for appearance, the mahogany is polished, not painted, and adorned with black and gold mouldings.

The *coupe* is the driving place, with a door opening behind into the saloon, and behind the saloon there is a small kitchen. The saloon is rather more than twice as long as the kitchen or the *coupe*, which are of equal dimensions. The author gives the details of the internal arrangements in his book. They appear to be well

thought out, but the impression remains that although large for a carriage, the caravan is still a narrow lodging. The author tells us that he is a great lover and practicer of order, which is a most necessary virtue in so small a house. The advantage, of course, of tents over a caravan is that although they pack in a small space they are roomy when erected, and a most commodious camp might be transported in a smaller waggon than the *Wanderer*. The objections to tents have been already stated. It might, perhaps, be possible to invent an expanding caravan on the principle of the cameras used by photographers, which would double the space at night. Or the space might be increased, if the window was a skylight, by letting the sides down as floors protected by sloping tent-canvas reaching to the roof, but such schemes would necessitate other internal arrangements, and if Dr. Gordon Stables was narrowly lodged he enjoyed at least the advantage of having everything ready at a moment's notice. His taste for pretty things and his passion for order seem to have insured a general satisfactoriness in his arrangements. Any ingenious and inventive traveller could order everything to his own taste in a small interior of this kind, and nothing could be more amusing than the long cogitations which end in the production of a masterpiece. It is easy to see from Dr. Stables' book that he is very proud of the *Wanderer*, just as Mr. John Macgregor used to be of his canoes and his habitable yawl.

The real difficulty in land travel is

not in the caravan, it is in the horses. "Whatever it might be to others with longer and wiser heads," says Dr. Stables, "to me the greatest difficulty has been in getting horses to suit. I have tried many. I have had jibbers, bolters, kickers; and one or two so slow, but so sure, that an eighty-one-ton gun fired alongside them would not increase their pace by a yard to the mile." The objection to all travelling whatever with horses of your own is that the success of the excursion depends not only on their temper, but on their health. And however good the general health of the animals may be, if lameness comes on where are you?

"A little, almost invisible vertical crack on the hoof of the near foreleg,"—I am quoting from the *Cruise on Wheels*—"and certain annulated lines, faintly marked in its circumference, were all the external evidences of Bijou's unsoundness of which the eye could take note. Yet in this hoof the mischief lay: and from these small indications the learned in such matters gathered that the hoof was utterly unsound, and that the following course of treatment would be necessary for its cure: In the first place, it would be necessary to remove her shoes, and relieve the heat and inflammatory symptoms by bleeding; it would be necessary to keep her off the road for six months; and at the same time, that she might not be without exercise, she must be employed in agricultural work, treading on soft ground and moving through ploughed fields, where her tender feet would not be subjected to the succession of shocks which they encountered every time they came in contact with the paved roads of France."

Dr. Gordon Stables has come deliberately to the conclusion that "caravanning for health and pleasure had better not be undertaken with a single carriage, however well horsed. There ought to be two caravans at

least. Then, in the event of coming to an ugly hill, there is an easy way of overcoming it by bending all your horse-power on to one carriage at a time, and so trotting them over the difficulty." He adds this reflection on the prospects of his own expedition with one pair of horses: "To go all alone as I am about to do is really to go at considerable risk; and at this moment I cannot tell you whether I am suitably horsed or not."

The care of the horses on the road is a deduction from the independence of the caravan-traveller, especially if he adheres to the rule of stabling them every night. In that case it is obvious that he is as much bound to stop near human habitations as if he slept in them himself.

The "land yacht" can hardly be compared to the water yacht for privacy. It is generally on the road, which is public, or else drawn up in some yard where it excites the curiosity of the people, whereas a boat is in itself a little island, and is wonderfully private, even in waters close to some populous city. With a boat, too, you can select at will all kinds of secluded corners. Here is an example of what I mean. Last year I was on the Saone just above Lyons, where the public road skirts the river on its way to the great city. The road is much frequented, but at a very little distance from it there are one or two islands in the river, and behind the islands are places where a boat may be moored in a degree of seclusion scarcely to be surpassed in the least populous parts of the country. On rivers and in seaports of all kinds, people are so much accustomed to

seeing boats used as habitations that they pay little attention to them, and sleeping arrangements under canvas that would excite the most eager curiosity on a roadside, pass almost unnoticed on a river. The floating population has its own ways, and is a sort of fraternity; it is not the general public that one has to face on the road. Another important difference is that roads are very narrow, so that all passers-by come close to your little establishment, whereas a river may be wide enough for the stream of traffic to flow at a considerable distance from the voyager. I have often stopped my boat on the Saone at a distance of more than two hundred yards from that part of the river where the traffic passes, and it is astonishing what a degree of privacy that gives. In yachting expeditions the people on board often have some lonely natural harbor all to themselves.

Dr. Gordon Stables lays great stress on the value of caravan-traveling for the improvement of health. He enumerates no less than twenty diseases which "are likely to be benefited by caravan life." He places *ennui* at the head of the list, treating it as a disease, and no doubt it may become a very formidable one; but the objection is that *ennui* may easily be produced in some natures by the causes which relieve it in others. A sailing voyage relieves *ennui* in those who have a natural taste for sailing, but, unless the nautical instinct is present, *ennui* is produced by the first calm or the first contrary wind. I think I know some people of both sexes in whom the mere slowness of caravan-travel and the daily repetition of the same kind

of life would certainly produce *ennui*. Many of the other ailments mentioned by Dr. Gordon Stables are dependent for relief, not exactly on caravan life in itself, but on the *enjoyment* of that kind of life, which is not given to everyone. It comes simply to this, that pleasurable exercise in the open air, with change of scene, is a health-giving influence, but the exercise must be pleasurable. Dr. Stables himself has the same passion for the caravan that other men have for a canoe or a yacht, so in his case it is probably beneficial. Amongst the ailments he mentions are indigestion, insomnia, failure of brain power, and nervousness:

"Some of the great factors," he says, "in the cure of such complaints as the above by life in a caravan for a series of months would be that perfect rest and freedom from all care which is so calming to shattered nerves, weary brains, and aching hearts, the constant and pleasurable change of scene and change of faces, the regularity of the mode of life, and the delightfully refreshing sleep, born of the fresh air and exercise, which is nearly always obtainable at night."

The sensation of improving health in those who are partially invalided, or of increasing strength in the robust, is at the bottom of most of the enjoyment afforded by independent travel. With reference to this part of the subject it is necessary to remember that real prudence, as understood by an experienced traveller, and the prudence of those who have always lived in comfortable houses, are not, and cannot be, the same. The traveller does things that *seem* imprudent, but are not really so, *as he does them*, because he pays attention to certain conditions that others overlook. If

the reader will consult the chapter on "Bivouac" in Galton's *Art of Travel*, he will soon perceive that even in what to comfortable people seems such a wild thing as sleeping out of doors there are ways of acting prudently. Of two fields that look very much alike to the unthinking, one may be safe and the other dangerous. In the same field one place may be a receptacle for everything that is objectionable in the chilled night air, and another may be healthier than the nearest house. A very low wall of sods may be a sufficient shelter in weather that is dry and windy; a rock that has been well heated by the sun in the day time may be a magazine of caloric for the night. A hammock swung between two trees may be in a stratum of air 8° (Fahrenheit) warmer than that upon the grass. One of Mr. Glaisher's experiments showed a difference of no less than 28° between the cold on the ground and the warmer stratum of air eight feet above it.

The limits of our space are reached, but the subject is not exhausted. Every reader will have his own notions of what constitutes independence for the traveller. For some it consists in the absence of *impedimenta*, amongst which they class all material things, however useful. They can hardly tolerate ordinary luggage, not to mention the numerous details of an encampment. Others seek privacy and independence in the *impedimenta* themselves, and like them, and enjoy the trouble of looking after them. These last are the only travellers who ever master the craft, yet the best independence in travelling is not se-

cured by elaborate and expensive apparatus, but by health and energy, with a contented spirit that adapts itself easily to circumstances and treats all temporary inconveniences with good-humored contempt. The most independent traveller is he who is not dependent on little comforts and indulgences, and who in the absence of them can say merrily, "*A la guerre comme a la guerre!*"—P. G. HAMERTON, in *Longman's Magazine*.

HOW A NEW WORLD WAS FOUND AND LOST.

IF, in any average assembly, the question was asked, "Who discovered America?" probably the great majority would unhesitatingly reply, "Christopher Columbus." Nevertheless, the opinion of the majority would hardly be correct; Columbus did not discover the New World—he merely *recovered* it. At the time the bold Genoese planned his scheme of reaching the Indies by a westward route, documents were in existence giving particulars of several visits to the North American continent five hundred years before. Whether Columbus knew of these voyages is a point which can never be determined; but, judging from the course he steered and the object of the expedition—to reach the East Indies, the El Dorado of the Middle Ages—it seems very unlikely he had derived any information whatever from this source.

All honor is due to the man who first resolved to penetrate the unknown secrets of the West by boldly

steering his barque for the regions of the setting sun, and who carried his attempt to a triumphant termination despite of his many difficulties and discouragements. Still, the fact remains that Columbus only regained a world well known to Europeans five centuries before his day, a world with which a continuous intercourse was maintained for upwards of three hundred years, and which was then inexplicably abandoned, and its very existence ignored or forgotten for well-nigh a couple of centuries. How and when the North American continent was discovered, previously to its re-discovery by Columbus, it is the purpose of this paper to relate.

When the Roman galleys circumnavigated Britain, the farthest land they descried to the north was named by them *Ultima Thule*—the End of the World. This has been supposed by some authorities to have been Iceland, by others the Shetland Islands; but it was not until the year 874 A.D. that any settlement was made in Iceland. It seems to have been first visited by Naddoir, a Norse pirate, who was driven thither by a storm in the year 860; and Gardar, a Swedish mariner, sailed round it in 864.

Not long after the colonization of Iceland, Greenland was reached, and in the year 986, Eric the Red founded a settlement there, named *Ericsfiord*, after himself. One of his companions was an Icelander named Bardson, who had a son, Biron, then absent in Norway. On the latter's return to Iceland, he, finding his father had gone to Greenland, at once resolved to follow him. Contrary

winds drove him far out of his proper course, and for many days his ship was enveloped in dismal fogs, so that he lost all reckoning, as to his whereabouts. At last the fogs cleared away, and he perceived land a short distance off. The nature of the coast however, not corresponding with the description he had got of Greenland, Biron concluded he was not on the right track, and steered his ship to the northward. Two days afterwards, land was again sighted, but being flat and covered with trees, it was evidently not the land they sought, and was accordingly left to the windward. Still sailing on before a south-west breeze, in three days' time they came to a mountainous island covered with ice. This also was passed without landing; and in four days more, the coast of Greenland was sighted, and Biron had the satisfaction of rejoining his father. To Biron, therefore, belongs the honor of being the first European to discover the shores of North America. There is no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the accounts of this voyage; and it is evident, from the duration of the trip and the description of the land sighted, that the ship, after departing from Iceland, was carried far to the southward until the coast of America was reached. No landing was made on the continent, and Biron contented himself with making all possible speed to his destination, coasting along the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador on his way thither.

Several years after this, Biron was again in Norway, and gave Earl Eric an account of his voyage and of the new lands he had discovered.

The hardy Norsemen at this time were the most daring of mariners, and the Earl desired that more should be learned about this strange and hitherto unknown country. Accordingly, on Biron's return to Iceland, it was determined to make a voyage of further exploration. Leif, a son of Eric the Red, took the command of the expedition; and in the year 1000 he sailed with a crew of twenty-five men. In four days' time they came to the last land discovered by Biron, which they named Hellaland, from the shores beind composed of slate—*hella* being the Scandinavian word for that substance. What part of America this was, is disputed, some authorities maintaining it to be Newfoundland; but, from the description of the land, it is more likely to have been Labrador. Leaving here, they stood to the southward, and came to a land covered with woods, probably Newfoundland or Nova Scotia. This they christened Woodland; and, still running before a north-east wind, in two days more they again sighted land. Here they sailed between an island and a promontory running north-east, and casting anchor, went on shore. Discovering a large river issuing from a lake, they brought their vessel into it, and resolved to winter there, and explore the neighboring country. Huts were accordingly erected, and the settlement received the name of Leifsbuthir. A German named Tyrker was one of the party; and having reported that, in one of the exploring expeditions, he had come across great abundance of wild grapes, the country was called Vinland. The whereabouts of this

settlement—the first on the American coast—is of course a matter of conjecture; but, judging from the description of the climate and products of the soil, it is probable it was somewhere on the coast of Massachusetts or Rhode Island.

In the spring, Leif returned to Iceland, and the accounts of his discoveries had the result of stimulating others to prosecute the work of exploration. Another expedition sailed in the year 1004, under the care of Thorwald, who seems to have profited by his predecessor's experiences, and steered a more direct course for the American coast. Coming to a peculiarly shaped headland, opposite to another, with a fine bay between, he named it Keel Cape. This is supposed to have been Cape Cod. Doubling this, Thorwald continued his course until he arrived at a fine promontory, beautifully wooded, which so charmed him that he resolved to found a settlement there. On landing, they found three canoes, under each of which were three Indians, or *Skraellings* as they called them, the latter being their name for Eskimos. This was the first meeting of Europeans and the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, and its result was a foretaste of the many bloody encounters destined to occur in after years between the settler and the savage. The natives seemingly were in nowise alarmed at the advent of the white strangers, and stood their ground manfully. In the fight which ensued, however, the superiority of the white man was soon apparent, and eight out of the nine were slain. The other managed to effect his

escape, and soon returned with a considerable company of his tribe. Thorwald and his men were compelled to retreat to their ship; but unfortunately, the commander of the expedition himself received a mortal wound in the fight. An arrow pierced him under the right arm, and he soon became aware that his end was nigh. His last words were instructions to bury him on the promontory he had thought so fair, and then make their way home as speedily as they conveniently could. After carrying out their leader's instructions as to his burial, the party sailed to Leifsbuthir, where they passed the winter, and in the following spring returned to Greenland.

The next voyage was a complete failure. Thornstein, third son of Eric the Red, embarked along with his wife; but after being driven about by tempestuous winds all summer, they quite lost their reckoning. The winter season was already come when they succeeded in reaching the western coast of Greenland, where they were obliged to remain. Here Thornstein died; and in the following spring his widow brought the ship back to Ericsfiord. The object of this expedition was to recover the body of Thorwald, and bring it home to Greenland; but instead of succeeding in his purpose, poor Thornstein found a grave himself far from his home and kindred.

In the summer of the following year (1006) a much more important expedition was fitted out for the further investigation of the new continent. The expedition was under the command of Thorfinn, surnamed the

Hopeful. He was a man of wealth, and was descended from illustrious ancestors, some being of royal rank. However, if the old manuscripts are correct, his blood must have been anything but pure, as among the more worthy of his "forebears" are said to have been Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Scottish, and Irish persons of high and powerful station! When the festival of Yule arrived, the customary festivities were observed in true Scandinavian fashion. Thorfinn was captivated by the charms of Gudrida—Thornstein's widow—and she, having evidently forgotten her sorrows, became his wife before the expedition sailed. It consisted of three ships and 140 men. An attempt was to be made to found a permanent colony, and all sorts of necessities were taken on board ship, including live stock and domestic animals of every description. At last, everything was in readiness, and the expedition set sail. Hellaland was first touched at, then Woodland, where abundance of wild animals were met with. At these places, however they did not delay, but pressed southwards to more favored lands. Keel Cape was sighted and passed, after which they coasted along a great tract of sandy beach till they came to where a fiord or firth ran a great way inland. At the mouth of the firth was an island, and both here and farther up the estuary strong currents were encountered, which considerably retarded their progress. The island they called Straumey, or Stream-island; and the firth, Straumfiord. The island is conjectured to have been that now known as Mar-

tha's Vineyard; and the firth would probably be Buzzard Bay. Here they remained for some time, exploring the country round about, and found it to be of a very fine description. To men accustomed to the bleak shores and unkindly climate of Greenland and Iceland, the magnificent summer climate and luxuriant vegetation of this southerly latitude must have been charming in the extreme.

One of the captains, Thorhall by name, was despatched with the smallest ship to look for the settlement of Leif, in Vinland; but a most untoward fate was in store for him. Westerly gales drove him right across the Atlantic to the coast of Ireland, where he and his crew are said to have been all made slaves. Consequently, if this story be accepted as authentic, Thorhall had the honor—though against his will—of being the first to sail right across the Atlantic Ocean from shore to shore. And still more remarkable is the fact, that this first voyage from the one continent to the other in a temperate latitude should have been from west to east, or, in other words, from the New World to the Old.

Meanwhile, Thorfinn, with the rest of the expedition, prosecuted his explorations by sailing farther to the southward. In due time they came to a land with great tracts of wheat growing wild, and also many wild vines. Here Thorfinn erected huts and passed the winter season. To the Norsemen, however, it would hardly appear winter, for no snow fell, and their domestic animals were able to procure their sustenance in the fields without any difficulty. Numerous

parties of the natives were seen, and, in the beginning of the next spring (1008), they opened communications with the strangers. Their furs and skins, of which they had many, they eagerly bartered for cloth or any trifling articles new to them. At this time there happened a most interesting event in the history of America—Gudrida, the wife of Thorfinn, was safely confined of a son, who had thus the proud distinction of being the first native-born American of European parents. He received the name of Snorre, and among his lineal descendants are included Thorwaldsen, the famous sculptor, and Magnussen, the well-known Danish savant. After some further exploring expeditions, in which he experienced various adventures, including several fights with the natives, Thorfinn and his party sailed back to Greenland. Neither he nor his American-born son seems ever to have returned to the New World. They both settled in Iceland; and the grandson of Snorre, who adopted a clerical profession and was made a bishop, was a man of great learning. He it is who is supposed to have been the writer of the *Sagas*, or accounts of the voyages and adventures from which we derive our information of the Norse discoveries in America.

The next account we have is of a voyage in the year 1011; and after that there is a great gap of about a hundred years before we find any other expedition mentioned. Although there are no written accounts of any visits to the American coast during this period, we must not hastily conclude that no communication was

kept up. There is an account of another voyage to Vinland in 1121, and doubtless many other visits were paid in the intervening years, although no written particulars are now extant. After this period, the intercourse with the New World would seem to have been suspended, and its existence even forgotten, as we are told a new land to the west of Greenland was discovered in 1285 by some Icelandic missionaries. Probably this was Newfoundland; and the last voyage we have any account of is one from Greenland to Woodland in the year 1347.

Such is a condensed account of the contents of the Icelandic manuscripts; and there seems no reasonable ground for contesting the truth of the documents. When we consider the character of the hardy Norse mariners and their other distant, maritime expeditions, we need not wonder at their venturing so far to the westward. The distance from the southern point of Greenland to the coast of Labrador is only some six hundred miles—little more than the distance from Norway to England. The daring spirits of the north, with whom adventurous expeditions were a passion, and who carried their plundering raids into the Mediterranean, and ravaged its coasts even to the walls of Constantinople, would consider it mere child's-play to run a few hundred miles south-west from their settlements in Greenland. In fact, a greater wonder would have been had they failed to run their long keels somewhere upon the American continent. The most extraordinary circumstance in the whole affair is not

their finding, but their losing the New World. Their reason for abandoning such a magnificent heritage cannot be fathomed. Possibly, the occurrence of some striking event in Europe—such as the conquest by the Norsemen of that portion of France since called Normandy, and which formed a rich and convenient colony—distracted the attention of the home authorities, and drew their energies into different spheres of action. The absence of sufficient attraction in the shape of plunder would also deter the wild Norse rovers from troubling themselves much about the new countries. Peaceful colonizing schemes were not to their mind, and they had full scope for practicing their favorite occupation of raiding among the wealthier nations of the Old World. Had the Icelandic explorers only continued their efforts, and penetrated a little farther to the south, in all probability the result would have been different. There they would have found a nobler and more civilized race of men. Gold, silver, and precious stones would have been met with in abundance; and a country producing such commodities would certainly not have been so neglected and forgotten.

What might have been the results in shaping the destinies of both the Old World and the New, had the discovery of the vast extent and unbounded wealth of the Americas been made five centuries before Columbus lifted the veil, it is impossible to tell. One cannot help thinking, however, that had the subjugation of the native races been then attempted, the gallant warriors of Mexico would not have succumbed so easily as they did before

Cortes and his handful of Spaniards. There would have been more of an equality in the contest, as firearms were not then known, and there is no doubt it was this advantage that gave the merciless conquerors their easy victory. The native empires of America would have had ample time to prepare for the struggle, and in the meantime the intercourse opened up with European nations would have accustomed them to other modes of warfare, and enabled them to profit in various ways from the more advanced civilization of the East. Then, possibly, instead of being deprived of their lands by strangers, and they themselves doomed to practical extinction as a race or people, the native races of America might have retained the greater portion of their vast territories in their own hands, and founded native empires in the New World unsurpassed in wealth and power by those of the Old. — *Chambers's Journal*.

THE CORAL REEFS AND EVOLUTION.

HAVE the corals anything to say on the subject of Evolution, the great natural-history question of the present day? Do they show by their structure that they were evolved from previous forms; that they changed with the ages in conformity with law, or must we say to those who thus express themselves—

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy”?

Regarding their succession, do we

find the survival of the fittest, or proof of the change of one form into another by slow modification under the action of their surroundings?

Surely they can tell us something about these matters. They have lived long, and passed through many revolutions; their features are fine enough to record traces of all the vicissitudes to which they have been subjected, and their forms are still as definite as geometry itself. Our conviction is that among the enormous number of recent corals displayed in the British Museum of Natural History, and the collection of fossil corals figured or described in the sumptuous publications of the Palæontographical Society, there is no appearance whatever of any change or transformation from one species to another. The imaginary lines of descent sometimes glibly laid down on the authority of resemblances are not identity, and although they are so pretty and so fascinating on paper, have no counterpart or foundation in nature. The beautiful, and often slender partitions which distinguish the species from each other, are more permanent and rigid than steel. To attempt to turn this absolute differentiation first into resemblance, and then into a sort of identity, appears to me to be a task rather for the imagination than for science.

We have before noticed that coral life burst upon the stage all at once; it has continued in existence from that epoch until to-day. The present reef corals are all, with perhaps one exception, classed by zoologists as entirely different in species from the fossil corals; the fossil corals of each

stratum differ, too, from those of the others. We see at once that there has been frequent change, and it may be said progress in form, but not evolution. In order to be persuaded of this we may examine the subject more closely, for at a little distance the pyramid of life (which is arranged like the Egyptian pyramids, in a gigantic staircase) looks like a smooth inclined plane, and it is not until we get near enough that we see the distinct steps. One of the leading differences is in the case of the Palæozoic corals; in these the vertical divisions are arranged in four plates, and in multiples of four, whereas in the modern, the plates are six, or multiples of six; this is constant, and not a mere variation, for there has been no recurrence to the old type. The amplitude of these lists of fossil corals, and the great number of localities searched and quoted, give indication that the quest for intermediate forms, or unknown links between existing fossils and some supposititious ancestor, is a hopeless pursuit, for if we could throw back the creation of corals into the previous Laurentian age, and discover them there in myriads, we should find that no pedigree could be constructed out of the materials with any pretensions to authenticity or completeness.

The great wrinkled cup-corals which prevailed in the Silurian, as well as the Cyathophyllidæ of the Devonian rocks, include some forms analogous, but not even similar, to existing reef-corals; the mass called "petrified honeycomb" (*Favosites Gothlandica*) is an eminent instance

of this, both in external resemblance and essential difference. The ancient Cyathophyllidæ were most important in size in Palæozoic times, but (with the exception of one or two doubtful forms) they have all become extinct; yet, from their magnitude and perfection, it seems inconceivable, if descent with variations were a good law, that so strong a family should have completely died out.

The Carboniferous corals are also equally distinguished from the preceding Devonians by remarkable differences. The great majority of the carboniferous genera, too, are new; we no longer encounter the feathery form of the Favositidæ, but we have a grand display of the almost universal Lithostrotion, a form which carries in its face the evidence of equality in complexity and beauty with any modern structure.

The great rough corals of the older formation cease altogether before the opening of the Jurassic coral beds. There is no succession founded on near similarity between the Jurassic forms and the more ancient ones. The utmost that can be said is that the new forms have some resemblances to the old, but with essential, uniform, and constant differences.

Taken as a whole, the stony corals may be said to attain their maximum in number and size at the present day, though they have existed from Upper Cambrian time downwards. At first the Rugose corals bear the bell, next the *Tubulosa* and *Tabulata*; and, during Oolite days, the *Aporosa*, and after them in the Cretaceous, the *Perforata* and *Millepores*.

It may be noted that the distinc-

tion between the solitary corals and the reef-builders which subsists now, has done so from the first. It must be stated also that many species of reef-corals are liable to a considerable amount of variation, but not so as to render classification difficult, or to occasion any confusion of species, or to necessitate the creation of new names. The degree of sunshine, the angle of growth, the condition of the water, all produce variations; but, with all allowances which can be made on this account, the evolution pedigree remains radically defective; it has too many blanks and loose inferences to be seriously brought forward as evidence of heirship. Accumulations of small changes during millions of years may be imagined, but such a result exists in imagination only, and should there be left.

In the Jurassic period, and since the Tabulata and Rugose corals died out, other kinds have continued to set different fashions until the present day; but so far as we know, the animals producing the modern coral-cups, though differing in some details, are neither more nor less elevated in rank than their predecessors. The reefs which we have been surveying proclaim that each platform of organic life had, in regard to its antecedents, a distinct beginning.

The late Dr. Wright of Cheltenham, the shrewd and indefatigable explorer of life in the Jurassic period, and the skilled collector of the fossils of the Cotswold Hills, writes the following as his mature conclusions from the life-history of corals:

1. "The genera and species of each of the great groups into which zoologists divide

their animals have had a limited duration in time and space, no genera of the Palæozoic epoch having been found in any subsequent epoch, and no new living genus having been discovered in rock older than those of the Jurassic period.

2. "There is no evidence of any gradual development having taken place in the class from a lower to a higher type of coralligenous structures."

The corals of the ancient reefs appear to have been as highly organized and as elaborately constructed as the modern corals now building reefs in our tropical seas. The cretaceous corals belong chiefly to families now existing, but there are still remaining here a very few instances of the old form of tabulate corals, but these are quite distinguishable from Silurian species. The coral life of the tertiary must have occurred under similiar circumstances to that now in existence. "At present," says Dana, "the earth is belted by a coral zone, corresponding nearly to the tropics in extent, and the ocean throughout it abounds in reefs wherever congenial sites are afforded for their growth."

The results of the *Challenger* expedition prove that the depth usually assigned to coral growths may be somewhat extended, and that the range of growth, but not of reef-formation, may likewise be extended. There were no less than 307 distinct species of coral collected and described during the *Challenger* voyage, belonging to 178 separate genera.

The life-history of fossil corals therefore, so far as it can be gathered from the remains of their edifices, teaches us that there has been no transformation of these creatures by

effluxion of time alone, and that their variety and abundance have existed from the very first. The nucleus of these life structures, like the perfected form, has two capabilities, the first a limited one of variation, and the second of transmitting its own kind.

So far then as science is concerned, we must confess that it knows not how species were introduced; it rightly concludes that it was by law, but "law" in this sense is merely another term for the Divine Will. The methods of working are not fully disclosed to us; the Law may have been a law of evolution, but not in the Darwinian sense; it has not been the survival of the fittest, nor selection, natural or physiological, nor the force of circumstances, though these may all have been important secondary causes. The facts prove the simultaneous introduction of whole platforms of organic life by some means unknown to science. There is a record which, on other grounds, we have been accustomed to believe, and which states this to have been effected by acts of direct creation; science, with an admission of its helplessness, must bow before this; we must say with Goethe:

"None resembleth another, yet all their forms have a likeness,
Therefore a mystical law is by the chorus proclaimed;—
Yes;—a sacred enigma!"

These conclusions are however, quite at variance with opinions which have found extensive favor in our day. Mr. Darwin, speaking as a naturalist, says:

"I view all beings not as special creations but as lineal descendants of some few who

lived long before the first bed of the Cambrian system was deposited."

Haeckel lays down the descent of being as, "first, simple protoplasm; second, single cells (sponges); third, ciliated larva; fourth, single-stomached animals (coral); and then through twenty-one stages to man." Mr. Huxley says, "Neither historically nor experimentally do we know anything whatever of the origin of living form." Professor Prestwich, with judicial impartiality, summing up the evidence from nature, says:

"Although we are introduced to many new and curious genera and species, and to forms very analogous to those of some geological period, no identity of species has been established over those periods, and no extinct genera have been recovered."

And President Dawson, the accomplished President of the British Association in 1886, writes:

"It is certain that up to this time the origination of the living being from the non-living is an inscrutable mystery. No one has witnessed this change or has been able to effect it experimentally, nor have we any direct evidence of the origination of one specific type from another."

Quoting from the writings of the last generation, we find Dr. Whewell saying:

"None of the influences which have modified the present races of animals and plants since they were placed in their habitations on the earth's surface can have had any efficacy in producing them at first. We are necessarily driven to assume as the beginning of the present cycle of organic nature an event not included in the course of nature."

That evolution is an unsupported theory is admitted by an eminent French palæontologist (although he is a favorer of the doctrine). Speaking of the reef-corals he says:

"The first corals, *halysites*, *goniophyllum*, and others of the primitive genera, differ too widely from those which have succeeded them to allow us to consider them as their progenitors."

But he adds the gratuitous supposition that, alongside of the germs which we *do* find, lived others which we do *not* find, which contained small modifications whereby the change took place,—a supposition unscientific and inadmissible to the last degree, considering the complete overhauling which the fossil-bearing beds have received.

Dr. Claus, the learned evolutionary physiologist, admits the insufficiency of this theory to account for the facts, and tries to gain a victory, not by the prowess of his own troops, but by the alleged weakness of the other side. He says:

"However well-grounded we admit the theory of selection to be, we cannot accept it as in itself sufficient to obtain the complicated and involved metamorphoses which have taken place in organisms in the course of immeasurable time. If the theory of repeated acts of creation be rejected, and the process of natural development be established in its place, there is still the first appearance of organisms to be accounted for, and especially the definite course which the evolution of the complicated and more highly developed organisms has taken to be explained."

He further says: "It must be admitted that we are entirely ignorant of the molecular basis of a living organism, and it exists under conditions the nature of which is yet unexplained." This is not, however, a question to be settled by authority; and the fact that the authorities are, as we have seen, clearly conflicting, relegates us to the facts themselves, which we have attempted here to consider.

There are, present, even in the simplest and most primitive organisms, the germs of sensation and consciousness, attributes which we cannot regard as simply the results of the movement of matter. In all cases the difference of form is occasioned by difference of structure and arrangement in the soft parts. The differences of species may all be traced back to established permanent differences in the tissues of the living animal. The minuteness and yet persistency of these differences are amazing. Small varieties of shape, size, or position, which we can only see by the aid of a magnifying-glass, are found to be as rigid, permanent, and constant as the divisions of the great rocks themselves.

The differences between species are manifested from the very first time of their coming under observation. The forms of the *Spermatozoon*, the very start of individual life, are distinctly different in each family. With more perfect vision and instruments, we should doubtless find such differences where we now only see similarities, and the theory of identity would vanish. The differentiation of each individual is pronounced and complete. There is no trace of intermediate or transitional forms. This is important, for the peculiar nature, the very essence and character of things, is in their beginnings. The germ develops by differentiation of its parts—an internal process. However this may be promoted by favorable surroundings, yet the act of the exercise of life is the act of the life itself. The faculty in the living coral (whatever it may be called) which deter-

ines the precise fashion which every molecule secreted from the sea water shall assume, makes it differ from any other form in the world above or below it. The influence of environment modifies individuals temporarily, but never transforms them—at least, we have no instance of any disposal by the creature itself into an absolutely new form,

The difficulties of evolution in this case seem to be very great; they are augmented by the existence among the reef-corals of individuals associated together in a gelatinous mantle, penetrated by threads which are connected with the individual polyps, so that all contribute in common to the maintenance of the colony. In addition to this we may also note that the coral animal being one of the radiate creatures, in which there is symmetry between two or more segments, any differentiation in any one part necessitates a twofold or fourfold change in the entire structure, a circumstance which renders specific change without renovation almost inconceivable.

Corals were formerly classed by means of outward resemblance; but now naturalists arrange them by means of their inmost or life-character, which is found to separate the groups from each other sharply and constantly. We submit that these circumstances are extremely damaging, if not fatal, to the evolutionary hypothesis. The differences are not in mode only. Taking into consideration the facts referred to, and looking on a fragment of old Silurian *Halysites*, and another of Devonian, *Cyathophyllum*, a stone from a car-

boniferous reef, *Lithostrotion*, and a specimen of the exquisite *Astræa*, we submit that there has been in this department of life, change of form, not gradual, quite apart from any known parentage; that the alterations were not made by any internal property, nor by any evolutionary process known to science. Science alone is helpless and dumb before causation. We must either retire in despair from the task of accounting for origins, or look up to God, and say with the Psalmist: "O Lord how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches." — S. R. PATTERSON, in *Leisure Hour*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE GREAT PLAINS OF THE NORTH-WEST.—Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard, in *Science*, thus sketches the physical features of this region:

"Looking from Denver towards the west, or, better yet, from almost any part of the great plains in Colorado within 50 miles of the Rocky Mountains, are seen the foothills, then the mountains, rising higher and higher until lost in the distant snow-caps. Looking towards the east are the green and grassy plains falling in gentle undulations, north, south, and east as far as the eye can reach, and for hundreds of miles beyond. These are the great plains of America, bounded by the Rocky Mountains on the west, the Arctic Ocean on the north, the Gulf of Mexico on the south, the Missouri and Mississippi rivers on the east. The great plains reach their culminating point between Denver and Colorado Springs—at the divide between the waters of the North Platte and Arkansas rivers. From this elevation of 7,000 feet they slope north-easterly into Wyoming and Canada, towards the Arctic Ocean, easterly to the Missouri River, and southerly into New Mexico."

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